



Vertue



Vertue

The DRAMATICK
WORKS

O F

John Dryden, Esq;

VOLUME *the* THIRD.

CONTAINING,

ALMANZOR *and*
ALMAHIDE: *Or,*
The Conquest of GRA-
NADA *by the* SPANI-
ARDS. *In Two Parts.*
MARRIAGE A-LA-
MODE.

The ASSIGNATION:
Or, Love in a
NUNNERY.

AMBOYNA: *Or, The*
CRUELITIES *of the*
DUTCH *to the En-*
glish Merchants.

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Almanzor and Almahide:
OR, THE
CONQUEST
OF
GRANADA
BY THE
SPANIARDS.

As it is Acted at the
THEATER - ROYAL,
BY
His MAJESTY'S Servants.

IN TWO PARTS.

—Major rerum mihi nascitur Ordo;
Majus Opus moveo. Virg. Æneid.

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TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
DUKE.

SIR,



Eroick Poesie has always been Sacred to Princes, and to Heroes. Thus *Virgil* inscrib'd his *Æneids* to *Augustus Caesar*; and of latter Ages, *Tasso* and *Ariosto* dedicated their Poems to the House of *Est*. 'Tis indeed but Justice, that the most Excellent and most Profitable Kind of Writing should be address'd by Poets to such Persons, whose Characters have, for the most part, been the Guides and Patterns of their Imitation. And Poets, while they Imitate, Instruct. The feign'd Heroe inflames the True: And the dead Virtue animates the living. Since, therefore, the World is govern'd by Precept and Example, and both these

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can only have Influence from those Persons who are above us; that Kind of Poesie, which excites to Virtue the greatest Men, is of greatest use to human Kind.

'Tis from this Consideration, that I have presum'd to Dedicate to your Royal Highness these faint Representations of your own Worth and Valour in Heroick Poetry: Or, to speak more properly, not to Dedicate, but to restore to you those Ideas, which in the more perfect Part of my Characters I have taken from you. Heroes may lawfully be delighted with their own Praises, both as they are farther Incitements to their Virtue, and as they are the highest Returns which Mankind can make them for it.

And certainly, if ever Nation were oblig'd, either by the Conduct, the Personal Valour, or the good Fortune of a Leader, the *English* are acknowledging, in all of them, to your Royal Highness. Your whole Life has been a continued Series of Heroick Actions; which you began so early, that you were no sooner nam'd in the World, but it was with Praise and Admiration. Even the first Blossoms of your Youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening Manhood. While you practis'd but the Rudiments of War, you out-went all other Captains; and have since found none to surpass, but your self alone. The opening of your Glory was like that of Light: You shone to us from afar; and disclos'd your first Beams on distant Nations: Yet so, that the Lustre of them was spread abroad, and reflected brightly on your Native Country. You were then an Honour to it, when it was a Reproach to it self: And when the fortunate Usurper sent his Arms to *Flanders*, many of the Adverse Party were

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were vanquish'd by your Fame, e'er they try'd
your Valour The Report of it drew over to
your Ensigns whole Troops and Companies of
converted Rebels, and made them forsake suc-
cessful Wickedness, to follow an oppress'd and
exil'd Virtue. Your Reputation wag'd War with
the Enemies of your Royal Family, even within
their Trenches; and the more Obstinate, or more
Guilty of them, were forc'd to be Spies over those
whom they commanded, lest the Name of *YORKE*
should disband that Army, in whose Fate it was
to defeat the *Spaniards*, and force *Dunkirk* to sur-
render. Yet, those victorious Forces of the Re-
bels were not able to sustain your Arms. Where
you charg'd in Person, you were a Conqueror.
'Tis true, they afterwards recover'd Courage;
and wrested that Victory from others which they
had lost to you. And it was a greater Action for
them to Rally, than it was to overcome: Thus,
by the Presence of your Royal Highness, the *En-
glish* on both Sides remain'd Victorious, and
that Army which was broken by your Valour,
became a Terror to those for whom they con-
quer'd. Then it was, that at the Cost of other
Nations you inform'd and cultivat'd that Va-
lour, which was to defend your Native Country,
and to vindicate its Honour from the Insolence of
our incroaching Neighbours. When the *Hollan-
ders*, not contented to withdraw themselves from
the Obedience which they ow'd their lawful So-
vereign, affronted those by whose Charity they
were first protected; and, (being swell'd up to a
Pre-eminence of Trade, by a supine Negligence
on our Side, and a sordid Parsimony on their own)
dar'd to dispute the Sovereignty of the Seas; the
Eyes of Three Nations were then cast upon you:

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And by the joint Suffrage of King and People, you were chosen to revenge their common Injuries; to which, though you had an undoubted Title by your Birth, you had a greater by your Courage. Neither did the Success deceive our Hopes and Expectations: The most glorious Victory which was gain'd by our Navy in that War, was in that first Engagement; wherein, even by the Confession of our Enemies, who ever palliate their own Losses, and diminish our Advantages, your absolute Triumph was acknowledg'd: You conquer'd at the *Hague*, as entirely as at *London*; and the return of a shatter'd Fleet, without an Admiral, left not the most impudent among them the least Pretence for a false Bonfire, or a dissembled Day of Publick Thanksgiving. All our Atchievements against them afterwards, tho' we sometimes conquer'd, and were never overcome, were but a Copy of that Victory, and they still fell short of their Original; somewhat of Fortune was ever wanting, to fill up the Title of so absolute a Defeat. Or, perhaps the Guardian Angel of our Nation was not enough concern'd when you were absent, and would not employ his utmost Vigour for a less important Stake, than the Life and Honour of a Royal Admiral.

And, since that memorable Day, you have had leisure to enjoy in Peace, the Fruits of so glorious a Reputation; 'twas Occasion only has been wanting to your Courage, for that can never be wanting to Occasion. The same Ardour still incites you to Heroick Actions; and the same Concernment for all the Interests of your King and Brother, continue to give you restless Nights, and a generous Emulation for your own Glory. You are still meditating on new Labours for your
self,

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self, and new Triumphs for the Nation; and when our former Enemies again provoke us, you will again sollicit Fate to provide you another Navy to overcome, and another Admiral to be slain. You will then lead forth a Nation eager to revenge their past Injuries; and, like the *Romans*, inexorable to Peace, 'till they have fully vanquish'd. Let our Enemies make their Boast of a Surprise, as the *Samnites* have of a successful Stratagem; but the *Furca Caudina* will never be forgiven 'till they are reveng'd. I have always observ'd in your Royal Highness an extream Concernment for the Honour of your Country; 'tis a Passion common to you with a Brother, the most Excellent of Kings; and in your two Persons are eminent the Characters which *Homer* has given us of Heroick Virtue; the commanding Part in *Agamemnon*, and the Executive in *Achilles*. And I doubt not, from both your Actions, but to have abundant Matter to fill the Annals of a glorious Reign, and to perform the Part of a just Historian to my Royal Master, without intermixing with it any thing of the Poet.

In the mean time, while your Royal Highness is preparing fresh Employments for our Pens, I have been examining my own Forces, and making tryal of my self, how I shall be able to transmit you to Posterity. I have form'd a Heroe, I confess, not absolutely Perfect, but of an excessive and over-boiling Courage; but *Homer* and *Tasso* are my Precedents. Both the *Greek* and the *Italian* Poet had well consider'd, that a tame Heroe, who never transgresses the Bounds of Moral Virtue, would shine but dimly in an Epick Poem; the Strictness of those Rules might well give Precepts to the Reader, but would administer little
of

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of occasion to the Writer. But a Character of an eccentricue Virtue is the more exact Image of human Life, because he is not wholly exempted from its Frailties; such a Person is *Almanzor*, whom I present, with all Humility, to the Patronage of your Royal Highness. I design'd in him a Roughness of Character, impatient of Injuries, and a Confidence of himself, almost approaching to an Arrogance. But these Errors are incident only to great Spirits; they are Moles and Dimples which hinder not a Face from being beautiful, though that Beauty be not regular; they are of the Number of those amiable Imperfections which we see in Mistresses, and which we pass over without a strict Examination, when they are accompany'd with greater Graces. And such in *Almanzor*, are a frank and noble Openness of Nature, and Easiness to forgive his conquer'd Enemies, and to protect them in Distress; and above all, an inviolable Faith in his Affection.

This, Sir, I have briefly shadow'd to your Royal Highness, that you may not be ashamed of that Heroe, whose Protection you undertake. Neither would I dedicate him to so illustrious a Name, if I were conscious to my self that he did or said any thing which was wholly unworthy of it. However, since it is not just that your Royal Highness should defend, or own what, possibly, may be my Error, I bring before you this accus'd *Almanzor* in the Nature of a suspected Criminal. By the Suffrage of the most and best he already is acquitted; and by the Sentence of some, condemn'd. But as I have no reason to stand to the Award of my Enemies, so neither dare I trust the Partiality of my Friends: I make my last Appeal to
your

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your Royal Highness, as to a Sovereign Tribunal. Heroes should only be judg'd by Heroes; because they only are capable of measuring Great and Heroick Actions by the Rule and Standard of their own. If *Almanzor* has fail'd in any Point of Honour, I must therein acknowledge that he deviates from your Royal Highness, who are the Pattern of it. But, if at any time he fulfils the Parts of Personal Valour, and of Conduct, of a Soldier, and of a General; or, if I could yet give him a Character more Advantageous than what he has, of the most unshaken Friend, the greatest of Subjects, and the best of Masters, I should then draw all the World a true Resemblance of your Worth and Virtues; at least, as far as they are capable of being copied by the mean Abilities of,

S I R,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Humble, and

Most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



O F
HEROICK PLAYS.
An ESSAY.

WHETHER Heroick Verse ought to be admitted into serious Plays, is not now to be disputed; 'tis already in Possession of the Stage, and I dare confidently affirm, that very few Tragedies, in this Age, shall be receiv'd without it. All the Arguments which are formed against it, can amount to no more than this, that it is not so near Conversation as Prose, and therefore not so natural. But it is very clear to all who understand Poetry, that serious Plays ought not to imitate Conversation too nearly. If nothing were to be rais'd above that Level, the Foundation of Poetry would be destroy'd. And if you once admit of a Latitude, that Thoughts may be exalted, and that Images and Actions may be rais'd above the Life, and describ'd in Measure without Rime, that leads you insensibly from your own Principles to mine: You are already so far onward of your Way, that

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that you have forsaken the Imitation of ordinary Converse. You are gone beyond it; and to continue where you are, is to lodge in the open Fields, betwixt two Inns. You have lost that which you call Natural, and have not acquir'd the last Perfection of Art. But it was only Custom which cozen'd us so long; we thought, because Shakespear and Fletcher went no farther, that there the Pillars of Poetry were to be erected. That, because they excellently describ'd Passion without Rime, therefore Rime was not capable of describing it. But time has now convinc'd most Men of that Error. 'Tis indeed so difficult to write Verse, that the Adversaries of it have a good Plea against many who undertake that Task, without being form'd by Art or Nature for it. Yet, even they who have written worst in it, would have written worse without it: They have cozen'd many with their Sound, who never took the Pains to examine their Sense. In fine, they have succeeded; tho' 'tis true they have more dishonour'd Rime by their good Success, than they have done by their Ill. But I am willing to let fall this Argament: 'Tis free for every Man to write, or not to write, in Verse, as he judges it to be, or not to be his Talent; or as he imagines the Audience will receive it.

For Heroick Plays, (in which I have only us'd it without the Mixture of Prose) the first Light we had of them on the English Theater, was from the late Sir William D'Avenant: It being forbidden him in the Rebellious Times to Act Tragedies and Comedies, because they contain'd some Matter of Scandal to those good People, who could more easily dispossess their lawful Sovereign, than endure a wanton Jest; he was forced to turn his Thoughts another way; and to introduce the Examples of Moral Virtue,

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Virtae, writ in Verse, and perform'd in Recitative Musick. The Original of this Musick, and of the Scenes which adorn'd this Work, he had from the Italian Opera's: But he heighten'd his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the Example of Corneille and some French Poets. In this Condition did this part of Poetry remain at his Majesty's Return. When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a publick Authority, he review'd his Siege of Rhodes, and caus'd it to be acted as a just Drama. But as few Men have the Happiness to begin and finish any new Project, so neither did he live to make his Design perfect: There wanted the Fullness of a Plot, and the Variety of Characters to form it as it ought; and, perhaps, something might have been added to the Beauty of the Stile. All which he would have perform'd with more Exactness, had he pleas'd to have given us another Work of the same Nature. For my self and others who come after him, we are bound, with all Veneration to his Memory, to acknowledge what Advantage we receiv'd from that excellent Ground-work which he laid: And since it is an easie thing to add to what already is invented, we ought all of us, without Envy to him, or Partiality to our selves, to yield him the Precedence in it.

Having done him this Justice, as my Guide; I may do my self so much, as to give an Account of what I have perform'd after him. I observ'd then, as I said, what was wanting to the Perfection of the Siege of Rhodes; which was Design, and Variety of Characters. And in the midst of this Consideration, by meer Accident, I opened the next Book that lay by me, which was Ariosto in Italian; and the very first two Lines of that Poem gave me Light to all I could desire.

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Le Donne, I Cavalier, L'arme, gli amori.
Le Cortesie, l'audaci imprese jo canto, &c.

For the very first Reflection which I made was this, That an Heroick Play ought to be an Imitation (in Little) of an Heroick Poem; and consequently that Love and Valour ought to be the Subject of it. Both these Sir William D'Avenant had begun to shadow; but it was so, as first Discoverers draw their Maps, with Head-lands, and Promontories, and some few Out-lines of somewhat taken at a distance, and which the Designer saw not clearly. The common Drama oblig'd him to a Plot well form'd and pleasant, or as the Ancients call it, One entire and great Action. But this he afforded not himself in a Story, which he neither fill'd with Persons, nor beautified with Characters, nor varied with Accidents. The Laws of an Heroick Poem did not dispence with those of the other, but rais'd them to a greater height; and indulg'd him a farther Liberty of Fancy, and of drawing all things as far above the ordinary Proportion of the Stage, as that is beyond the common Words and Actions of Human Life: And therefore in the scanting of his Images and Design, he comply'd not enough with the Greatness and Majesty of an Heroick Poem.

I am sorry, I cannot discover my Opinion of this kind of Writing, without dissenting much from his, whose Memory I love and honour. But I will do it with the same Respect to him, as if he were now alive, and over-looking my Paper while I write. His Judgment of an Heroick Poem was this, That it ought to be dress'd in a more familiar and easie Shape; more fitted to the common Actions and Passions of Human Life; and, in short, more like

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a Glass of Nature, shewing us our selves in our ordinary Habits, and figuring a more practicable Virtue to us, than was done by the Ancients or Moderns. *Thus he takes the Image of an Heroick Poem from the Drama, or Stage Poetry; and accordingly divides it into five Books, representing the same Number of Acts; and every Book into several Canto's, imitating the Scenes which compose our Acts.*

But this, I think, is rather a Play in Narration, (as I may call it) than an Heroick Poem. If at least you will not prefer the Opinion of a single Man, to the Practice of the most excellent Authors, both of ancient and latter Ages. I am no Admirer of Quotations, but you shall hear, if you please, one of the Ancients delivering his Judgment on this Question; 'tis Petronius Arbiter, the most elegant, and one of the most judicious Authors of the Latin Tongue: Who, after he had given many admirable Rules for the Structure and Beauties of an Epick Poem, concludes all in these following Words;

Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt; quod longè melius Historici faciunt: sed, per ambages, Deorumque ministeria, præcipitandus est liber Spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis, sub testibus, fides.

In which Sentence, and his own Essay of a Poem, which immediately he gives you, it is thought he taxes Lucan, who follow'd too much the Truth of History; crowd'd Sentences together; was too full of Points; and too often offer'd at somewhat which had more of the Sting of an Epigram, than of the Dignity and State of an Heroick Poem. Lucan us'd not much the Help of his Heathen Deities: There was neither the Ministry of the Gods, nor the

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the Precipitation of the Soul, nor the Fury of a Prophet, (of which my Author speaks) in his Pharsalia; he treats you more like a Philosopher than a Poet, and instructs you in Verse, with what he has been taught by his Uncle Seneca in Prose. In one word, he walks soberly afoot, when he might fly. Yet Lucan is not always this Religious Historian: The Oracle of Appius, and the Witchcraft of Erichtho will somewhat atone for him, who was, indeed, bound up by an ill-chosen and known Argument, to follow Truth with great Exactness. For my part, I am of Opinion, that neither Homer, Virgil, Statius, Ariosto, Tasso, nor our English Spencer, could have form'd their Poets half so beautiful, without those Gods and Spirits, and those Enthusiastick Parts of Poetry, which compose the most Noble Parts of all their Writings. And I will ask any Man who loves Heroick Poetry, (for I will not dispute their Tastes, who do not) if the Ghost of Polydorus in Virgil, the Enchanted Wood in Tasso, and the Bower of Bliss in Spencer, (which he borrows from that admirable Italian) could have been omitted, without taking from their Works some of the greatest Beauties in them. And if any Man object the Improbabilities of a Spirit appearing, or of a Palace rais'd by Magick; I boldly answer him, That an Heroick Poet is not ty'd to a bare Representation of what is true, or exceeding probable; but that he might let himself loose to visionary Objects, and to the Representations of such things as depending not on Sense, and therefore not to be comprehended by Knowledge, may give him a freer scope for Imagination. 'Tis enough that in all Ages and Religions, the greatest part of Mankind have believ'd the Power of Magick, and that there are Spirits or Spectres which have appear'd. This,

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I say, is Foundation enough for Poetry; and I dare farther affirm, that the whole Doctrine of separated Beings, whether those Spirits are incorporeal Substances, (which Mr. Hobbs, with some reason, thinks to imply a Contradiction,) or that they are a thinner and more Aerial sort of Bodies (as some of the Fathers have conjectur'd) may better be explicated by Poets, than by Philosophers or Divines. For their Speculations on this Subject are wholly Poetical, they have only their Fancy for their Guide, and that being sharper in an excellent Poet, than it is likely it should in a Phlegmatick, heavy Gown-man, will see farther in its own Empire, and produce more satisfactory Notions on those dark and doubtful Problems.

Some Men think they have rais'd a great Argument against the use of Spectres and Magick in Heroick Poetry, by saying, they are unnatural; but whether they or I believe there are such things, is no material; 'tis enough that, for ought we know, they may be in Nature; and whatever is, or may be, is not properly unnatural. Neither am I much concern'd at Mr. Cowley's Verses before Gondibert (though his Authority is almost Sacred to me:) True, he has resembled the old Epick Poetry to Fantastick Fairy-land; but he has contradicted himself by his own Example. For he has himself made use of Angels and Visions in his Davideis, as well as Tasso in his Godfrey.

What I have written on this Subject, will not be thought Digression by the Reader, if he please remember what I said in the beginning of this Essay, that I have modell'd my Heroick Plays by the Rules of an Heroick Poem. And if that be the most noble, the most pleasant, and the most instructive way of writing in Verse, and, withal, the highest

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best Pattern of Human Life, as all Poets have need, I shall need no other Argument to justify my Choice in this Imitation. One Advantage the Drama has above the other, namely, that it represents to View what the Poem only does relate, and, *Spectatus irritant animum demissa per aures, Quam si sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus*, as Horace says us.

To those who object my frequent use of Drums and Trumpets, and my Representations of Battels; I answer, I introduc'd them not on the English Stage; Shakespear us'd them frequently; and tho' Johnson shews no Battel in his *Catiline*, yet you hear from behind the Scenes the sounding of Trumpets, and the Shouts of fighting Armies. But, I go farther; that these Warlike Instruments, and even their Presentations of fighting on the Stage, are no more than necessary to produce the Effects of a Heroick Play; that is, to raise the Imagination of the Audience, and to persuade them, for the time, that what they behold on the Theatre, is really perform'd. The Poet is then to endeavour an absolute Dominion over the Minds of the Spectators; for, though our Fancy will contribute to its own Deceit, yet a Writer ought to help its Operation. And that the Red Bull has formerly done the same, is no more an Argument against our Practice, than it would be for a Physician to forbear an approv'd Medicine, because a Mountebank has us'd it with Success.

Thus I have given a short Account of Heroick Plays. I might now, with the usual Eagerness of an Author, make a particular Defence of this. But the common Opinion (how unjust soever) has been so much to my Advantage, that I have reason to be satisfy'd

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satisfy'd, and to suffer with Patience all that can be urg'd against it.

For, otherwise, what can be more easie for me than to defend the Character of Almanzor, which is one great Exception that is made against the Play? 'Tis said, that Almanzor is no perfect Pattern of Heroick Virtue, that he is a Contemner of Kings, and that he is made to perform Impossible Actions.

I must therefore avow, in the first place, from whence I took the Character. The first Image I had of him, was from the Achilles of Homer, the next from Tasso's Rinaldo, (who was a Copy of the former) and the third from the Arteban of Monsieur Calpranede, (who has imitated both.) The Original of these (Achilles) is taken by Homer for his Heroe; and is describ'd by him as one, whose Strength and Courage surpass'd the rest of the Grecian Army; but, withal, of so fiery a Temper, impatient of an Injury, even from his King and General, that when his Mistress was to be forc'd from him by the Command of Agamemnon, he not only disobey'd it, but return'd him an Answer full of Contumely, and in the most opprobrious Terms he could imagine; they are Homer's Words which follow, and I have cited but some few amongst a Multitude.

Οἶνοβαεὺς, κυνὸς ὄμμα' ἔχων, κεδ'ίλω δ' ἐλδφοιο.

Il. α. v. 22

Δημοβόρῃ βασιλεύς;

Il. α. v. 32

Nay, he proceeded so far in his Insolence, as draw out his Sword, with Intention to kill him;

Ἐλκετο δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο μέγα ξίφος. Il. α. v. 194.

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and if Minerva had not appear'd, and held his Hand, he had executed his Design; and 'twas all she could do to dissuade him from it. The Event was, that he left the Army, and would fight no more. Agamemnon gives his Character thus to Nestor;

Ἀλλ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἰδέλει περὶ πάντων ἔμμεναι ἄλλων,
Πάντων μὲν κρατέειν ἰδέλει, πάντεσσι δ' ἀνδάσειν.

Il. α. v. 287, 288.

and Horace gives the same Description of him in his Art of Poetry.

-----Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, Iracundus, Inexorabilis, Acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Tasso's chief Character, Rinaldo, was a Man of the same Temper; for, when he had slain Gernando in his heat of Passion, he not only refus'd to be judg'd by Godfrey, his General, but threaten'd, that if he came to seize him, he would right himself by Arms upon him; witness these following Lines of Tasso.

Venga, egli omandi, jo terro fermo il piede;
Giudici fian tra noi la sorte, e'l arme.
Fera tragedia vuol che s'appresenti
Per los diporti a le Nemiche genti.

You see how little these great Authors did esteem the Point of Honour, so much magnify'd by the French, and so ridiculously ap'd by us. They made their Heroes Men of Honour; but so, as not to divest them quite of Human Passions and Frailties; they content themselves to shew you, what Men of
great

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great Spirits would certainly do when they were provok'd, not what they were oblig'd to do by the strict Rules of Moral Virtue; for my own part, I declare my self for Homer and Tasso, and am more in love with Achilles and Rinaldo, than with Cyrus and Oroondates. I shall never subject my Characters to the French Standard, where Love and Honour are to be weigh'd by Drums and Scruples; yet, where I have design'd the Patterns of exact Virtues, such as in this Play are the Parts of Almahide, of Ozmyn, and Benzayda, I may safely challenge the best of theirs.

But Almanzor is tax'd with changing Sides: And what Tye has he on him to the contrary? He is not born their Subject whom he serves, and he is injur'd by them to a very high degree. He threatens them, and speaks insolently of Sovereign Power; but so do Achilles and Rinaldo, who were Subjects and Soldiers to Agamemnon and Godfrey of Bulloigne. He talks extravagantly in his Passion; but, if I would take the Pains to quote an hundred Passages of Ben. Johnson's Cethegus, I could easily show you, that the Rhodomontades of Almanzor are neither so irrational as his, nor so impossible to be put in execution; for Cethegus threatens to destroy Nature, and to raise a new one out of it; to kill all the Senate for his part of the Action; to look Cato dead; and a thousand other things as extravagant he says, but performs not one Action in the Play.

But none of the former Calumnies will stick; and therefore 'tis at last charg'd upon me, that Almanzor does all things; or if you will have an absurd Accusation, in their Nonsense who make it, that he performs Impossibilities; they say, that being a Stranger, he appeases two fighting Factions, when
the

AN ESSAY on Heroick PLAYS.

the Authority of their lawful Sovereign could not : This is indeed the most improbable of all his Actions, but 'tis far from being impossible. Their King had made himself contemptible to his People, as the History of Granada tells us; and Almanzor, tho' a Stranger, yet was already known to them by his Gallantry in the Juego de toros, his Engagement on the weaker Side, and more especially by the Character of his Person and brave Actions, given by Abdalla just before; and after all, the Greatness of the Enterprize consisted only in the Daring, for he had the King's Guards to second him: But we have read both of Cæsar, and many other Generals, who have not only calm'd a Mutiny with a Word, but have presented themselves single before an Army of their Enemies; which upon sight of them has revolted from their own Leaders, and come over to their Trenches. In the rest of Almanzor's Actions you see him for the most part victorious; but the same Fortune has constantly attended many Heroes who were not imaginary: Yet, you see it no Inheritance to him; for, in the First Part, he is made a Prisoner; and, in the Last, defeated, and not able to preserve the City from being taken. If the History of the late Duke of Guise be true, he hazard- ed more, and perform'd not less in Naples, than Almanzor is feign'd to have done in Granada.

I have been too tedious in this Apology; but to make some Satisfaction, I will leave the rest of my Play expos'd to the Criticks, without Defence.

The Concernment of it is wholly pass'd from me, and ought to be in them who have been favourable to it, and are somewhat oblig'd to defend their Opinions. That there are Errors in it, I deny not.

An ESSAY on Heroick PLAYS.

Ast opere in tanto fas est obrepere Somnum.

But I have already swept the Stakes; and, with the common good Fortune of prosperous Gamesters, can be content to sit quietly; to hear my Fortune cars'd by some, and my Faults arraign'd by others; and to suffer both without Reply.





On Mr. DRYDEN's PLAY,

The Conquest of GRANADA.

T H' Applause I gave among the foolish Croud
Was not distinguish'd, tho' I clapp'd aloud:
Or, if it had, my Judgment had been hid:
I clapp'd for Company, as others did.
Thence may be told the Fortune of your Play;
Its Goodness must be try'd another way.
Let's judge it then, and, if we've any Skill,
Commend what's good, though we commend it ill.
There will be Praise enough; yet not so much,
As if the World had never any such:
Ben. Johnson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespear, are,
As well as you, to have a Poet's Share.
You, who write after, have besides this Curse,
You must write better, or you else write worse.
To equal only what was writ before,
Seems stol'n, or borrow'd from the former Store.
Though blind as *Homer* all the Ancients be,
'Tis on their Shoulders, like the Lame, we see.
Then not to flatter th' Age, nor flatter you,
(Praises, though less, are greater when they're true)
You're equal to the Best, out-done by you;
Who had out-done themselves, had they liv'd now.

V. AUGHAN.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mahomet Boabdelin, <i>the last King of</i>	}	Mr. Kynaston.
Granada,		
Prince Abdalla, <i>his Brother,</i>		Mr. Lydal.
Abdelmelech, <i>chief of the Abencerrages,</i>		Mr. Mohun.
Zulema, <i>chief of the Zegrys,</i>		Mr. Harris.
Abenamar, <i>an old Abencerrago,</i>		Mr. Cartwright.
Selin, <i>an old Zegry,</i>		Mr. Wintershall.
Ozmyn, <i>a brave young Abencerrago,</i>	}	Mr. Beeston.
Son to Abenamar,		
Hamet, <i>Brother to Zulema, a Zegry,</i>		Mr. Watson.
Gomel, <i>a Zegry,</i>		Mr. Powell.
Almanzor,		Mr. Hart.
Ferdinand, <i>King of Spain,</i>		Mr. Littlewood.
Duke of Arcos, <i>his General.</i>		Mr. Bell.
Don Alonzo d'Aguilar, <i>a Spanish Captain.</i>		

W O M E N.

Almahide, <i>Queen of Granada,</i>	Mrs. Ellen Guy.
Lyndaraxa, <i>Sister to Zulema, a Zegry Lady,</i>	Mrs. Marshall.
Benzayda, <i>Daughter to Selin,</i>	Mrs. Boutel.
Esperanza, <i>Slave to the Queen,</i>	Mrs. Reeve.
Halyma, <i>Slave to Lyndaraxa,</i>	Mrs. Eastland.
Isabella, <i>Queen of Spain,</i>	Mrs. James.

Messengers, Guards, Attendants, Men and Women.

The SCENE in Granada, and the Christian Camp besieging it.

Alma



Almanzor and Almahide :

O R,

The Conquest of GRANADA.

The FIRST PART.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, and Guards.

BOABDELIN.



H U S, in the Triumphs of soft Peace, I reign;
And, from my Walls, defie the Pow'rs of
Spain;

With Pomp and Sports my Love I celebrate,
While they keep distance, and attend my
State.

Parent to her whose Eyes my Soul enthral; [To Aben.
Whom I, in hope, already Father call;
Abenamar, thy Youth these Sports has known,
Of which thy Age is now Spectator grown:

B 4

Judge-

Judge-like thou sit'st, to praise, or to arraign
The flying Skirmish of the darted Cane:

But, when fierce Bulls run loose upon the Place,
And our bold *Moors* their Loves with Danger grace,
Then Heat new-bends thy slacken'd Nerves again,
And a short Youth runs warm through ev'ry Vein.

Aben. I must confess th' Encounters of this Day
Warm'd me indeed, but quite another way:
Not with the Fire of Youth; but gen'rous Rage,
To see the Glories of my youthful Age
So far out-done.

Abdelm. *Casile* could never boast, in all its Pride,
A Pomp so splendid; when the Lists set wide,
Gave room to the fierce Bulls, which wildly ran
In *Sierra Ronda*, e'er the War began:
Who, with high Nostrils, snuffing up the Wind,
Now stood the Champion of the Salvage kind.
Just opposite, within the circled Place,
Ten of our bold *Abencerrages* Race
(Each Brandishing his Bull-spear in his Hand)
Did their proud Gennets gracefully command.
On their steel'd Heads their Demy-Lances wore
Small Pennons, which their Ladies Colours bore.
Before this Troop did Warlike *Ozymyn* go;
Each Lady as he rode saluting low;
At the chief Stands, with Rev'rence more profound,
His well-taught Courser, kneeling, touch'd the Ground;
Thence rais'd, he sidelong bore his Rider on,
Still facing, 'till he out of sight was gone.

Boab. You praise him like a Friend, and I confess
His brave Deportment merited no less.

Abdelm. Nine Bulls were launch'd by his Victorious Arm,
Whose wary Gennet shunning still the Harm,
Seem'd to attend the Shock, and then leap'd wide:
Mean while, his dextrous Rider, when he spy'd
The Beast just stooping, 'twixt the Neck and Head
His Lance, with never-erring Fury, sped.

Aben. My Son did well, and so did *Hamet* too;
Yet did no more than we were wont to do;

But what the Stranger did, was more than Man.

Abdelm. He finish'd all those Triumphs we began.
One Bull, with curl'd black Head beyond the rest,
And Dew-laps hanging from his brawny Chest,
With nodding Front a while did daring stand,
And with his jetty Hoof spurn'd back the Sand:
Then, leaping forth, he bellow'd out aloud:
Th' amaz'd Assistants back each other croud,
While Monarch-like he rang'd the list'd Field;
Some tofs'd, some goar'd, some trampling down he kill'd.
Th' ignobler *Moors* from far his Rage provoke
With Woods of Darts, which from his Sides he shook.
Mean time your valiant Son, who had before
Gain'd Fame, rode round to ev'ry Mirador;
Beneath each Lady's Stand a stop he made,
And, bowing, took th' Applauses which they paid.
Just in that Point of Time the brave Unknown
Approach'd the Lists.

Boab. ————— I mark'd him, when alone
(Observ'd by all, himself observing none)
He enter'd first; and with a graceful Pride
His fiery Arab dext'rously did guide:
Who, while his Rider ev'ry Stand survey'd,
Sprung loose, and flew into an Escapade:
Not moving forward, yet, with ev'ry Bound
Pressing, and seeming still to quit his Ground.
What after pass'd —————
Was far from the *Ventanna* where I fate,
But you were near, and can the Truth relate. [*To Abdelm.*]

Abdelm. Thus while he stood, the Bull, who saw his Foe,
His easier Conquests proudly did forego:
And, making at him, with a furious Bound,
From his bent Forehead aim'd a double Wound.
A rising Murmur ran through all the Field,
And ev'ry Lady's Blood with Fear was chill'd,
Some shriek'd, while others, with more helpful Care,
Cry'd out aloud, Beware, brave Youth, beware!
At this he turn'd, and as the Bull drew near,
Shann'd, and receiv'd him on his pointed Spear.

The Lance broke short, the Beast then bellow'd loud,
And his strong Neck to a new Onset bow'd.

Th'undaunted Youth——

Then drew; and from his Saddle bending low,
Just where the Neck did to the Shoulders grow,
With his full Force discharg'd a deadly Blow.

Not Heads of Poppies (when they reap the Grain)
Fall with more ease before the lab'ring Swain,
Than fell this Head:——

It fell so quick, it did even Death prevent:
And made imperfect Bellowings as it went.
Then all the Trumpets Victory did sound:
And yet their Clangors in our Shouts were drown'd.

[A confus'd Noise within.]

Boab. Th' Alarm-Bell rings from our *Alhambra* Walls,
And, from the Streets, found Drums and Ataballes.

[Within, a Bell, Drums and Trumpets.]

How now? from whence proceed these new Alarms?

[To them a Messenger.]

Mess. The two fierce Factions are again in Arms;
And, changing into Blood the Day's delight,
The Zegrys with th' *Abencerrages* fight;
On each side their Allies and Friends appear;
The *Macas* here, the *Alabexes* there:
The *Gazuls* with the *Bencerrages* join,
And, with the Zegrys, all great *Gomel's* Line.

Boab. Draw up behind the *Vivarambla* Place;
Double my Guards, these Factions I will face;
And try if all the Fury they can bring

Be Proof against the Presence of their King. [Exit Boab.]

The Factions appear: At the Head of the *Abencerrages*
Ozmyr; at the Head of the Zegrys, *Zulema*, *Hamet*
Gomel, and *Selin*: *Abenamar* and *Abdelmelech* join
with the *Abencerrages*.

Zul. The faint *Abencerrages* quit their Ground:
Press 'em; put home your Thrusts to ev'ry Wound.

Abdelm. Zegry, on manly Force our Line relies;
Thine poorly takes th' Advantage of Surprise:
Unarm'd and much out-number'd we retreat;
You gain no Fame, when basely you defeat.

If thou art brave, seek nobler Victory;
Save *Moorish* Blood; and, while our Bands stand by,
Let two to two an equal Combat try.

Ham. 'Tis not for Fear the Combat we refuse,
But we our gain'd Advantage will not lose.

Zul. In Combating, but two of you will fall;
And we resolve we will dispatch you all.

Ozm. We'll double yet th' Exchange before we die,
And each of ours two Lives of yours shall buy.

Almanzor enters betwixt them, as they stand ready to engage.

Alm. I cannot stay to ask which Cause is best;
But this is so to me, because oppress'd. [*Goes to the Aben.*
To them Boabdelin and his Guards, going betwixt them.

Boab. On your Allegiance I command you stay;
Who passes here, through me must make his Way.

My Life's the *Isthmos*; through this narrow Line
You first must cut, before those Seas can join.

What *Fury*, *Zegrys*, has possess'd your Minds?

What *Rage* the brave *Abencerrages* blinds?

If of your Courage you new Proofs would show,
Without much Travel you may find a Foe.

Those Foes are neither so remote nor few,

That you should need each other to pursue.

Lean Times and foreign Wars should Minds unite;

When poor, Men mutter, but they seldom fight.

O holy *Alha!* that I live to see

Thy *Granadines* assist their Enemy.

You fight the Christians Battels; ev'ry Life

You lavish thus, in this intestine Strife,

Does from our weak Foundations take one Prop,

Which help'd to hold our sinking Country up.

Ozm. 'Tis fit our private Enmity should cease;

Though injur'd first, yet I will first seek Peace.

Zul. No, Murd'rer, no; I never will be won

To Peace with him whose Hand has slain my Son.

Ozm. Our Prophet's Curse——

On me, and all th' *Abencerrages* light,

If unprovok'd I with your Son did fight.

Abdelm.

Abdelm. A Band of *Zegrys* ran within the Place,
 Match'd with a Troop of thirty of our Race.
 Your Son and *Ozmyn* the first Squadrons led,
 Which, ten by ten, like *Parthians* charg'd and fled.
 The Ground was strow'd with Canes where we did meet,
 Which crack'd underneath our Coursers Feet:
 When *Tarifa* (I saw him ride a-part)
 Chang'd his blunt Cane for a Steel-pointed Dart,
 And meeting *Ozmyn* next,
 Who wanting Time for Treason to provide,
 He basely threw it at him, undefy'd.

Ozm. [*showing his Arm.*] Witness this Blood—which,
 when by Treason sought,
 That follow'd, Sir, which to my self I ought.

Zul. His Hate to thee was grounded on a Grudge
 Which all our generous *Zegrys* just did judge:
 Thy Villain-Blood thou openly didst place
 Above the Purple of our Kingly Race.

Boab. From equal Stems their Blood both Houses draw;
 They from *Morocco*, you from *Cordova*.

Ham. Their Mungril Race is mix'd with Christian Breed,
 Hence 'tis that they those Dogs in Prisons feed.

Abdelm. Our holy Prophet wills, that Charity
 Should ev'n to Birds and Beasts extended be:
 None knows what Fate is for himself design'd;
 The Thought of human Chance should make us kind.

Gom. We waste that Time we to Revenge should give:
 Fall on; let no *Abencerrago* live.

[*Advancing before the rest of his Party.* Almanzor, advancing on the other Side, and describing a Line with his Sword.

Almanz. Upon thy Life pass not this middle Space;
 Sure Death stands guarding the forbidden Place.

Gom. To dare that Death, I will approach yet nigher;
 Thus, wert thou compass'd in with circling Fire. [*They fight.*

Boab. Disarm 'em both; if they resist you, kill.

[*Almanzor in the midst of the Guards kills Gomel, and then is disarm'd.*

Almanz. Now you have but the Leavings of my Will.

Boab.

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Boab. Kill him; this insolent Unknown shall fall,
And be the Victim to atone you all.

Ozm. If he must die, not one of us will live;
That Life he gave for us, for him we give.

Boab. It was a Traitor's Voice that spoke those Words;
So are you all who do not sheath your Swords.

Zul. Outrage unpunish'd when a Prince is by,
Forfeits to Scorn the Rights of Majesty:

No Subject his Protection can expect,
Who what he owes himself does first neglect.

Aben. This Stranger, Sir, is he
Who lately in the *Vivarambla* Place
Did, with so loud Applause, your Triumphs grace.

Boab. The Word which I have giv'n, I'll not revoke;
If he be brave he's ready for the Stroke.

Almaz. No Man has more Contempt than I of Breath,
But whence hast thou the Right to give me Death?

Obey'd as Sov'raign by thy Subjects be,
But know, that I alone am King of me.

I am as free as Nature first made Man;
E'er the base Laws of Servitude began,
When wild in Woods the noble Savage ran.

Boab. Since then no Pow'r above your own you know,
Mankind should use you like a common Foe,
You should be hunted like a Beast of Prey;
By your own Law I take your Life away.

Almaz. My Laws are made but only for my sake;
No King against himself a Law can make.

If thou pretend'st to be a Prince like me,
Blame not an Act which should thy Pattern be.

I saw th'oppress'd, and thought it did belong
To a King's Office to redress the Wrong:
I brought that Succour which thou ought'st to bring,
And so, in Nature, am thy Subjects King.

Boab. I do not want your Counsel to direct,
Or Aid to help me punish or protect. [know

Alm. Thou want'st 'em both, or better thou would'st
Than to let Factions in thy Kingdom grow.

Divided Int'rests, while thou think'st to sway,
Draw, like two Brooks, thy middle Stream away.

For

For tho' they band and jar, yet both combine
To make their Greatness by the Fall of thine:
Thus, like a Buckler, thou art held in Sight,
While they, behind thee, with each other fight.

Boab. Away, and execute him instantly. [*To his Guards*]

Alm. Stand off; I have not leisure yet to die.

[*To them Abdalla hastily*]

Abdal. Hold, Sir, for Heav'n sake hold:
Defer this noble Stranger's Punishment,
Or your rash Orders you will soon repent.

Boab. Brother, you know not yet his Insolence.

Abdal. Upon your self you punish his Offence:
If we treat gallant Strangers in this sort,
Mankind will shun th' inhospitable Court.
And who, henceforth, to our Defence will come,
If Death must be the brave *Almanzor's* Doom?
From *Africa* I drew him to your Aid;
And for his Succour have his Life betray'd.

Boab. Is this th' *Almanzor* whom at *Fez* you knew,
When first their Swords the *Xeriff* Brothers drew?

Abdal. This, Sir, is he who for the Elder fought,
And to the juster Cause the Conquest brought:
'Till the proud *Santo*, seated in the Throne,
Disdain'd the Service he had done to own.
Then, to the vanquish'd Part his Fate he led;
The Vanquish'd triumph'd, and the Victor fled.
Vast is his Courage; boundless is his Mind,
Rough as a Storm, and humorous as Wind;
Honour's the only Idol of his Eyes:
The Charms of Beauty like a Pest he flies:
And rais'd by Valour, from a Birth unknown,
Acknowledges no Pow'r above his own.

[*Boabdelin coming to Almanzor*]

Boab. Impute your Danger to our Ignorance;
The bravest Men are subject most to Chance:
Granada much does to your Kindness owe:
But Towns expecting Sieges, cannot show
More Honour, than t'invite you to a Foe.

Almanz. I do not doubt but I have been to blame:
But, to pursue the End for which I came,

the Conquest of GRANADA. 39

Unite your Subjects first; then let us go,
And pour their common Rage upon the Foe.

Boab. [*to the Factions.*] Lay down your Arms, and let
me beg you cease

Your Enmities.

Zul. — We will not hear of Peace,
Till we by Force have first reveng'd our slain.

Abdelm. The Action we have done we will maintain.

Selin. Then let the King depart, and we will try
Our Cause by Arms.

Zul. — For us and Victory.

Boab. A King intreats you.

Almanz. What Subjects will precarious Kings regard?
A Beggar speaks too softly to be heard:

Lay down your Arms; 'tis I command you now.

Do it — or, by our Prophet's Soul I vow,

My Hands shall right your King on him I seize.

Now let me see whose Look but disobey.

Ommes. Long live King *Mahomet Boabdelin.*

Almanz. No more; but hush'd as Midnight Silence go:
He will not have your Acclamations now.

Hence, you unthinking Crowd. —

[*The common People go off on both Parties.*]

Empire, thou poor and despicable thing,

When such as these make or unmake a King!

Abdal. How much of Virtue lyes in one great Soul!

[*Embracing him.*]

Whose single Force can Multitudes control.

[*A Trumpet within.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The Duke of *Arcos*, Sir —

Does with a Trumpet from the Foe appear.

Boab. Attend him, he shall have his Audience here.

Enter the Duke of Arcos.

D. Arcos. The Monarchs of *Castile* and *Arragon*
Have sent me to you, to demand this Town;
To which their just and rightful Claim is known.

Boab. Tell *Ferdinand*, my Right to it appears
By long Possession of eight hundred Years.

When first my Ancestors from *Africk* sail'd,
In *Rodrique's* Death your *Gothick* Title fail'd.

D. Arcos.

D. Arcos. The Successors of *Rodrique* still remain;
And ever since have held some Part of *Spain*.
Ev'n in the midst of your victorious Pow'rs
Th' *Asturia's*, and all *Portugal* were ours.
You have no Right, except you Force allow;
And if yours then was just, so ours is now.

Boab. 'Tis true; from Force the noblest Title springs;
I therefore hold from that, which first made Kings.

D. Arcos. Since then by Force you prove your Title true,
Ours must be just, because we claim from you.
When with your Father you did jointly reign,
Invading with your *Moors* the South of *Spain*,
I, who that Day the Christians did command,
Then took, and brought you bound to *Ferdinand*.

Boab. I'll hear no more; defer what you would say:
In private we'll discourse some other Day.

D. Arcos. Sir, you shall hear, however you are loth,
That, like a perjur'd Prince, you broke your Oath.
To gain your Freedom you a Contract sign'd,
By which your Crown you to my King resign'd.
From thenceforth as his Vassal holding it,
And paying Tribute such as he thought fit:
Contracting, when your Father came to die,
To lay aside all Marks of Royalty:
And at *Purchena* privately to live;
Which, in exchange, King *Ferdinand* did give.

Boab. The Force us'd on me made that Contract void.

D. Arcos. Why have you then its Benefits enjoy'd?
By it you had not only Freedom then,
But since had Aid of Mony and of Men.
And, when *Granada* for your Uncle held,
You were by us restor'd, and he expell'd.
Since that in Peace we let you reap your Grain,
Recall'd our Troops that us'd to beat your Plain;
And more——

Almanz. Yes, yes, you did with wond'rous Care
Against his Rebels prosecute the War,
While he secure in your Protection slept.
For him you took, but for your self you kept.

Thus, as some fawning Usurer does feed
With present Sums th' unwary Spendthrift's Need;
You sold your Kindness at a boundless rate,
And then o'er-paid the Debt from his Estate:
Which, mould'ring piece-meal, in your Hands did fall;
Till now at last you came to swoop it all.

D. Arcos. The Wrong you do my King I cannot bear;
Whose Kindness you would odiously compare.
Th' Estate was his; which yet, since you deny,
He's now content in his own Wrong to buy.

Almanz. And he shall buy it dear, what his he calls:
We will not give one Stone from out these Walls.

Boab. Take this for Answer, then——
What e'er your Arms have conquer'd of my Land,
I will, for Peace, resign to *Ferdinand*:
To harder Terms my Mind I cannot bring;
But as I still have liv'd, will die a King.

D. Arcos. Since thus you have resolv'd, henceforth prepare
For all the last Extremities of War:
My King his hope from Heav'n's Assistance draws.

Almanz. The Moors have Heav'n and me t'assist their
Cause. [Exit Arcos.]

Enter Esperanza.

Esper. Fair *Almahide*
(Who did with weeping Eyes these Discords see,
And fears the Omen may unlucky be.)
Prepares a *Zambra* to be danc'd this Night,
In hope soft Pleasures may your Minds unite.

Boab. My Mistress gently chides the Fault I made:
But tedious Business has my Love delay'd;
Business, which dares the Joys of Kings invade.

Almanz. First let us sally out, and meet the Foe.

Abdal. Led on by you, we on to Triumph go.

Boab. Then, with the Day let War and Tumult cease:
The Night be sacred to our Love and Peace:
'Tis just some Joys on weary Kings should wait;
'Tis all we gain by being Slaves to State. [Exe. omnes.]

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Ozmyn, Zulema, Hamet, as returning from the Sally.

Abdal. **T**HIS happy Day does to *Granada* bring
A lasting Peace, and Triumphs to the King
The two fierce Factions will no longer jar,
Since they have now been Brothers in the War.
Those, who apart in Emulation fought,
The common Danger to one Body brought;
And to his Cost the proud *Castilian* finds
Our *Moorish* Courage in united Minds.

Abdelm. Since to each others Aid our Lives we owe,
Lose we the Name of Faction and of Foe,
Which I to *Zulema* can bear no more,
Since *Lindaraxa's* Beauty I adore.

Zul. I am oblig'd to *Lindaraxa's* Charms;
Which gain the Conquest I should lose by Arms;
And wish my Sister may continue Fair,
That I may keep a Good
Of whose Possession I should else despair.

Ozm. While we indulge our common Happiness,
He is forgot by whom we all possess;
The brave *Almanzor*, to whose Arms we owe
All that we did, and all that we shall do:
Who, like a Tempest that out-rides the Wind,
Made a just Battel e're the Bodies join'd.

Abdal. His Victories we scarce could keep in view,
Or polish 'em so fast as he rough-drew.

Abdelm. Fate, after him, below with Pain did move,
And Victory could scarce keep Pace above.
Death did at length so many Slain forget;
And lost the Tale, and took 'em by the great.

[*To them Almanzor with the Duke of Arcos Prisoner*

the Conquest of GRANADA. 43

Hamet. See here he comes,
And leads in Triumph him who did command
The vanquish'd Army of King *Ferdinand*.

Almanz. [To the Duke of Arcos.] Thus far your Ma-
ster's Arms a Fortune find
Below the swell'd Ambition of his Mind:
And *Alba* shuts a Mis-believer's Reign
From out the best and goodliest part of *Spain*.
Let *Ferdinand* Calabrian Conquests make,
And from the French contested *Milan* take,
Let him new Worlds discover to the old,
And break up shining Mountains big with Gold;
Yet he shall find this small Domestick Foe,
Still sharp, and pointed, to his Bosom grow.

D. Arcos. Of small Advantages too much you boast,
You beat the Out-guards of my Master's Host:
This little Loss, in our vast Body, shews
So small, that half have never heard the News.
Fame's out of Breath e'er she can fly so far
To tell 'em all, that you have e'er made War.

Almanz. It pleases me your Army is so great:
For now I know there's more to Conquer yet.
By Heav'n I'll see what Troops you have behind;
I'll face this Storm that thickens in the Wind:
And, with bent Forehead, full against it go;
'Till I have found the last and utmost Foe.

D. Arcos. Believe, you shall not long attend in vain,
To Morrow's Dawn shall cover all the Plain.
Bright Arms shall flash upon you from afar;
A Wood of Lances, and a moving War.
But I, unhappy in my Bands, must yet
Be only pleas'd to hear of your Defeat:
And, with a Slave's inglorious Ease remain,
'Till conqu'ring *Ferdinand* has broke my Chain.

Almanz. Vain Man, thy hopes of *Ferdinand* are weak!
I hold thy Chain too fast for him to break.
But since thou threaten'st us, I'll set thee free,
That I again may fight and conquer thee.

D. Arcos. Old as I am, I take thee at thy Word,
And will to Morrow thank thee with my Sword.

Almanz.

Almanz. I'll go and instantly acquaint the King,
And sudden Orders for thy Freedom bring.
Thou canst not be so pleas'd at Liberty,
As I shall be to find thou dar'st be free.

[*Exeunt Almanzor, Arcos, and the rest,
excepting only Abdalla and Zulema.*]

Abdal. Of all those Christians who infest this Town,
This Duke of *Arcos* is of most Renown.

Zul. Oft have I heard, that in your Father's Reign,
His bold Advent'urers beat the Neighb'ring Plain;
Then, under *Ponce Leon's* Name he fought,
And from our Triumphs many Prizes brought.
'Till in Disgrace from *Spain* at length he went,
And since continu'd long in Banishment.

Abdal. But see, your beauteous Sister does appear.

[*To them Lindaraxa.*]

Zul. By my Desire she came to find me here.

[*Zulema and Lindaraxa whisper; then Zulema
goes out and Lindaraxa is going after.*]

Abdal. Why, fairest *Lindaraxa*, do you fly [*Staying her.*]
A Prince, who at your Feet is proud to die?

Lindar. Sir, I should blush to own so rude a thing,

[*Staying.*]

As 'tis to shun the Brother of my King.

Abdal. In my hard Fortune I some Ease should find,
Did your Disdain extend to all Mankind.
But, give me leave to grieve, and to complain,
That you give others what I beg in vain.

Lindar. Take my Esteem, if you on that can live,
For, frankly, Sir, 'tis all I have to give.
If, from my Heart you ask or hope for more,
I grieve the Place is taken up before.

Abdal. My Rival merits you.
To *Abdelmelech* I will Justice do;
For he wants Worth who dares not praise a Foe.

Lindar. That for his Virtue, Sir, you make Defence,
Shows in your own a noble Confidence.
But him defending, and excusing me,
I know not what can your Advantage be.

Abdal.

Abdal. I fain would ask, e'er I proceed in this,
Is, as by Choice, you are by Promise his?

Lindar. Th' Engagement only in my Love does lye,
But that's a Knot which you can ne'er untie.

Abdal. When Cities are Besieg'd, and Treat to yield,
If there appear Relievers from the Field,
The Flag of Parley may be taken down,
Till the Success of those without is known.

Lindar. Though *Abdelmelech* has not yet possess'd,
Yet I have seal'd the Treaty for my Breast.

Abdal. Your Treaty has not ty'd you to a Day;
Some Chance might break it, would you but delay:
If I can judge the Secrets of your Heart,
Ambition in it has the greatest Part;
And Wisdom then will shew some difference,
Betwixt a private Person and a Prince.

Lindar. Princes are Subjects still——
Subject and Subject can small Difference bring:
The Difference is 'twixt Subjects and a King.
And since, Sir, you are none, your Hopes remove;
For less than Empire I'll not change my Love.

Abdal. Had I a Crown, all I should prize in it;
Should be the Pow'r to lay it at your Feet.

Lindar. Had you that Crown, which you but wish, not
Then I, perhaps, might stoop, and take it up. [hope,
But 'till your Wishes and your Hopes agree,
You shall be still a private Man with me.

Abdal. If I am King, and if my Brother die——

Lindar. Two If's scarce make one Possibility.

Abdal. The Rule of Happiness by Reason scan;
You may be happy with a private Man.

Lindar. That Happiness I may enjoy, 'tis true;
But then that private Man must not be you.
Where-e'er I love, I'm happy in my Choice;
If I make you so, you shall pay my Price.

Abdal. Why would you be so great?

Lindar. ——— Because I've seen,
This Day, what 'tis to hope to be a Queen.
Heav'n, how y'all watch'd each Motion of her Eye!
None could be seen while *Almahide* was by,
Because she is to be Her Majesty.

Why

Abdal.

Why would I be a Queen? Because my Face
 Would wear the Title with a better Grace.
 If I became it not, yet it would be
 Part of your Duty, then, to flatter me.
 These are but half the Charms of being Great;
 I would be somewhat—that I know not yet:
 Yes; I avow th' Ambition of my Soul,
 To be that One to live without Controul:
 And that's another Happiness to me,
 To be so happy as but one can be.

Abdal. Madam, (because I would all Doubts remove)
 Would you, were I a King, accept my Love?

Lindar. I would accept it; and, to show 'tis true,
 From any other Man as soon as you.

Abdal. Your sharp Replies make me not love you less
 But make me seek new Paths to Happiness.
 What I design, by Time will best be seen.
 You may be mine, and yet may be a Queen:
 When you are so, your Word your Love assures.

Lindar. Perhaps not love you—but I will be yours.

[*He offers to take her Hand and kiss it*]

Stay, Sir, that Grace I cannot yet allow;
 Before you set the Crown upon my Brow.
 That Favour which you seek——
 Or *Abdelmelech* or a King must have,
 When you are so, then you may be my Slave.

[*Exit; but looks smiling back on him*]

Abdal. How e'er imperious in her Words she were,
 Her parting Looks had nothing of Severe,
 A glancing Smile allur'd me to command;
 And her soft Fingers gently prels'd my Hand.
 I felt the Pleasure glide through ev'ry Part;
 Her Hand went through me to my very Heart.
 For such another Pleasure, did he live,
 I could my Father of a Crown deprive.
 What did I say!

Father! that impious Thought has shock'd my Mind:
 How bold our Passions are, and yet how blind!
 She's gone; and now
 Methinks there is less Glory in a Crown;
 My boiling Passions settle and go down:

Like Amber chaf'd, when she is near she acts,
When farther off, inclines, but not attracts. [*To him Zul.*
Assist me, *Zulema*, if thou wouldst be
That Friend thou seem'st, assist me against me.
Betwixt my Love and Virtue I am toss'd;
This must be forfeited, or that be lost:
I could do much to merit thy Applause;
Help me to fortifie the better Cause.
My Honour is not wholly put to Flight,
But would, if seconded, renew the Fight.

Zul. I met my Sister, but I do not see
What Difficulty in your Choice can be:
She told me all; and 'tis so plain a Case,
You need not ask what Counsel to embrace.

Abdal. I stand reprov'd that I did doubt at all;
My waiting Virtue stay'd but for thy Call:
'Tis plain that she, who, for a Kingdom, now
Would sacrifice her Love, and break her Vow,
Not out of Love but Int'rest acts alone,
And would, ev'n in my Arms, lye thinking of a Throne.

Zul. Add to the rest this one Reflection more,
When she is marry'd, and you still adore,
Think then, and think what Comfort it will bring,
She had been mine——
Had I but only dar'd to be a King.

Abdal. I hope you only would my Honour try;
I'm loth to think you Virtue's Enemy.

Zul. If, when a Crown and Mistress are in place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face;
Virtue's then mine, and not I Virtue's Foe:
Why does she come where she has nought to do?
Let her with Anch'rites, not with Lovers lye;
States-men and they keep better Company.

Abdal. Reason was giv'n to curb our head-strong Will.

Zul. Reason but shews a weak Physician's Skill:
Gives nothing while the raging Fit does last;
But stays to cure it when the worst is past.
Reason's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone;
But Youth is strong enough to walk alone.

Abdal.

Abdal. In curs'd Ambition I no Rest should find;
But must for ever lose my Peace of Mind.

Zul. Methinks that Peace of Mind were bravely lost;
A Crown, what e'er we give, is worth the Cost.

Abdal. Justice distributes to each Man his Right,
But what she gives not, should I take by Might?

Zul. If Justice will take all, and nothing give,
Justice, methinks, is not distributive.

Abdal. Had Fate so pleas'd, I had been eldest born,
And then, without a Crime, the Crown had worn.

Zul. Would you so please, Fate yet a way would find
Man makes his Fate according to his Mind.

The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave,
But she's a Drudge, when hector'd by the Brave.
If Fate weaves common Thread, he'll change the Doom
And with new Purple spread a nobler Loom.

Abdal. No more;—I will usurp the Royal Seat;
Thou, who hast made me wicked, make me great.

Zul. Your Way is plain; the Death of *Tarifa*
Does on the King our *Zegrys* Hatred draw:
Though with our Enemies in show we close,
'Tis but while we to purpose can be Foes.

Selin, who heads us, would revenge his Son;
But Favour hinders Justice to be done.
Proud *Ozymyn* with the King his Pow'r maintains;
And, in him, each *Abencerrago* reigns.

Abdal. What face of any Title can I bring?

Zul. The Right an eldest Son has to be King.
Your Father was at first a private Man,
And got your Brother e're his Reign began.
When by his Valour he the Crown had won,
Then you were born, a Monarch's Eldest Son.

Abdal. To sharp-ey'd Reason this would seem untrue,
But Reason I through Love's false Opticks view.

Zul. Love's mighty Pow'r has led me Captive too;
I am in it unfortunate as you.

Abdal. Our Loves and Fortunes shall together go;
Thou shalt be happy when I first am so.

Zul. The *Zegrys* at old *Selin*'s House are met,
Where, in close Council, for Revenge they sit:

There we our common Int'rest will unite;
 You their Revenge shall own, and they your Right.
 One thing I had forgot, which may import;
 I met *Almanzor* coming back from Court,
 But with a discompos'd and speedy Pace,
 A fiery Colour kindling all his Face:
 The King his Pris'ner's Freedom has deny'd,
 And that Refusal has provok'd his Pride.

Abdal. Would he were ours!
 I'll try to gild th' Injustice of his Cause,
 And court his Valour with a vast Applause.

Zul. The Bold are but the Instruments o'th' Wise:
 They undertake the Dangers we advise.
 And while our Fabrick with their Pains we raise,
 We take the Profit, and pay them with Praise. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Almanzor and Abdalla.

Almanz. **T**HAT he should dare to do me this Disgrace!
 Is Fool or Coward writ upon my Face?
 Refuse my Pris'ner! I such Means will use,
 He shall not have a Pris'ner to refuse.

Abdal. He said you were not by your Promise ty'd,
 That he absolv'd your Word, when he deny'd.

Almanz. He break my Promise, and absolve my Vow!
 'Tis more than *Mahomet* himself can do.
 The Word which I have giv'n, shall stand like Fate;
 Not like the King's, that Weather-cock of State.
 He stands so high, with so unfix'd a Mind,
 Two Factions turn him with each Blast of Wind.
 But now he shall not veer; my Word is past:
 I'll take his Heart by th' Roots, and hold it fast.

Abdal. You have your Veng'ance in your Hand this Hour,
 Make me the humble Creature of your Pow'r:

The *Granadines* will gladly me obey;
 (Tir'd with so base and impotent a Sway.)
 And when I shew my Title, you shall see
 I have a better Right to Reign, than he.

Almanz. It is sufficient that you make the Claim:
 You wrong our Friendship when your Right you name.
 When for my self I fight, I weigh the Cause;
 But Friendship will admit of no such Laws:
 That weighs by th' Lump, and, when the Cause is light,
 Puts Kindness in to set the Ballance right.
 True, I would wish my Friend the juster side:
 But in th' unjust my Kindness more is try'd.
 And all the Opposition I can bring,
 Is, that I fear to make you such a King.

Abdal. The Majesty of Kings we should not blame,
 When Royal Minds adorn the Royal Name:
 The Vulgar, Greatness too much Idolize,
 But haughty Subjects it too much despise.

Almanz. I only speak of him,
 Whom Pomp and Greatness sit so loose about,
 That he wants Majesty to fill them out.

Abdal. Haste then, and lose no time ———
 The Business must be enterpriz'd this Night.
 We must surprize the Court in its Delight.

Almanz. For you to Will, for me 'tis to Obey;
 But I would give a Crown in open Day:
 And, when the *Spaniards* their Assault begin,
 At once beat those without, and these within. [Exit *Almanz.*]

Enter *Abdelmelech.*

Abdelm. *Abdalla*, hold; there's somewhat I intend
 To speak, not as your Rival, but your Friend.

Abdal. If as a Friend, I am oblig'd to hear;
 And what a Rival says I cannot fear.

Abdelm. Think, brave *Abdalla*, what it is you do:
 Your Quiet, Honour, and our Friendship too,
 All for a fickle Beauty you forego.
 Think, and turn back, before it be too late;
 Behold in me th' Example of your Fate.
 I am your Sea-mark, and though wrack'd and lost,
 My Ruins stand to warn you from the Coast.

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Abdal. Your Counsels, noble *Abdelmelech*, move
My Reason to accept 'em; not my Love.

Ah, why did Heav'n leave Man so weak Defence,
To trust frail Reason with the Rule of Sense!
'Tis over-pois'd, and kick'd up in the Air,
While Sense weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there.
Or, like a Captive King, 'tis born away;
And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebel's Sway.

Abdelm. No, no; our Reason was not vainly lent;
Nor is a Slave, but by its own Consent:
If Reason on his Subject's Triumph wait,
An easie King deserves no better Fate.

Abdal. You speak too late; my Empire's lost too far,
I cannot fight.

Abdelm. ——— Then make a flying War;
Dislodge betimes, before you are beset.

Abdal. Her Tears, her Smiles, her ev'ry Look's a Net.
Her Voice is like a Syren's of the Land;
And bloody Hearts lye panting in her Hand.

Abdelm. This do you know, and tempt the Danger still?

Abdal. Love, like a Lethargy, has seiz'd my Will.
I'm not my self, since from her Sight I went;
I lean my Trunk that way, and there stand bent.
As one, who in some frightful Dream, would shun
His pressing Foe, labours in vain to run;
And his own Slowness in his Sleep bemoans,
With thick short Sighs, weak Cries, and tender Groans;
So I ———

Abdelm. ——— Some Friend, in Charity, should shake
And rouze, and call you loudly 'till you wake.
Too well I know her Blandishments to gain,
Usurper-like, 'till settl'd in her Reign;
Then proudly she insults, and gives you Cares
And Jealousies; short Hopes, and long Despairs.
To this hard Yoke you must hereafter bow;
How e'er she shines all Golden to you now.

Abdal. Like him, who on the Ice——
Slides swiftly on, and sees the Water near,
Yet cannot stop himself in his Career:

So am I carry'd. This Enchanted Place,
Like Circe's Isle, is peopl'd with a Race
Of Dogs and Swine; yet, though their Fate I know,
I look with Pleasure, and am turning too.

[Lyndaraxa passes over the Stage.

Abdelm. Fly, fly, before th' Allurements of her Face;
E'er she return with some resistless Grace,
And with new Magick covers all the Place.

Abdal. I cannot, will not; nay, I would not fly;
I'll love, be blind, be cozen'd 'till I die.
And you, who bid me wiser Counsel take,
I'll hate, and, if I can, I'll kill you for her sake.

Abdelm. Ev'n I that counsell'd you, that Choice approve;
I'll hate you blindly, and her blindly love:
Prudence, that stemm'd the Stream, is out of Breath;
And to go down it is the easier Death.

Lyndaraxa Re-enters, and smiles on Abdalla.

[Exit Abdalla

Abdelm. That Smile on Prince Abdalla, seems to say
You are not in your killing Mood to Day;
Men brand, indeed, your Sex with Cruelty,
But you're too good to see poor Lovers die.
This God-like Pity in you I extol;
And more, because, like Heav'n's, 'tis general.

Lyndar. My Smile implies not that I grant his Suit:
'Twas but a bare Return of his Salute.

Abdelm. It said, you were engag'd, and I in Place:
But, to please both, you would divide the Grace.

Lyndar. You've Cause to be contented with your Part
When he has but the Look, and you the Heart.

Abdelm. In giving but that Look, you give what's mine
I'll not one corner of a Glance resign:

All's mine; and I am cov'tous of my Store:
I have not Love enough, I'll tax you more.

Lyndar. I gave not Love; 'twas but Civility:
He is a Prince; that's due to his Degree.

Abdelm. That Prince you smil'd on is my Rival still
And should, if me you lov'd, be treated ill.

Lyndar. I know not how to show so rude a Spight.

Abdelm. That is, you know not how to love aright.

Or, if you did, you would more difference see
Betwixt our Souls, than 'twixt our Quality.
Mark, if his Birth makes any difference,
If, to his Words, it adds one grain of Sense:
That Duty which his Birth can make his due,
I'll pay, but it shall not be paid by you.
For if a Prince Courts her whom I adore,
He is my Rival, and a Prince no more.

Lyndar. And when did I my Pow'r so far resign,
That you should regulate each Look of mine?

Abdelm. Then, when you gave your Love, you gave
that Pow'r.

Lyndar. 'Twas during Pleasure, 'tis revok'd this Hour.
Now call me false, and rail on Womankind,
'Tis all the Remedy you're like to find.

Abdelm. Yes, there's one more,
I'll hate you, and this Visit is my last.

Lyndar. Do't, if you can; you know I hold you fast.
Yet, for your Quiet, would you could resign
Your Love, as easily as I do mine.

Abdelm. Furies and Hell, how unconcern'd she speaks!
With what Indifference all her Vows she breaks!
Curse on me; but she smiles.

Lyndar. That Smile's a part of Love; and all's your Due:
I take it from the Prince, and give it you.

Abdelm. Just Heav'n, must my poor Heart your May-
game prove,
To Bandy, and make Children's Play in Love?

[*Half Crying.*

Ah! how have I this Cruelty deserv'd?
I, who so truly and so long have serv'd!
And left so easily! oh cruel Maid!
So easily! 'twas too unkindly said.
That Heart which could so easily remove,
Was never fix'd, nor rooted deep in Love.

Lyndar. You lodg'd it so uneasy in your Breast,
I thought you had been weary of the Guest.
First I was treated like a Stranger there;
But, when a Household Friend I did appear,
You thought, it seems, I could not live elsewhere.

Then, by degrees, your feign'd Respect withdrew:
 You mark'd my Actions, and my Guardian grew.
 But, I am not concern'd your Acts to blame:
 My Heart to yours but upon Liking came;
 And, like a Bird, whom prying Boys molest,
 Stays not to breed, where she had built her Nest.

Abdelm. I have done ill———

And dare not ask you to be less displeas'd:
 Be but more angry, and my Pain is eas'd.

Lyndar. If I should be so kind a Fool, to take
 This little Satisfaction which you make,
 I know you would presume some other time
 Upon my Goodness, and repeat your Crime.

Abdelm. Oh never, never, upon no Pretence;
 My Life's too short to expiate this Offence.

Lyndar. No, now I think on't, 'tis in vain to try;
 'Tis in your Nature, and past Remedy.
 You'll still disquiet my too loving Heart:
 Now we are Friends, 'tis best for both to part.

[Taking her Hand]

Abdelm. By this—Will you not give me leave to swear!

Lyndar. You would be perjur'd if you should, I fear.
 And when I talk with Prince *Abdalla* next,
 I with your fond Suspicions shall be vex'd.

Abdelm. I cannot say I'll conquer Jealousie;
 But, if you'll freely pardon me, I'll try.

Lyndar. And, 'till you that submissive Servant prove,
 I never can conclude you truly love.

To them, the King, *Almahide*, *Abenamar*, *Esperanza*,
Guards, *Attendants*.

King. Approach, my *Almahide*, my charming Fair;
 Blessing of Peace, and Recompence of War.
 This Night is yours; and may your Life still be
 The same in Joy, though not Solemnity.

The Zambra Dance.

S O N G.

I.

Beneath a Myrtle Shade,
Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,
I slept; and straight my Love before me brought
Phyllis, the Object of my waking Thought:
Undress'd she came my Flames to meet,
While Love strow'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet;
Flow'rs, which so press'd by her, became more sweet.

II.

From the bright Vision's Head
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread:
From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too brown nor fair;
Her Hands, her Lips did Love inspire,
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire:
But most her Eyes, which languish'd with Desire.

III.

Ah, charming Fair, said I;
How long can you my Bliss and yours deny?
By Nature and by Love, this lonely Shade
Was for revenge of suff'ring Lovers made.
Silence and Shades with Love agree:
Both shelter you and favour me;
You cannot blush, because I cannot see.

IV.

No, let me die, she said,
Rather than lose the spotless Name of Maid:
Faintly, methought, she spoke; for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a Smile.
Then die, said I: She still deny'd;
And is it thus, thus, thus, she cry'd,
You use a harmless Maid, and so she dy'd!

V.

I wak'd, and straight I knew
I lov'd so well, it made my Dream prove true:

*Fancy, the kinder Mistress of the two,
 Fancy had done what Phyllis would not do!
 Ah, cruel Nymph, cease your Disdain,
 While I can dream, you scorn in vain!
 Asleep or waking you must ease my Pain.*

*[After the Dance, a tumultuous Noise
 of Drums and Trumpets.*

To them Ozmyn; his Sword drawn.

*Ozm. Arm, quickly, arm; yet all, I fear, too late:
 The Enemy's already at the Gate.*

Boab. The Christians are dislodg'd; what Foe is near

*Ozm. The Zegrys are in Arms, and almost here.
 The Streets with Torches shine, with Shoutings ring,
 And Prince Abdalla is proclaim'd the King.
 What Man could do, I have already done,
 But bold Almanzor fiercely leads 'em on.*

Aben. Th' Alhambra yet is safe in my Command,

[To the King]

Retreat you hither while their Shock we stand.

*Boab. I cannot meanly for my Life provide;
 I'll either perish in't, or stem this Tide.*

*To guard the Palace, Ozmyn, be your Care;
 If they o'ercome, no Sword will hurt the Fair.*

Ozm. I'll either die, or I'll make good the Place.

Abdelm. And I, with these, will bold Almanzor face.

[Exeunt all but the Ladies. An Alarm within]

*Almah. What dismal Planet did my Triumphs light
 Discord the Day, and Death does rule the Night:
 The Noise my Soul does through my Senses wound.*

*Lyndar. Methinks it is a noble, sprightly Sound.
 The Trumpet's Clangor, and the Clash of Arms!
 This Noise may chill your Blood, but mine it warms:*

[Shouting and clashing of Swords within]

We have already pass'd the Rubicon.

The Dice are mine; now, Fortune, for a Throne.

[A Shout within, and clashing of Swords afar off]

*The Sound goes farther off, and faintly dies;
 Curse of this going back, these ebbing Cries!
 Ye Winds, waft hither Sounds more strong and quick;
 Beat faster, Drums, and mingle Deaths more thick.*

I'll to the Turrets of the Palace go,
And add new Fire to those that fight below:
Thence, Hero-like, with Torches by my Side,
(Far be the Omen, tho') my Love will guide.
No; like his better Fortune I'll appear,
With open Arms, loose Veil, and flowing Hair,
Just flying forward from my rolling Sphere:
My Smiles shall make *Abdalla* more than Man;
Let him look up and perish if he can.

[Exit.

An Alarm nearer: Then Enter Almanzor and Selin, in the Head of the Zegrays; Ozmyn Prisoner.

Almanz. We have not fought enough; they fly too soon:
And I am griev'd the noble Sport is done.
This only Man, of all whom Chance did bring

[Pointing to Ozmyn

To meet my Arms, was worth the Conquering.
His brave Resistance did my Fortune grace;
So slow, so threatening forward he gave Place.
His Chains be easie, and his Usage fair.

Selin. I beg you would commit him to my Care.

Almanz. Next, the brave *Spaniard* free without delay;
And with a Convoy send him safe away. [Exit a Guard.

To them Hamet and others.

Hamet. The King by me salutes you; and, to show
That to your Valour he his Crown does owe,
Would from your Mouth I should the Word receive;
And that to these you would your Orders give.

Almanz. He much o'er-rates the little I have done.

[Almanzor goes to the Door, and there seems to give out Orders, by sending People several Ways.

Selin. to Ozmyn. Now to revenge the Murder of my Son.
To Morrow for thy certain Death prepare;
This Night I only leave thee to Despair.

Ozmyn. Thy idle Menaces I do not fear:
My Bus'ness was to die or conquer here.
Nay, for you I grieve I could no more;
My present State betrays my Want of Pow'r.
But, when true Courage is of Force bereft,
Patience, the only Fortitude, is left.

[Exit cum Selin.

Almah. Ah, *Esperanza*, what for me remains
But Death; or, worse than Death, inglorious Chains!

Esper. Madam, you must not to Despair give place;
Heav'n never meant Misfortune to that Face.
Suppose there were no Justice in your Cause,
Beauty's a Bribe that gives her Judges Laws.
That you are brought to this deplor'd Estate,
Is but th'ingenious Flattery of your Fate;
Fate fears her Succour, like an Alms, to give;
And would you, God-like, from your self should live.

Almah. Mark but how terribly his Eyes appear!
And yet there's something roughly noble there,
Which, in unfashion'd Nature, looks Divine;
And like a Gem does in the Quarry shine.

[*Almanzor returns; she falls at his Feet being veild*

Almah. Turn, mighty Conqueror, turn your Face this way
Do not refuse to hear the Wretched pray.

Almanz. What business can this Woman have with me

Almah. That of th'afflicted to the Deity.
So may your Arms Success in Battels find;
So may the Mistress of your Vows be kind,
If you have any; or, if you have none,
So may your Liberty be still your own.

Almanz. Yes, I will turn my Face, but not my Mind
You Bane and soft Destruction of Mankind,
What would you have with me?

Almah. ——— I beg the grace [Unveil]
You would lay by those Terrors of your Face.
Till Calmness to your Eyes you first restore,
I am afraid, and I can beg no more.

Almanz. [Looking fixedly on her.] Well; my fierce
sage shall not murder you:

Speak quickly, Woman; I have much to do.

Almah. Where should I find the Heart to speak one Word
Your Voice, Sir, is as killing as your Sword.
As you have left the Lightning of your Eye,
So would you please to lay your Thunder by.

Almanz. I'm pleas'd and pain'd, since first her Eyes I saw
As I were stung with some *Tarantula*:

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Arms and the dusty Field I less admire,
 And soften strangely in some new Desire.
 Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright,
 But pale, as Fires when master'd by the Light.
 Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet more;
 And now am nothing that I was before.
 I'm numm'd, and fix'd, and scarce my Eye-balls move;
 I fear it is the Lethargy of Love!

'Tis he; I feel him now in ev'ry Part:
 Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart,
 Surveys in State each corner of my Breast,
 While poor fierce I, that was, am dispossest.
 I'm bound; but I will rouse my Rage again:
 And though no hope of Liberty remain,
 I'll fright my Keeper when I shake my Chain.
 You are——

[*Angrily.*

Almah. —— I know I am your Captive, Sir.

Almanz. You are —— You shall —— And I can scarce
 forbear——

Almah. Alas!

Almanz. 'Tis all in vain; it will not do: [*Aside.*

I cannot now a seeming Anger show:
 My Tongue against my Heart no Aid affords,
 For Love still rises up, and choaks my Words.

Almah. In half this time a Tempest would be still.

Almanz. 'Tis you have rais'd that Tempest in my Will.
 I wo' not love you, give me back my Heart;
 But give it as you had it, fierce and brave;
 It was not made to be a Woman's Slave:
 But, Lion-like, has been in Desarts bred;
 And, us'd to range, will ne'er be tamely led.
 Restore its Freedom to my fetter'd Will,
 And then I shall have Pow'r to use you ill.

Almah. My sad Condition may your Pity move;
 But look not on me with the Eyes of Love.——
 I must be brief, though I have much to say.

Almanz. No, speak; for I can hear you now, all Day:
 Her suing sooths me with a secret Pride: [*Softly.*
 A suppliant Beauty cannot be deny'd: [*Aside.*

Ev'n while I frown, her Charms the Furrows seize;
And I'm corrupted with the Pow'r to please.

Almah. Though in your Worth no Cause of Fear I see;
I fear the Insolence of Victory:

As you are Noble, Sir, protect me then,
From the rude Outrage of insulting Men.

Almanz. Who dares touch her I love? I'm all o'er Love:
Nay, I am Love; Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my Breast at last.

Almah. You see before you her who should be Queen,
Since she is promis'd to *Boabdelin*.

Almanz. Are you lov'd by him! O wretched Fate,
First that I love at all; then, lov'd too late!
Yet, I must love!

Almah. ———— Alas, it is in vain;
Fate for each other did not us ordain.
The Chances of this Day too clearly show
That Heav'n took Care that it should not be so.

Almanz. Would Heav'n had quite forgot me this one Day
But Fate's yet hot———
I'll make it take a bent another way.

[*He walks swiftly and discomposedly, studying*
I bring a Claim which does his Right remove:

You're his by Promise, but you're mine by Love.

'Tis all but Ceremony which is past:

The Knot's to tie which is to make you fast.

Fate gave not to *Boabdelin* that Pow'r:

He Woo'd you but as my Ambassador.

Almah. Our Souls are ty'd by Holy Vows above.

Almanz. He sign'd but his; but I will seal my Love.
I love you better; with more Zeal than he.

Almah. This Day———

I gave my Faith to him, he his to me.

Almanz. Good Heav'n, thy Book of Fate before me lay
But to tear out the Journal of this Day.

Or, if the Order of the World below

Will not the Gap of one whole Day allow,

Give me that Minute when she made her Vow.

" That Minute, ev'n the happy from their Blifs might give

" And those who live in Grief, a shorter time would live

No small a Link, if broke, th' Eternal Chain
Would, like divided Waters, join again.
It wo'not be; the Fugitive is gone;
Prest by the Crowd of following Minutes on:
That precious Moment's out of Nature fled,
And in the Heap of common Rubbish laid,
Of things that once have been, and are decay'd.

Almah. Your Passion, like a Fright, suspends my Pain:
It meets, o'er-pow'rs, and beats mine back again:
But, as when Tides against the Current flow,
The Native Stream runs its own Course below:
So, though your Grievs possess the upper Part,
My own have deeper Channels in my Heart.

Almanz. Forgive that Fury which my Soul does move,
'Tis the Essay of an untaught first Love.
Yet rude, unfashion'd Truth it does express:
'Tis Love just peeping in a hasty Dress.
Retire, Fair Creature, to your needful Rest;
There's something Noble lab'ring in my Breast:
This raging Fire, which through the Mass does move,
Shall purge my Dross, and shall refine my Love.

Exeunt Almahide and Esperanza.

She goes, and I like my own Ghost appear;
It is not living, when she is not here.

[*To him Abdalla as King, attended.*]

Abdal. My first Acknowledgments to Heav'n are due:
My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you.

Almanz. A poor Surprize, and on a naked Foe,
What ever you confess, is all you owe.
And I no Merit own, or understand
That Fortune did you Justice by my Hand.
Yet, if you will that little Service pay
With a great Favour, I can shew the way.

Abdal. I have a Favour to demand of you;
That is, to take the thing for which you sue.

Almanz. Then, briefly, thus; when I th' *Albayzyn* won,
I found the beauteous *Almahide* alone:
Whose sad Condition did my Pity move:
And that Compassion did produce my Love.

Abdal.

Abdal. This needs no Suit; in Justice, I declare,
She is your Captive by the Right of War.

Almanz. She is no Captive then; I set her free:
And, rather than I will her Jailor be,
I'll nobly lose her in her Liberty.

Abdal. Your Generosity I much approve,
But your excess of that shows want of Love.

Almanz. No, 'tis th' excess of Love, which mounts so high
That, seen far off, it lessens to the Eye.
Had I not lov'd her, and had set her free,
That, Sir, had been my Generosity:
But 'tis exalted Passion, when I show
I dare be wretched, not to make her so.
And, while another Passion fills her Breast,
I'll be all wretched rather than half blest.

Abdal. May your Heroick Act so prosperous be,
That *Almahide* may sigh you set her free.

Enter Zulema.

Zul. Of five tall Tow'rs which fortifie this Town,
All but th' *Alhambra* your Dominion own.
Now therefore boldly I confess a Flame,
Which is excus'd in *Almahide's* Name.
If you the Merit of this Night regard,
In her Possession I have my Reward.

Almanz. She your Reward! why, she's a Gift so great—
That I my self have not deserv'd her yet.
And therefore, though I won her with my Sword,
I have, with awe, my Sacrilege restor'd.

Zul. What you deserve——
I'll not dispute, because I do not know,
This only I will say, She shall not go.

Almanz. Thou, single, art not worth my answering;
But take what Friends, what Armies thou canst bring;
What Worlds; and when you are united all,
Then, I will thunder in your Ears, — She shall.

Zul. I'll not one Title of my Right resign;
Sir, your implicate Promise made her mine.
When I in general Terms my Love did show,
You swore our Fortunes should together go.

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Abdal. The Merits of the Cause I'll not decide,
But, like my Love, I would my Gift divide.
Your equal Titles then no longer plead;
But one of you for love of me recede.

Almanz. I have receded to the utmost Line,
When, by my free Consent, she is not mine.
Then let him equally recede with me,
And both of us will join to set her free.

Zul. If you will free your part of her, you may;
But, Sir, I love not your Romantick way.
Dream on; enjoy her Soul, and set that free;
I'm pleas'd her Person should be left for me.

Almanz. Thou shalt not wish her thine; thou shalt not dare
To be so impudent, as to despair.

Zul. The *Zegrys*, Sir, are all concern'd to see
How much their Merit you neglect in me.

Harriet. Your slighting *Zulema*, this very Hour
Will take ten thousand Subjects from your Pow'r.

Almanz. What are ten thousand Subjects such as they?
If I am scorn'd — I'll take my self away.

Abdal. Since both cannot possess what both pursue;
I grieve, my Friend, the Chance should fall on you.
But when you hear what Reasons I can urge——

Almanz. None, none that your Ingratitude can purge.
Reason's a Trick, when it no Grant affords:
It stamps the Face of Majesty on Words.

Abdal. Your Boldness to your Services I give:
Now take it as your full Reward to live.

Almanz. To live!
If from my Hands alone my Death can be,
I am Immortal, and a God to thee.
If I would kill thee now, thy Fate's so low
That I must stoop e'er I can give the Blow.
But mine is fix'd so far above thy Crown,
That all thy Men,
Pild on thy Back, can never pull it down.
But at my Ease thy Destiny I send,
Be ceasing from this Hour to be thy Friend.
Like Heav'n, I need but only to stand still;
And, not concurring to thy Life, I kill.

Thou

Thou canst no Title to my Duty bring;
 I'm not thy Subject, and my Soul's thy King.
 Farewel: When I am gone,
 There's not a Star of thine dare stay with thee:
 I'll whistle thy tame Fortune after me;
 And whirl Fate with me wheresoe'er I fly:
 As Winds drive Storms before 'em in the Sky. [Exit

Zul. Let not this Insolent unpunish'd go;
 Give your Commands; your Justice is too slow.

[Zulema, Hamet, and others are going after him]

Abdal. Stay; and what Part he pleases let him take:
 I know my Throne's too strong for him to shake.
 But my fair Mistress I too long forget;
 The Crown I promis'd is not offer'd yet.
 Without her Presence all my Joys are vain,
 Empire a Curse, and Life it self a Pain. [Exit

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar, and Guards.

Boab. **A**Dvise, or aid, but do not pity me;
 No Monarch born can fall to that degree.
 Pity descends from Kings to all below;
 But can, no more than Fountains, upward flow.
 Witness, just Heav'n, my greatest Grief has been
 I could not make your *Almahide* a Queen.

Aben. I have too long th' effects of Fortune known,
 Either to trust her Smiles, or fear her Frown.
 Since in their first Attempt you were not slain,
 Your Safety bodes you yet a second Reign.
 The People like a headlong Torrent go,
 And ev'ry Dam they break, or overflow;
 But unoppos'd they either lose their Force,
 Or wind in Volumes to their former Course.

Boab. In Walls we meanly must our Hopes ir close,
 To wait our Friends, and weary out our Foes:

While *Almahide*

To lawless Rebels is expos'd a Prey,
And forc'd the lustful Victor to obey.

Aben. One of my Blood, in Rules of Virtue bred!
Think better of her, and believe she's dead.

To them Almanzor.

Isab. We are betray'd, the Enemy is here;
We have no farther room to hope or fear.

Almanz. It is indeed *Almanzor* whom you see,
But he no longer is your Enemy.

You were ungrateful, but your Foes were more;
What your Injustice lost you, theirs restore.

Make Profit of my Vengeance while you may.
My two-edg'd Sword can cut the other way.

I am your Fortune; but am swift, like her,
And turn my hairy Front if you defer.

That Hour, when you delib'rate, is too late;
I point you the white Moment of your Fate.

Aben. Believe him sent as Prince *Abdalla's* Spy;
He would betray us to the Enemy.

Almanz. Were I, like thee, in Cheats of State grown
old,

(Those publick Markets, where, for foreign Gold,
The poorest Prince is to the richest fold;)

Then thou might'st think me fit for that low Part:
But I am yet to learn the States-man's Art.

My Kindness and my Hate unmask'd I wear;
For Friends to trust, and Enemies to fear.

My Heart's so plain,
That Men on ev'ry passing through may look,

Like Fishes gliding in a Crystal Brook:
When troubled most, it does the Bottom show,

'Tis weedless all above, and rockless all below.

Aben. E'er he be trusted, let him then be try'd;
He may be false who once has chang'd his Side.

Almanz. In that you more accuse your selves than me:
None who are injur'd can unconstant be.

You were unconstant; you, who did the Wrong;
To do me Justice does to me belong.

Great

Great Souls by Kindness only can be ty'd;
 Injur'd again, again I'll leave your Side.
 Honour is what my self and Friends I owe;
 And none can lose it who forsake a Foe.
 Since, then, your Foes now happen to be mine,
 Though not in Friendship, we'll in Int'rest join.
 So, while my lov'd Revenge is full and high,
 I'll give you back your Kingdom by the by.

Boab. That I so long delay'd what you desire,

[*Embracing*

Was not to doubt your Worth, but to admire.

Almanz. This Counsellor an old Man's Caution show
 Who fears that little he has left to lose:
 Age sets a Fortune; while Youth boldly throws.
 But let us first your drooping Soldiers cheer;
 Then seek out Danger, ere it dare appear.
 This Hour I fix your Crown upon your Brow;
 Next Hour Fate gives it, but I give it now. [Exit

SCENE II.

Enter Lyndaraxa alone.

Lynd. O could I read the dark Decrees of Fate,
 That I might once know whom to love or hate!
 For I my self scarce my own Thoughts can guess,
 So much I find them vary'd by Success.
 As in some Weather-glass my Love I hold;
 Which falls or rises with the Heat or Cold.
 I will be constant yet, if Fortune can;
 I love the King; let her but name the Man.

To her Halyma.

Hal. Madam, a Gentleman, to me unknown,
 Desires that he may speak with you alone.

Lyndar. Some Message from the King: Let him appear
To her Abdelmelech; who, Entering, throws off his Dignity.

She starts.

Abdelm. I see you are amaz'd that I am here:
 But let at once your Fear and Wonder end;
 In the Usurper's Guards I found a Friend,

Whiled me to you safe in this Disguise.

Lyndar. Your Danger brings this Trouble in my Eyes.
But what Affair this vent'rous Visit drew?

Abdelm. The greatest in the World; the seeing you.

Lyndar. The Courage of your Love I so admire,
That, to preserve you, you shall straight retire.

[She leads him to the Door.]

Go, Dear; each Minute does new Dangers bring;
You will be taken; I expect the King.

Abdelm. The King! the poor Usurper of an Hour;
His Empire's but a Dream of Kingly Pow'r.

I warn you, as a Lover and a Friend,
To leave him e're his short Dominion end.

The Soldier I suborn'd will wait at Night;
And shall alone be conscious of your Flight.

Lyndar. I thank you, that you so much Care bestow;
But, if his Reign be short, I need not go.

For why should I expose my Life and yours,
For what, you say, a little Time assures?

Abdelm. My Danger in th' Attempt is very small;
And, if he loves you, yours is none at all.

But, though his Ruin be as sure as Fate,
Your proof of Love to me would come too late.

This Trial I, in Kindness, would allow;
Tis easie, if you love me, show it now.

Lyndar. It is because I love you, I refuse;
For all the World my Conduct would accuse,

If I should go, with him I love, away:

And therefore, in strict Virtue, I will stay.

Abdelm. You would in vain dissemble Love to me:

Through that thin Veil your Artifice I see,

You would expect th' Event, and then declare:

But do not, do not drive me to Despair.

For, if you now refuse with me to fly,

Rather than love you after this, I'll die:

And therefore weigh it well before you speak;

My King is safe his Force within not weak.

Lyndar. The Counsel you have giv'n me, may be wise:

But, since th' Affair is great, I will advise.

Abdelm.

Abdelm. Then that Delay I for Denial take.—[*Is*

Lyndar. Stay, you too swift an Exposition make.
If I should go, since *Zulema* will stay,
I should my Brother to the King betray.

Abdelm. There is no Fear; but, if there were, I
You value still your Brother more than me.
Farewel; some Ease I in your Falshood find;
It lets a Beam in, that will clear my Mind.
My former Weakness I with Shame confess,
And when I see you next, shall love you less.

[*Is going*
Lyndar. Your faithless Dealings you may blush to

This is a Maid's Reward, who loves too well.

[*He looks*
Remember that I drew my latest Breath
In charging your Unkindness with my Death.

Abdelm. [*coming back.*] Have I not answer'd all you
Ev'n the least shadow of an Argument?

Lyndar. You want not Cunning what you please
But my poor Heart knows only how to love. [*plea*
And, finding this, you Tyrannize the more:
'Tis plain, some other Mistress you adore;
And now, with study'd Tricks of Subtilty,
You come prepar'd to lay the Fault on me.

[*Wringing her H*
But oh, that I should love so false a Man!

Abdelm. Hear me, and then disprove it, if you can

Lyndar. I'll hear no more; your Breach of Faith is plain
You would with Wit your want of Love maintain.
But, by my own Experience, I can tell.
They who love truly, cannot argue well.
Go, Faithless Man!

Leave me alone to mourn my Misery:
I cannot cease to love you, but I'll die.

[*Leans her Head on his A*
Abdelm. What Man but I so long unmov'd could

Such tender Passion, and refuse a Tear!

not talk of dying any more,

you mean that I should die before.

Lydar. I fear your feign'd Repentance comes too late:

I die to see you still thus obstinate.

But yet, in Death, my Truth of Love to show,

Lead me, if I have Strength enough, I'll go.

Abdelm. By Heav'n you shall not go: I will not be

O'ercome in Love or Generosity.

All I desire, to end th' unlucky Strife,

Is but a Vow that you will be my Wife.

Lydar. To tie me to you by a Vow, is hard;

It shows my Love you as no Tie regard.

I want any thing but that, and I'll agree.

Abdelm. Swear then, you never will my Rival's be.

Lydar. Nay, prithee, this is harder than before;

Name any thing, good Dear, but that thing more.

Abdelm. Now I too late perceive I am undone:

Living and seeing, to my Death I run.

I know you false, yet in your Snares I fall;

You grant me nothing, and I grant you all.

Lydar. I would grant all; but I must curb my Will,

Because I love to keep you jealous still.

In your Suspicion I your Passion find:

But I will take a time to cure your Mind.

Halyma. Oh, Madam, the new King is drawing near!

Lydar. Haste quickly hence, lest he should find you here.

Abdelm. How much more wretched than I came, I go! }

I more my Weakness and your Falshood know; }

And now must leave you with my greatest Foe! }

[Exit Abdelmelech.]

Lydar. Go: how I love thee Heav'n can only tell.

And yet I love thee, for a Subject, well. —

Yet, whatsoever Charms a Crown can bring,

A Subject's greater than a little King.

I will attend 'till time this Throne secure;

And, when I climb, my Footing shall be sure.

[Musick without.]

Back! and, I believe, address'd to me.

SONG.

S O N G.

I.

WHERE-ever I am, and whatever I do,
 My Phyllis is still in my Mand:
 When angry I mean not to Phyllis to go,
 My Feet of themselves the Way find:
 Unknown to my self I am just at her Door,
 And, when I would rail, I can bring out no more,
 Than Phyllis, too Fair and Unkind!

II.

When Phyllis I see, my Heart bounds in my Breast,
 And the Love I would stifle is shown:
 But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest,
 When from my Eyes Phyllis is gone:
 Sometimes a sad Dream does delude my sad Mind;
 But, alas, when I wake, and no Phyllis I find,
 How I sigh to my self all alone!

III.

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
 He should offer his Treasure in vain:
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my Phyllis again!
 Let Phyllis be mine, and but ever be kind,
 I could to a Desert with her be confin'd,
 And envy no Monarch his Reign.

IV.

Alas, I discover too much of my Love,
 And she too well knows her own Pow'r!
 She makes me each Day a new Martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow Jealous each Hour:
 But let her each Minute torment my poor Mind,
 I had rather love Phyllis, both False and Unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.

Enter Abdalla with Guards.

Abdal. Now Madam, at your Feet a King you see,
 Or, rather, if you please, a Scepter'd Slave:
 'Tis just you should possess the Pow'r you gave.

Love not made me yours, I yet had been
The first Subject to *Boabdelin*.

Heav'n declares the Crown I bring, your Due:
And had forgot my Title, but for you.

Lyndar. Heav'n to your Merits will, I hope, be kind;
But, Sir, it has not yet declar'd its Mind.

The true, it holds the Crown above your Head;
But does not fix it 'till your Brother's dead.

Abdal. All, but th' *Alhambra*, is within my Pow'r.
And that my Forces go to take this Hour.

Lyndar. When, with its Keys, your Brother's Head you
I shall believe you are indeed a King. [bring,

Abdal. But, since th' Events of all things doubtful are,
And of Events, most doubtful those of War;

I beg to know before, if Fortune frown,
Must I then lose your Favour with my Crown?

Lyndar. You'll soon return a Conqueror again,
And therefore, Sir, your Question is in vain.

Abdal. I think to certain Victory I move;
But you may more assure it by your Love.
That Grant will make my Arms invincible.

Lyndar. My Pray'rs and Wishes your Success foretel.
Go then, and fight, and think you fight for me;
I wait but to reward your Victory.

Abdal. But if I lose it, must I lose you too?

Lyndar. You are too curious, if you more would know.
I know not what my future Thoughts will be:
Poor Women's Thoughts are all *Extempore*.

With Men, indeed,
Beforehand a long Chain of Thoughts produce;
But ours are only for our present use.

Abdal. Those Thoughts you will not know, too well
You mean to wait the final Doom of War. [declare,

Lyndar. I find you come to quarrel with me now;
Would you know more of me than I allow?

Whence are you grown that great Divinity,
That with such ease into my Thoughts can pry?

Intelligence does not with some Tempers sute;
I see I must become more absolute.

Abdal. I must submit,

On

On what hard Terms so e'er my Peace be bought.

Lyndar. Submit! you speak as you were not in Fault.
'Tis evident the Injury is mine;

For why should you my secret Thoughts divine?

Abdal. Yet if we might be judg'd by Reason's Law

Lyndar. Then you would have your Reason judge
Either confess your Fault, or hold your Tongue; [Cautious]
For I am sure I'm never in the Wrong.

Abdal. Then I acknowledge it.

Lyndar. ————— Then I forgive.

Abdal. Under how hard a Law poor Lovers live!
Who, like the vanquish'd, must their Right release:
And, with the loss of Reason, buy their Peace. [Alas]

Madam, to show that you my Pow'r command,
I put my Life and Safety in your Hand:

Dispose of the *Albayzyn* as you please:

To your Fair Hands I here resign the Keys.

Lyndar. I take your Gift because your Love it shows
And faithful *Selin* for *Alcade* chuse.

Abdal. *Selin*, from her alone your Orders take:
This one Request, yet, Madam let me make,
That, from those Turrets, you th' Assault will see;
And Crown, once more, my Arms with Victory.

[Leads her away]

Selin remains with *Gazul* and *Reduan* his Servants.

Selin. *Gazul*, go tell my Daughter that I wait:
You, *Reduan*, bring the Pris'ner to his Fate.

[Exeunt *Gazul* and *Reduan*]

E're of my Charge I will Possession take,
A bloody Sacrifice I mean to make:
The Manes of my Son shall smile this Day,
While I in Blood my Vows of Vengeance pay.

Enter at one Door *Benzayde* with *Gazul*, at the other
Ozmyn bound with *Reduan*.

Selin. I sent, *Benzayda*, to glad your Eyes:
These Rights we owe your Brother's Obsequies.

[To *Gazul* and *Reduan*]

You two the curs'd *Abencerrago* bind,
You need no more t' instruct you in my Mind.

[They bind him to one Corner of the Stage]

Benzayde

Ben. In what sad Object am I call'd to share,
 Tell me, what is it, Sir, you here prepare?
Selin. 'Tis what your dying Brother did bequeath,
 A Scene of Vengeance, and a Pomp of Death.
Ben. The horrid Spectacle my Soul does fright;
 I want the Heart to see the dismal Sight.
Selin. You are my principal invited Guest,
 Whose Eyes I would not only feed but feast:
 You are to smile at his last groaning Breath,
 And laugh to see his Eye-balls roll in Death:
 To judge the ling'ring Soul's convulsive Strife;
 When thick short Breath catches at parting Life.
Ben. And of what Marble do you think me made?
Selin. What, can you be of just Revenge afraid?
Ben. He kill'd my Brother in his own Defence;
 Pity his Youth, and spare his Innocence.
Selin. Art thou so soon to pardon Murder won?
 Can he be Innocent who kill'd my Son?
Abdummar shall mourn as well as I;
 His *Osmyn* for my *Tarifa* shall die:
 But, since thou plead'st so boldly, I will see
 That Justice thou would'st hinder, done by thee:
 [Gives her his Sword.
her Here, take the Sword, and do a Sister's part;
ants. Pierce his, fond Girl, or I will pierce thy Heart.
Osm. To his Commands I join my own Request,
 All Wounds from you are welcome to my Breast:
 Think only, when your Hand this Act has done,
 Has but finish'd what your Eyes begun.
 thought, with Silence, to have scorn'd my Doom;
 at now your noble Pity has o'ercome:
 which I acknowledge with my latest Breath;
 he first who e'er began a Love in Death.
Ben. to Selin. Alas, what Aid can my weak Hand afford?
 you see I tremble when I touch a Sword:
 the Brightness dazzles me, and turns my Sight;
 Reduc'd If I look, 'tis but to aim less right;
Osm. I'll guide the Hand which must my Death convey;
 leaving Heart shall meet it half the way.

Selin to Benz. Waste not the precious Time in idle Breath.

Benz. Let me resign this Instrument of Death.

[*Giving the Sword to her Father, and then pulling it back.*]

Ah no: I was too hasty to resign:

'Tis in your Hand more mortal than in mine.

To them Hamet.

Hamet. The King is from th' *Alhambra* beaten back;

And now preparing for a new Attack:

To favour which, he wills, that instantly

You reinforce him with a new Supply.

[*hence*]

Selin to Benz. Think not, although my Duty calls me

That with the Breach of yours I will dispence.

E'er my Return, see my Commands you do;

Let me find *Ozmyn* dead; and kill'd by you.

Gazul and *Reduan*, attend her still;

And, if she dares to fail; perform my Will.

[*Exeunt Selin and Hamet*]

[*Benzayda looks languishing on him, with her Sword drawn*]

Gazul and Reduan standing with drawn Swords by her

Ozm. Defer not, fair *Benzayda*, my Death:

Looking on you——

I should but live to sigh away my Breath.

My Eyes have done the Work they had to do:

I take your Image with me, which they drew;

And, when they close, I shall die full of you.

Benz. When Parents their Commands unjustly lay,

Children are privileg'd to disobey.

Yet from that Breach of Duty I am clear,

Since I submit the Penalty to bear.

To die or kill you is th' Alternative;

Rather than take your Life, I will not live.

Ozm. This shows th' Excess of Generosity;

But, Madam, you have no Pretence to die.

I should defame th' *Abencerrages* Race,

To let a Lady suffer in my Place.

But neither could that Life you would bestow

Save mine; nor do you so much Pity owe

To me, a Stranger, and your House's Foe.

Benz. From whence-foe'er their Hate our Houses hate

I blush to tell you, I have none for you.

'Tis a Confession which I should not make,
Had I more Time to give, or you to take.
But, since Death's near, and runs with so much Force,
We must meet first, and intercept his Course.

Ozm. Oh, how unkind a Comfort do you give!
Now I fear Death again, and wish to live.

Life were worth taking, could I have it now;
But 'tis more Good than Heav'n can e'er allow
To one Man's Portion, to have Life and you.

Benz. Sure, at our Births,
Death with our meeting Planets danc'd above;
Or we were wounded by a mourning Love! [*Shouts within.*]

Redu. The Noise returns, and doubles from behind;
It seems as if two adverse Armies join'd:
Time presses us.

Gaz. ——— If longer you delay,
We must, though loth, your Father's Will obey.

Ozm. Haste, Madam, to fulfil his hard Commands:
And rescue me from their ignoble Hands.

Let me kiss yours, when you my Wound begin;
Then ease Death will slide with pleasure in.

Benz. Ah, gentle Soldiers, some short time allow.
[*To Gaz. and Red.*]

My Father has repented him e're now;
Or will repent him, when he finds me dead:
My Clue of Life is twin'd with *Ozmyn's* Thread.

Redu. 'Tis fatal to refuse her, or obey;
But where is our Excuse? what can we say?

Benz. Say any thing——
Say, that to kill the Guiltless you were loath,
Or if you did, say, I would kill you both.

Gaz. To disobey our Orders is to die:
I'll do't, who dare oppose it?

Redu. ——— That dare I.

[*Reduan stands before Ozmyn, and fights with Gazul.*]

[*Benzayda unbinds Ozmyn, and gives him her Sword.*]

Benz. Stay not to see the issue of the Fight;
[*Red. kills Gaz.*]

But haste to save your self by speedy Flight.

[*Ozmyn kneels to kiss her Hand.*]

Ozm. Did all Mankind against my Life conspire,
Without this Blessing I would not retire.
But, Madam, can I go and leave you here?
Your Father's Anger now for you I fear:
Consider you have done too much to stay.

Benz. Think not of me, but fly your self away.

Redu. Haste quickly hence; the Enemies are nigh:
From ev'ry part I see the Soldiers fly;
The Foes not only our Assailants beat,
But fiercely sally out on their Retreat;
And, like a Sea broke loose, come on amain.

To them Abenamar, and a Party with their Swords
drawn, driving in some of the Enemies.

Aben. Traytors, you hope to save your selves in vain
Your forfeit Lives shall for your Treason pay,
And Ozmyn's Blood shall be reveng'd this day.

Ozm. No, Sir, your Ozmyn lives, and lives to own

[Kneeling to his Father]

A Father's Piety to free his Son!

Aben. My Ozmyn! O thou blessing of my Age!

[Embracing him]

And art thou safe from their deluded Rage!
Whom must I praise for thy Deliverance?
Was it thy Valour, or the work of Chance?

Ozm. Nor Chance nor Valour could deliver me;
But 'twas a noble Pity set me free.

My Liberty and Life,
And what your Happiness you're pleas'd to call,
We to this charming Beauty owe it all.

Aben. Instruct me, visible Divinity,
Instruct me by what Name to worship thee.
For to thy Virtue I would Altars raise:
Since thou art much above all human Praise.

But see——

Enter Almanzor, his Sword bloody, leading in Almahide
attended by Esperanza.

My other Blessing, Almahide is here:

I'll to the King, and tell him she is near.

You, Ozmyn, on your fair Deliv'rer wait:

And with your private Joys the publick celebrate. [Exit]

the Conquest of GRANADA.

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Almanzor, Almahide and Esperanza.

Almanz. The work is done; now, Madam, you are free
At least, if I can give you Liberty.

But you have Chains which you your self have chose;
And, O, that I could free you too from those!
But, you are free from Force, and have full Pow'r
To go, and kill my Hopes and me, this hour.
I see, then, you will go; but yet my Toil
May be rewarded with a looking while.

Almah. *Almanzor* can from ev'ry Subject raise
New matter for our Wonder and his Praise.
You bound and freed me, but the difference is,
That show'd your Valour; but your Virtue this.

Almanz. Madam, you praise a Fun'ral Victory;
At whose sad Pomp the Conqueror must die.

Almah. Conquest attends *Almanzor* ev'ry where,
I am too small a Foe for him to fear:
But Heroes still must be oppos'd by some,
Or they would want occasion to o'ercome.

Almanz. Madam, I cannot on bare Praises live:
Those who abound in Praises, seldom give.

Almah. While I to all the World your Worth make known,
May Heav'n reward the Pity you have shown.

Almanz. My Love is languishing and starv'd to death,
And would you give me Charity, in Breath?
Pray'rs are the Alms of Church-men to the Poor:
They send to Heav'n's, but drive us from their Door.

Almah. Cease, cease a Suit
So vain to you, and troublesome to me,
If you will have me think that I am free.
If I am yet a Slave, my Bonds I'll bear,
But, what I cannot grant, I will not hear.

Almanz. You wo't hear! you must both hear and grant;
For, Madam, there's an Impudence in Want.

Almah. Your Way is somewhat strange to ask Relief;
You ask with threatening, like a begging Thief.
Once more, *Almanzor*, tell me, am I free?

Almanz. Madam, you are from all the World—but me.
But as a Pyrate, when he frees the Prize
He took from Friends, sees the rich Merchandize,
And, after he has freed it, justly buys;

So, when I have restor'd your Liberty——
But then, alas, I am too poor to buy!

Almah. Nay, now you use me just as Pyrates do:
You free me; but expect a Ransom too.

Almanz. You've all the Freedom that a Prince can have
But Greatness cannot be without a Slave.
A Monarch never can in private move;
But still is haunted with officious Love.
So small an Inconvenience you may bear,
'Tis all the Fine Fate sets upon the Fair.

Almah. Yet Princes may retire, when e'er they please
And breathe free Air from out their Palaces:
They go sometimes unknown, to shun their State;
And then, 'tis Manners not to know or wait.

Almanz. If not a Subject then, a Ghost I'll be;
And from a Ghost, you know, no Place is free.
Asleep, awake, I'll haunt you ev'ry where;
From my white Shrowd groan Love into your Ear.
When in your Lover's Arms you sleep at Night,
I'll glide in Cold betwixt, and seize my Right.
And is't not better, in your Nuptial Bed,
To have a living Lover than a dead?

Almah. I can no longer bear to be accus'd,
As if what I could grant you, I refus'd.
My Father's Choice I never will dispute;
And he has chosen e'er you mov'd your Sute.
You know my Case, if equal you can be,
Plead for your self, and answer it for me.

Almanz. Then, Madam, in that Hope you bid me live
I ask no more than you may justly give:
But in strict Justice there may Favour be,
And may I hope that you have that for me?

Almah. Why do you thus my secret Thoughts pursue
Which known, hurt me, and cannot profit you?
Your Knowledge but new Troubles does prepare,
Like theirs who curious in their Fortunes are.
To say I could with more Content be yours,
Tempts you to hope; but not that Hope assures.
For since the King has Right,

And favour'd by my Father in his Suit,
 'Tis a Blossom which can bear no Fruit.
 Yet, if you dare attempt so hard a Task,
 May you succeed; you have my Leave to ask.

Almanz. I can with Courage now my Hopes pursue,
 Since I no longer have to combat you.
 What did the greatest Difficulty bring;
 The rest are small, a Father and a King!

Almah. Great Souls discern not when the Leap's too wide,
 Because they only view the farther Side.
 Whatever you desire, you think is near:
 But, with more Reason, the Event I fear.

Almanz. No; there is a necessity in Fate;
 Why still the brave bold Man is Fortunate;
 He keeps his Object ever full in sight,
 And that Assurance holds him firm and right.
 True, 'tis a narrow Path that leads to Bliss,
 But right before there is no Precipice:
 Fear makes Men look aside, and then their Footing miss.

Almah. I do your Merit all the Right I can;
 Admiring Virtue in a private Man:
 I only wish the King may grateful be,
 And that my Father with my Eyes may see.
 Might I not make it as my last Request,
 (Since humble Carriage suites a Suppliant best)
 That you would somewhat of your Fierceness hide:
 That inborn Fire; I do not call it Pride.

Almanz. Born as I am, still to Command, not Sue,
 Yet you shall see that I can beg for you.
 And if your Father will require a Crown,
 Let him but name the Kingdom, 'tis his own.
 I am, but while I please, a private Man;
 I have that Soul which Empires first began:
 From the dull Crowd, which every King does lead,
 I will pick out whom I will chuse to head:
 The best and bravest Souls I can select,
 And on their Conquer'd Necks my Throne erect. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Abdalla alone, under the Walls of the Albayzr

Abdal. While she is mine, I have not yet lost all;
But in her Arms shall have a gentle Fall:
Blest in my Love, although in War o'ercome,
I fly, like *Anthony* from *Actium*,
To meet a better *Cleopatra* here.

You of the Watch; you of the Watch; appear.

Sold. above. Who calls below? What's your Demand?

Abdal. ——— 'Tis I:

Open the Gate with speed; the Foe is nigh.

Sold. What Orders for Admittance do you bring?

Abdal. Slave, my own Orders; look, and know the King.

Sold. I know you, but my Charge is so severe,
That none, without Exception, enter here.

Abdal. Traytor, and Rebel, thou shalt shortly see
Thy Orders are not to extend to me.

Lyndar. above. What sawcy Slave so rudely does exclaim
And brands my Subject with a Rebel's Name?

Abdal. Dear *Lyndaraxa*, haste; the Foes pursue.

Lyndar. My Lord, the Prince *Abdalla*, is it you?
I scarcely can believe the Words I hear:
Could you so coarsely treat my Officer?

Abdal. He forc'd me; but the Danger nearer draws,
When I am enter'd, you shall know the Cause.

Lyndar. Enter'd! Why have you any Business here?

Abdal. I am pursu'd, the Enemy is near.

Lyndar. Are you pursu'd, and do you thus delay
To save your self? Make haste, my Lord, away.

Abdal. Give me not cause to think you mock my Grief:
What Place have I, but this, for my Relief?

Lyndar. This Favour does your Handmaid much oblige:
But we are not provided for a Siege:

My Subjects few; and their Provision thin;

The Foe is strong without, we weak within.

That to my noble Lord may seem unkind,

But he will weigh it in his Princely Mind:

And pardon her, who does Assurance want

So much, she blushes when she cannot grant.

Aldal. Yes, you may blush; and you have cause to weep.

Is this the Faith you promis'd me to keep?

Ah yet, if to a Lover you will bring

No Succour, give your Succour to a King.

Lyndar. A King is he whom nothing can withstand;

Who Men and Mony can with ease command.

A King is he whom Fortune still does bless;

He is a King who does a Crown possess.

If you would have me think that you are he,

Produce to view your Marks of Sov'raignty.

But if your self alone for Proof you bring,

You're but a single Person, not a King.

Aldal. Ingrateful Maid, did I for this Rebel?

I say no more; but I have lov'd too well.

Lyndar. Who but your self did that Rebellion move?

Did I e'er promise to receive your Love?

Is it my Fault you are not fortunate?

I love a King, but a poor Rebel hate.

Aldal. Who follow Fortune, still are in the right—

But let me be protected here this Night.

Lyndar. The Place to morrow will be circled round;

And then no way will for your Flight be found.

Aldal. I hear my Enemies just coming on;

[*Trampling within.*]

Protect me but one Hour, till they are gone.

Lyndar. They'll know you have been here; it cannot be,

That very Hour you stay, will ruin me:

For if the Foe behold our Interview,

I shall be thought a Rebel too, like you.

Haste hence; and, that your Flight may prosperous prove,

I'll recommend you to the Pow'rs above.

[*Exit Lynd. from above.*]

Aldal. She's gone: Ah, faithless and ingrateful Maid!

I hear some tread; and fear I am betray'd,

I'll to the *Spanish* King; and try if he,
To count'nance his own Right, will succour me:
There is more Faith in Christian Dogs, than thee. *[Exit.]*

Enter Ozmyn, Benzayda and Abenamar.

Benz. ——— I wish

(To merit all these Thanks) I could have said,
My Pity only did his Virtue aid:

'Twas Pity, but 'twas of a Love-sick Maid.

His manly Suff'ring my Esteem did move;
That bred Compassion, and Compassion Love.

Ozm. O Blessing fold me at too cheap a rate!
My Danger was the Benefit of Fate. *[To his Father]*
But that you may my fair Deliv'rer know,
She was not only born our House's Foe,
But to my Death by pow'rful Reasons led,
At least, in Justice, she might wish me dead.

Aben. But why thus long do you her Name conceal?

Ozm. To gain Belief for what I now reveal:
Ev'n thus prepar'd, you scarce can think it true,
The Saver of my Life from *Selin* drew
Her Birth; and was his Sister whom I slew.

Aben. No more; it cannot, was not, must not be:
Upon my Blessing, say not it was she.
The Daughter of the only Man I hate!
Two Contradictions twisted in a Fate!

Ozm. The mutual Hate which you and *Selin* bore,
Does but exalt her gen'rous Pity more.
Could she a Brother's Death forgive to me,
And cannot you forget her Family?
Can you so ill requite the Life I owe,
To reckon her, who gave it, still your Foe?
It lends too great a Lustre to her Line,
To let her Virtue ours so much out-shine. *[Hear]*

Aben. Thou gav'st her Line th' Advantage which the
By meanly taking of the Life they gave.
Grant that it did in her a Pity show,
But would my Son be pity'd by a Foe?
She has the Glory of thy Act defac'd:
Thou kill'dst her Brother; but she triumphs last:

Poorly for us our Enmity would cease;
When we are beaten, we receive a Peace,

Benz. If that be all in which you disagree,
I must confess 'twas *Ozmyn* conquer'd me.
Had I beheld him basely beg his Life,
I should not now submit to be his Wife.
But when I saw his Courage Death control,
I paid a secret Homage to his Soul;
And thought my cruel Father much to blame,
Since *Ozmyn's* Virtue his Revenge did shame.

Aben. What Constancy canst thou e'er hope to find
In that unstable, and soon conquer'd Mind?
What Piety canst thou expect from her,
Who could forgive a Brother's Murderer?
Or, what Obedience hop'st thou to be pay'd,
From one who first her Father disobey'd?

Ozm. Nature that bids us Parents to obey,
Bids Parents their Commands by Reason weigh.
And you her Virtue by your Praise did own,
Before you knew by whom the Act was done.

Aben. Your Reasons speak too much of Insolence,
Her Birth's a Crime past Pardon or Defence.
Know, that as *Selin* was not won by thee,
Neither will I by *Selin's* Daughter be.
Leave her, or cease henceforth to be my Son:
This is my Will; and this I will have done. [*Exit Aben.*]

Ozm. It is a murd'ring Will!
That whirls along with an impetuous Sway;
And, like Chain-shot, sweeps all things in its Way.
He does my Honour want of Duty call;
To that, and Love, he has no Right at all.

Benz. No, *Ozmyn*, no, it is a much less Ill
To leave me, than dispute a Father's Will:
If I had any Title to your Love,
Your Father's greater Right does mine remove:
Your Vows and Faith I give you back again,
Since neither can be kept without a Sin.

Ozm. Nothing but Death my Vows can give me back:
They are not yours to give, nor mine to take.

Benz.

Benz. Nay, think not, though I could your Vows resign,
My Love or Virtue could dispense with mine.
I would extinguish your unlucky Fire,
To make you happy in some new Desire:
I can preserve enough for me and you:
And love, and be unfortunate for two.

Ozm. In all that's good and great
You vanquish me so fast, that in the End
I shall have nothing left me to Defend.
From ev'ry Post you force me to remove;
But let me keep my last Retrenchment, Love.

Benz. Love then, my *Ozmin*; I will be content

[Giving her Hand.

To make you wretched by your own Consent:
Live poor, despis'd, and banish'd for my Sake,
And all the Burden of my Sorrows take,
For, as for me, in whatsoe'er Estate,
While I have you, I must be Fortunate.

Ozm. Thus then, secur'd of what we hold most dear,
(Each others Love) we'll go—I know not where.
For where, alas, should we our Flight begin?
The Foe's without; our Parents are within.

Benz. I'll fly to you; and you shall fly to me:
Our Flight but to each others Arms shall be.
To Providence and Chance permit the rest;
Let us but love enough, and we are blest.

[Exeunt.

Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, *Guard*: Zulema and Hamet Prisoners.

Abdelm. They're *Lyndaraxa's* Brothers; for her sake
Their Lives and Pardon my Request I make.

Boab. Then, *Zulema* and *Hamet*, live; but know
Your Lives to *Abdelmelech's* Sute you owe.

Zul. The Grace receiv'd so much my Hope exceeds,
That Words come weak and short to answer Deeds.
You've made a Venture, Sir, and Time must show
If this great Mercy you did well bestow.

Boab. You, *Abdelmelech*, haste, before 'tis Night,
And close pursue my Brother in his Flight.

[Exeunt *Abdelmelech*, *Zulema* and *Hamet*.

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Enter Almanzor, Almahide and Esperanza.

But see, with *Almahide*

The brave *Almanzor* comes, whose conqu'ring Sword
The Crown it once took from me, has restor'd.

How can I recompence so great Desert!

Almanz. I bring you, Sir, perform'd in ev'ry Part
My Promise made; your Foes are fled or slain;
Without a Rival, absolute you reign.
Yet though, in Justice, this enough may be,
It is too little to be done by me:

I beg to go

Where my own Courage and your Fortune calls,
To chase these Misbelievers from our Walls.

I cannot breathe within this narrow Space;
My Heart's too big, and swells beyond the Place.

Boab. You can perform, brave Warrior, what you please;
Fate listens to your Voice, and then decrees.
Now I no longer fear the *Spanish* Pow'rs;
Already we are free, and Conquerors.

Almanz. Accept, great King, to morrow, from my Hand,
The captive Head of conquer'd *Ferdinand*.
You shall not only what you lost regain,
But, o'er the *Biscayn* Mountains to the Main;
Extend your Sway, where never *Moor* did reign.

Aben. What in another Vanity would seem,
Appears but noble Confidence in him.
No haughty Boasting; but a Manly Pride:
A Soul too fiery, and too great to guide:
He moves excentrique, like a wand'ring Star,
Whose Motion's just, tho' 'tis not regular.

Boab. It is for you, brave Man, and only you,
Greatly to speak, and yet more greatly do.
But, if your Benefits too far extend,
I must be left ungrateful in the End:
Yet somewhat I would pay,
Before my Debts above all reck'ning grow;
To keep me from the Shame of what I owe:
But you——

Are conscious to your self of such Desert,
That of your Gift I fear to offer part.

Almanz.

Almanz. When I shall have declar'd my high Request
So much Presumption there will be confest,
That you will find your Gifts I do not shun;
But rather much o'er-rate the Service done.

Boab. Give wing to your Desires, and let 'em fly
Secure, they cannot mount a pitch too high.
So bless me, *Alha*, both in Peace and War,
As I accord, whate'er your Wishes are,

Almanz. Embolden'd by the Promise of a Prince,

[Putting one Knee to the Ground]

I ask this Lady now with Confidence.

Boab. You ask the only thing I cannot grant.

[The King and Abenamar look amazedly on each other]

But, as a Stranger, you are ignorant
Of what by publick Fame my Subjects know;
She is my Mistress:

Aben. ——— And my Daughter too.

Almanz. Believe, old Man, that I her Father knew:
What else should make *Almanzor* kneel to you?
Nor doubt, Sir, but your Right to her was known:
For had you had no Claim but Love alone,
I could produce a better of my own.

Almah. softly to him. *Almanzor*, you forget my
Request:

Your Words have too much Haughtiness express'd.
Is this the humble way you were to move?

Almanz. to her. I was too far transported by my Love
Forgive me; for I had not learn'd to sue
To any thing before, but Heav'n and you.
Sir, at your Feet, I make it my Request——

[To the King
First Line kneeling: Second rising, and boldly]

Though without boasting, I deserve her best;
For you her Love with gaudy Titles sought,
But I her Heart with Blood and Dangers bought.

Boab. The Blood which you have shed in her Defence
Shall have in time, a fitting Recompence:
Or, if you think your Services delay'd,
Name but your Price, and you shall soon be paid.

Almanz. My Price! why, King, you do not think you
With one who sets his Services to Sale?

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Reserve your Gifts for those who Gifts regard;
And know I think my self above Reward.

Boab. Then sure you are some God-head; and our Care
Must be to come with Incense, and with Pray'r.

Almanz. As little as you think your self oblig'd,
You would be glad to do't, when next Besieg'd.
But I am pleas'd there should be nothing due;
For what I did, was for my self, not you.

Boab. You with Contempt on meaner Gifts look down;
And, aiming at my Queen, disdain my Crown.
That Crown restor'd, deserves no Recompence,
Since you would rob the fairest Jewel thence.
Dare not henceforth Ungrateful me to call;
What e'er I ow'd you, this has cancel'd all.

Almanz. I'll call thee thankless King, and perjur'd both:
Thou swor'st by *Alha*; and hast broke thy Oath.
But thou do'st well; thou tak'st the cheapest way;
Not to own Services thou can'st not pay.

Boab. My Patience more than pays thy Service past;
But now this Insolence shall be thy last.
Hence from my Sight, and take it as a Grace
Thou liv'st, and art but banish'd from the Place.

Almanz. Where-e'er I go, there can no Exile be;
But from *Almanzor's* Sight I banish thee:
I will not now, if thou wou'dst beg me, stay;
But I will take my *Almahide* away.
Stay thou with all thy Subjects here; but know
We leave the City empty when we go.

[*Takes Almahide's Hand.*]

Boab. Fall on; take; kill the Traitor.

[*The Guards fall on him; he makes at the King through
the midst of them, and falls upon him; they disarm
him, and rescue the King.*]

Almanz. ———Base and poor,
Blush that thou art *Almanzor's* Conqueror.

[*Almahide wrings her Hands; then turns and veils her Face.*
Farewel, my *Almahide*!

Life of it self will go, now thou art gone,
Like Flies in Winter when they lose the Sun.

[*Abenamar whispers the King a little; then speaks aloud.*
Aben.

Aben. Revenge, and taken so secure a way,
Are Blessings which Heav'n sends not ev'ry Day.

Boab. I will at leisure now revenge my Wrong;
And, Traitor, thou shalt feel my Vengeance long:
Thou shalt not die just at thy own Desire,
But see my Nuptials, and with Rage expire.

Almanz. Thou dar'st not Marry her while I'm in fight;
With a bent Brow thy Priest and thee I'll fright:
And in that Scene
Which all thy Hopes and Wishes should content,
The Thought of me shall make thee Impotent.

[He is led off by Guards.

Boab. As some fair Tulip, by a Storm oppress'd,
[To *Almah.*

Shrinks up, and folds its filken Arms to Rest;
And, bending to the Blast, all pale and dead,
Hears, from within, the Wind sing round its Head:
So, shrowded up your Beauty disappears;
Unveil, my Love, and lay aside your Fears.
The Storm that caus'd your Fright, is past and done.

[*Almahide unveiling and looking round for Almanzor.*

Almah. So Flow'rs peep out too soon, and miss the Sun.
[Turning from him.

Boab. What Myst'ry in this strange Behaviour lyes?

Almah. Let me for ever hide these guilty Eyes,
Which lighted my *Almanzor* to his Tomb;
Or, let 'em blaze to show me there a Room.

Boab. Heav'n lent their Lustre for a nobler End:
A thousand Torches must their Light attend,
To lead you to a Temple and a Crown. ———
Why does my fairest *Almahide* frown?
Am I less pleasing than I was before,
Or is the insolent *Almanzor* more?

Almah. I justly own that I some Pity have,
Not for the Insolent, but for the Brave.

Aben. Though to your King your Duty you neglect,
Know, *Almahide*, I look for more Respect.
And, if a Parent's Charge your Mind can move,
Receive the Blessing of a Monarch's Love.

Almah.

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Almah. Did he my Freedom to his Life prefer,
And shall I Wed *Almanzor's* Murderer?

No, Sir; I cannot to your Will submit:
Your Way's too rugged for my tender Feet.

Aben. You must be driv'n where you refuse to go:
And taught, by Force, your Happiness to know.

Almah. To force me, Sir, is much unworthy you;
[Smiling scornfully.]

And, when you would, impossible to do.

If Force could bend me, you might think, with Shame,
That I debase the Blood from whence I came.

My Soul is soft; which you may gently lay
In your loose Palm; but when 'tis press'd to stay,
Like Water, it deludes your Grasp, and slips away. }

Boab. I find I must revoke what I decreed;
Almanzor's Death my Nuptials must precede.

Love is a Magick which the Lover ties;
But Charms still end, when the Magician dies.

Go; let me hear my hated Rival's dead; [To his Guard.
And, to convince my Eyes, bring back his Head.

Almah. Go on; I wish no other way to prove
That I am worthy of *Almanzor's* Love.

We will in Death, at least, united be;
I'll shew you I can die as well as he.

Boab. What should I do! when equally I dread
Almanzor living, and *Almanzor* dead!_____

Yet, by your Promise, you are mine alone. [own?

Almah. How dare you claim my Faith, and break your

Aben. This for your Virtue is a weak Defence:
No second Vows can with your first dispense.

Yet, since the King did to *Almanzor* swear,
And in his Death ingrateful may appear,
He ought, in Justice, first to spare his Life,
And then to claim your Promise as his Wife.

Almah. Whate'er my secret Inclinations be,
To this, since Honour ties me, I agree:
Yet I declare, and to the World will own,
That, far from seeking, I would shun the Throne;
And with *Almanzor*, lead an humble Life;
There is a private Greatness in his Wife.

Boab.

Boab. That little Love I have, I hardly buy;
 You give my Rival all, while you deny.
 Yet, *Almahide*, to let you see your Pow'r,
 Your lov'd *Almanzor* shall be free this Hour.
 You are obey'd, but 'tis so great a Grace,
 That I could wish me in my Rival's Place.

[*Exeunt King and Abenamet*]

Almah. How bless'd was I before this fatal Day!
 When all I knew of Love, was to obey!
 'Twas Life becalm'd, without a gentle Breath;
 Though not so cold, yet motionless as Death.
 A heavy quiet State; but Love, all Strife,
 All rapid, is the Hurricane of Life.
 Had Love not shown me, I had never seen
 An Excellence beyond *Boabdelin*.
 I had not, aiming higher, lost my Rest;
 But with a Vulgar Good been dully blest:
 But, in *Almanzor*, having seen what's rare,
 Now I have learnt too sharply to compare;
 And, like a Fav'rite, quickly in Disgrace,
 Just knew the Value e'er I lost the Place.

To her Almanzor bound and guarded.

Almanz. I see the End for which I'm hither sent,

[*Looking down*]

To double, by your Sight, my Punishment.
 There is a Shame in Bonds I cannot bear;
 Far more than Death to meet your Eyes I fear.

Almah. That Shame of long continuance shall not be

[*Unbinding her*]

The King, at my Intreaty, sets you free.

Almanz. The King! my Wonder's greater than before
 How did he dare my Freedom to restore?
 He like some Captive Lion uses me;
 He runs away before he sets me free,
 And takes a Sanctuary in his Court:
 I'll rather lose my Life than thank him for't.

Almah. If any Subject for your Thanks there be,
 The King expects 'em not; you owe 'em me.
 Our Freedoms through each others Hands have past;
 You give me my Revenge in winning last.

Almah

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Almanz. Then Fate commodiously for me has done;
To lose mine there, where I would have it won.

Almah. *Almanzor*, you too soon will understand,
That what I win is on another's Hand.

The King (who doom'd you to a cruel Fate)
Gave to my Pray'rs both his Revenge and Hate:

But at no other Price would rate your Life,
Than my Consent and Oath to be his Wife.

Almanz. Would you to save my Life my Love be- }
Here; take me; bind me; carry me away; [tray? }
Kill me: I'll kill you if you disobey.

[To the Guards.

Almah. That absolute Command your Love does give,
I take, and charge you by that Pow'r to live.

Almanz. When Death, the last of Comforts, you refuse,
Your Pow'r, like Heav'n upon the damn'd, you use:

You force me in my Being to remain,
To make me last, and keep me fresh for Pain.

When all my Joys are gone,
What Cause can I, for living longer, give,
But a dull, lazy Habitude to live?

Almah. Rash Men, like you, and impotent of Will,
Give Chance no time to turn, but urge her still:

She would repent; you push the Quarrel on,
And once because she went, she must be gone.

Almanz. She shall not turn; what is it she can do
To recompence me for the Loss of you?

Almah. Heav'n will reward your Worth some better
At least, for me, you have but lost one Day. [way.

Nor is't a real Loss which you deplore;
You fought a Heart that was engag'd before.

'Twas a swift Love which took you in his way;
Few only through your Heart, but made no Stay.

'Twas but a Dream, where Truth had not a Place;
A Scene of Fancy, mov'd so swift a Pace,

And shifted, that you can but think it was:
Let, then, the short vexatious Vision pass.

Almanz. My Joys, indeed, are Dreams; but not my
'Twas a swift Ruin; but the Marks remain. [Pain:

When

When some fierce Fire lays goodly Buildings waste,
Would you conclude

There had been none, because the Burning's past?

Almah. It was your fault, that Fire seiz'd all your Breath
You should have blown up some to save the rest:
But 'tis, at worst, but so consum'd by Fire
As Cities are, that by their Fall rise higher.
Build Love a nobler Temple in my place;
You'll find the Fire has but enlarg'd your space.

Almanz. Love has undone me, I am grown so poor,
I sadly view the Ground I had before,
But want a Stock, and ne'er can build it more.

Almah. Then say what Charity I can allow;
I would contribute, if I knew but how.
Take Friendship; or, if that too small appear,
Take Love which Sisters may to Brothers bear.

Almanz. A Sister's Love! that is so pall'd a Thing,
What Pleasure can it to a Lover bring?
'Tis like thin Food to Men in Fevers spent;
Just keeps alive; but gives no Nourishment.
What Hopes, what Fears, what Transports can it move
'Tis but the Ghost of a departed Love.

Almah. You, like some greedy Cormorant, devour
All my whole Life can give you, in an Hour.
What more I can do for you, is to die,
And that must follow, if you this deny.
Since I gave up my Love that you might live,
You, in refusing Life, my Sentence give.

Almanz. Far from my Breast be such an impious
Thought:

Your Death would lose the Quiet mine had sought.
I'll live for you, in spite of Misery:
But you shall grant that I had rather die.
I'll be so wretched, fill'd with such Despair,
That you shall see, to live was more to dare.

Almah. Adieu, then, O my Soul's far better Part,
Your Image sticks so close
That the Blood follows from my rending Heart.
A last Farewel!

But, since a last must come, the rest are vain!
 Like Gasps in Death, which but prolong our Pain.
 But, since the King is now a Part of me,
 Chase from henceforth to be his Enemy.

Go now, for Pity go; or, if you stay,
 Fear I shall have something still to say.

Thus——I for ever shut you from my Sight. *[Veils.]*

Almanz. Like one thrust out in a cold Winter's Night,
 Yet shivering underneath your Gate I stay;

One Look——I cannot go before 'tis Day——

[She beckons him to be gone.]

Not one——Farewel: Whate'er my Suff'rings be

Within, I'll speak Farewel as loud as she;

I will not be out-done in Constancy.——

[She turns her Back.]

Then like a dying Conqueror I go;

At least I have look'd last upon my Foe.

Go——but, if too heavily I move,

I walk encumber'd with a Weight of Love.

Gain I would leave the Thought of you behind,

But still, the more I cast you from my Mind,

You dash, like Water, back, when thrown against the

Wind.

[Exit.]

*[As he goes off, the King meets him with Abenamar,
 they stare at each other without saluting.]*

Boab. With him go all my Fears: A Guard there wait,
 And see him safe without the City Gate.

To them Abdelmelech.

Now, *Abdelmelech*, is my Brother dead?

Abdelm. Th' Usurper to the Christian Camp is fled;

Whom as *Granada's* lawful King they own,

And vow, by Force, to seat him in the Throne.

Mean time the Rebels in th' *Albayzyn* rest;

Which is in *Lyndaraxa's* Name possess'd.

Boab. Haste, and reduce it instantly by Force.

Abdelm. First give me leave to prove a milder Course.

She will, perhaps, on Summons yield the Place.

Boab. We cannot, to your Sute, refuse her Grace.

[One enters hastily and whispers Abenamar.]

Aben

Aben. How Fortune persecutes this hoary Head!
My *Ozmyn* is with *Selin's* Daughter fled.
But he's no more my Son——

My Hate shall like a *Zegry* him pursue,
'Till I take back what Blood from me he drew.

Boab. Let War and Vengeance be to Morrow's Care;
But let us to the Temple now repair.

A thousand Torches make the Mosque more bright:
This must be mine and *Almahide's* Night.

Hence, ye importunate Affairs of State;
You should not tyrannize on Love, but wait.
Had Life no Love, none would for Business live;
Yet still from Love the largest Part we give:
And must be forc'd, in Empire's weary Toil,
To live long wretched, to be pleas'd a while.

[Exeunt]



P I L O G U E.

Success, which can no more than Beauty last,
Makes our sad Poet mourn your Favours past:
For, since without Desert he got a Name,
He fears to lose it now with greater Shame.
Fame, like a little Mistress of the Town,
Is gain'd with Ease; but then she's lost as soon.
For, as those tawdry Misses, soon or late,
Get such as keep 'em at the highest Rate,
And oft the Lacquey, or the brawn'd Clown,
Gets what is hid in the loose-body'd Gown;
So Fame is false to all that keep her long;
And turns up to the Fop that's brisk and young.
Some wiser Poet now would leave Fame first:
But elder Wits are, like old Lovers, curs'd;
Who, when the Vigour of their Youth is spent,
Still grow more fond, as they grow impotent.
This, some Years hence, our Poet's Case may prove;
But, yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.
When Forty comes, if e'er he live to see
That wretched, fumbling Age of Poetry,
Till be high time to bid his Muse Adieu:
Well he may please himself, but never you.
Till then, he'll do as well as he began;
And hopes you will not find him less a Man.
Think him not duller for this Year's Delay;
He was prepar'd, the Women were away;
And Men, without their Parts, can hardly Play.
If they, through Sickness, seldom did appear,
Pity the Virgins of each Theater;
For, at both Houses, 'twas a sickly Year?

}
}
}
}
And

EPILOGUE.

*And pity us, your Servants, to whose Cost,
In one such Sicknefs, nine whole Months are loft.
Their Stay, he fears, has ruin'd what he writ:
Long Waiting both disables Love and Wit.
They thought they gave him Leisure to do well:
But, when they forc'd him to attend, he fell!
Yet, though he much has fail'd, he begs, to Day,
You will excuse his unperforming Play:
Weaknefs sometimes great Paſſion does expreſs;
He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you leſs.*



Almanzor and Almabide:
OR, THE
CONQUEST
OF
GRANADA
BY THE
SPANIARDS.

As it is Acted at the
THEATER - ROYAL,
BY
His MAJESTY'S Servants.

THE SECOND PART.

Stimulos dedit amula virtus.

Lucan.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.



PROLOGUE

To the SECOND PART.

THEY who Write Ill, and they who ne'er durst Write,
Turn Criticks, out of meer Revenge and Spight :
A Play-House gives 'em Fame; and up there starts,
From a mean Fifth-rate Wit, a Man of Parts.
(So common Faces on the Stage appear :
We take 'em in, and they turn Beauties here.)
Our Author fears those Criticks as his Fate :
And those he Fears, by consequence, must Hate.
For they the Traffick of all Wit invade ;
As Scriv'ners draw away the Bankers Trade.
Howe'er, the Poet's safe enough to Day :
They cannot censure an unfinish'd Play.
But, as when Vizard-Mask appears in Pit,
Straight ev'ry Man, who thinks himself a Wit,
Perks up ; and, managing his Comb with Grace,
With his white Wigg sets off his Nut-brown Face :
'That done, bears up to th' Prize, and views each Limb ;
To know her by her Rigging and her Trim :
Then, the whole Noise of Fops to Wagers go,
Pox on her, 't must be she ; and, Damm'ee, no :
Just so, I Prophesie, these Wits to Day
Will blindly guess at our imperfect Play :
With what new Plots our Second Part is fill'd,
Who must be kept alive, and who be kill'd.
And as those Vizard-Masks maintain that Fashion,
To sooth and tickle sweet Imagination :
So, our dull Poet keeps you on with Masking,
To make you think there's something worth your asking :
But when 'tis shewn, that which does now delight you,
Will prove a Dowdy with a Face to fright you.



Almanzor and Almahide :

O R,

The Conquest of GRANADA.

The SECOND PART.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Camp.*

Enter King Ferdinand, Queen Isabella, Alonzo d'Aguilar; Attendants, Men and Women.

King FERDINAND.



T length the Time is come, when *Spain*
shall be

From the long Yoke of *Moorish* Tyrants
free.

All Causes seem to second our Design;
And Heav'n and Earth in their Destruction
join.

When Empire in its Childhood first appears,
watchful Fate o'er-sees its tender Years;

E 2

'Till

°Till, grown more strong, it thrusts and stretches out,
And Elbows all the Kingdoms round about:

The Place thus made for its first Breathing free,
It moves again for Ease and Luxury:

°Till, swelling by degrees, it has possess'd
The greater Space, and now crowds up the rest.
When, from behind, there starts some petty State:
And pushes on its now unweildy Fate:

Then, down the Precipice of Time it goes,
And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rose.

Q. Isabel. Should bold *Columbus* in his Search succeed
And find those Beds in which bright Metals breed;
Tracing the Sun, who seems to steal away,
That, Miser-like, he might alone survey
The Wealth, which he in Western Mines did lay;
Not all that shining Ore could give my Heart
The Joy, this conquer'd Kingdom will impart:
Which, rescu'd from these Misbeliever's Hands,
Shall now, at once, shake off its double Bands:
At once to Freedom and true Faith restor'd:
Its old Religion, and its ancient Lord.

K. Ferd. By that Assault which last we made, I find
Their Courage is with their Success declin'd:

Almanzor's Absence now they dearly buy,
Whose Conduct crown'd their Arms with Victory.

Alonzo. Their King himself did their last Sally guide
I saw him glitt'ring in bright Armour, ride
To break a Lance in Honour of his Bride.
But other Thoughts now fill his anxious Breast;
Care of his Crown his Love has dispossest.

To them Abdalla.

Q. Isabel. But see the Brother of the Moorish King
He seems some News of great Import to bring.

K. Ferd. He brings a specious Title to our side;
Those who would Conquer, must their Foes divide.

Abdal. Since to my Exile you have Pity shown,
And giv'n me Courage, yet to hope a Throne;
While you, without, our common Foes subdue,
I am not wanting to my self, or you.

Not have, within, a Faction still alive;
 Strong to assist, and secret to contrive:
 And watching each Occasion to foment
 The People's Fears into a Discontent:
 Which, from *Almanzor's* Loss, before were great,
 And now are doubl'd by their late Defeat:
 These Letters from their Chiefs, the News assures.

[Gives Letters to the King.]

K. Ferd. Be mine the Honour; but the Profit yours.
 To them the Duke of Arcos, with Ozmyn and Benzayda
 Prisoners.

K. Ferd. That Tertia of *Italians* did you guide,
 To take their Post upon the River side?

D. Arcos. All are according to your Orders plac'd:
 My chearful Soldiers their Intrenchments haste,
 The *Murcian* Foot have ta'en the upper Ground,
 And now the City is beleaguer'd round.

K. Ferd. Why is not then their Leader here again?

D. Arcos. The Master of *Alcantara* is slain:
 But he who slew him here before you stands;
 'Tis that *Moor* whom you behold in Bands.

K. Ferd. A braver Man I had not in my Host:
 His Murd'rer shall not long his Conquest boast.
 But, Duke of *Arcos*, say, how was he slain?

D. Arcos. Our Soldiers march'd together on the Plain;
 We two rode on, and left them far behind,
 Till, coming where we found the Valley wind,
 We saw these *Moors*; who, swiftly as they cou'd,
 Ran on, to gain the Covert of a Wood.

'Tis we observ'd; and, having cross'd their Way,
 The Lady, out of Breath, was forc'd to stay:
 The Man then stood, and straight his Fauchion drew;
 Then told us, we in vain did those pursue,
 Whom their ill Fortune to Despair did drive,
 And yet, whom we should never take alive.
 Neglecting this, the Master straight spur'd on;
 But th' active *Moor* his Horse's shock did shun,
 And, e'er his Rider from his Reach could go,
 Finish'd the Combat with one deadly Blow.

I, to revenge my Friend, prepar'd to fight;
 But now our foremost Men were come in fight:
 Who soon would have dispatch'd him on the Place,
 Had I not sav'd him from a Death so base,
 And brought him to attend your Royal Doom.

K. Ferd. A manly Face, and in his Age's Bloom.
 But, to content the Soldiers, he must die;
 Go, see him executed instantly.

Q. Isabel. Stay; I would learn his Name before he go
 You, Prince *Abdalla*, may the Pris'ner know.

Abdal. *Ozmy'n's* his Name; and he deserves his Fate;
 His Father heads that Faction which I hate:
 But, much I wonder, that with him I see
 The Daughter of his Mortal Enemy.

Benz. 'Tis true, by *Ozmy'n's* Sword my Brother fell;
 But 'twas a Death he merited too well.

I know a Sister should excuse his Fault;
 But you know too, that *Ozmy'n's* Death he sought.

Abdal. Our Prophet has declar'd, by the Event,
 That *Ozmy'n* is reserv'd for Punishment,
 For, when he thought his Guilt from Danger clear,
 He, by new Crimes, is brought to suffer here.

Benz. In Love, or Pity, if a Crime you find;
 We two have sinn'd above all human Kind.

Ozm. Heav'n in my Punishment has done a Grace;
 I could not suffer in a better Place:

That I should die by Christians it thought good,
 To save your Father's Guilt, who sought my Blood. [To *Isabel*]

Benz. Fate aims so many Blows to make us fall,
 That 'tis in vain to think to ward 'em all:

And where Misfortunes great and many are,
 Life grows a Burden, and not worth our Care.

Ozm. I cast it from me, like a Garment torn,
 Ragged, and too undecent to be worn.

Besides, there is Contagion in my Fate;
 It makes your Life too much unfortunate.

But, since her Faults are not ally'd to mine,
 In her Protection let your Favour shine:

To you, great Queen, I make this last Request;
 (Since Pity dwells in ev'ry Royal Breast)

[To *Benz*]

Tru
 What

She, in your Care, her Life and Honour be:

It is a dying Lover's Legacy.

Benz. Cease, *Ozmyn*, cease so vain a Sute to move;

I did not give you on those Terms my Love.

Leave me the Care of me; for, when you go,

My Love will soon instruct me what to do.

Q. *Isabel.* Permit me, Sir, these Lovers Doom to give:

My Sentence is, They shall together live.

The Courts of Kings,

To all Distress'd should Sanctuaries be,

But most to Lovers in Adversity.

Castile and Arragon,

Which long against each other War did move,

My plighted Lord and I have join'd by Love:

And, if to add this Conquest Heav'n thinks good,

I would not have it stain'd with Lovers Blood.

K. Ferd. Whatever *Isabella* shall command

Shall always be a Law to *Ferdinand*.

Benz. The Frowns of Fate we will no longer fear:

Ill Fate, great Queen, can never find us here.

Q. *Isabel.* Your Thanks some other time I will receive:

Henceforward, safe in my Protection live.

Granada is for noble Loves renown'd;

Her best Defence is in her Lovers found.

Love's an Heroick Passion, which can find

No room in any base degen'rate Mind:

It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,

To make the Lover worthy his Desire.

Against such Heroes I Success should fear,

Had we not too an Host of Lovers here.

An Army of bright Beauties come with me;

Each Lady shall her Servant's Actions see:

The Fair and Brave on each side shall contest:

And they shall overcome, who love the best. [*Exe. omnes.*]

SCENE II. *The Alhambra.*

Zulema solus.

True, they have pardon'd me; but do they know
What Folly 'tis to trust a pardon'd Foe!

A Blush remains in a forgiven Face;
 It wears the silent Tokens of Disgrace:
 Forgiveness to the injur'd does belong;
 But they ne'er pardon who have done the Wrong.
 My hopeful Fortune's lost! and, what's above
 All I can name or think, my ruin'd Love!
 Feign'd Honesty shall work me into Trust,
 And seeming Penitence conceal my Lust.
 Let Heav'n's great Eye of Providence now take
 One Day of Rest, and ever after wake.

Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar and Guards.

Boab. Losses on Losses! as if Heav'n decreed
Almanzor's Valour should alone succeed.

Aben. Each Sally we have made, since he is gone,
 Serves but to pull our speedy Ruin on.

Boab. Of all Mankind, the heaviest Fate he bears,
 Who the last Crown of sinking Empire wears.
 No kindly Planet of his Birth took care:
 Heav'n's Out-cast, and the Dross of ev'ry Star!

[A tumultuous Noise within]

Enter Abdelmelech.

What new Misfortune do these Cries presage?

Abdelm. They are th' Effects of the mad Peoples Rage.
 All in Despair, tumultuously they swarm;
 The farthest Streets already take th' Alarm;
 The needy creep from Cellars, under-ground,
 To them new Cries from Tops of Garrets sound:
 The Aged from the Chimneys seek the Cold;
 And Wives from Windows helpless Infants hold.

Boab. See what the many-headed Beast demands.

[Exit Abdelmelech]

Curs'd is that King whose Honour's in their Hands.
 In Senates, either they too slowly grant,
 Or faucily refuse to aid my Want:
 And, when their Thrift has ruin'd me in War,
 They call their Insolence my want of Care.

Aben. Curs'd be their Leaders, who that Rage foment,
 And veil, with publick Good, their Discontent:
 They keep the Peoples Purfes in their Hands,
 And hector Kings to grant their wild Demands.

But,

But, to each Lure a Court throws out, descend;
And prey on those they promis'd to defend.

Zul. Those Kings who to their wild Demands consent,
Teach others the same way to Discontent.
Freedom in Subjects is not, nor can be;
But still, to please 'em, we must call 'em free.
Propriety, which they their Idol make,
Or Law, or Law's Interpreters can shake.

Aben. The Name of Common-wealth is popular;
But there the People their own Tyrants are.

Boab. But Kings who rule with limited Command,
Have Players Scepters put into their Hand.
Pow'r has no Balance, one Side still weighs down;
And either hoists the Common-wealth or Crown.
And those who think to set the Scale more right,
By various Turnings but disturb the Weight.

Aben. While People tug for Freedom, Kings for Pow'r,
Both sink beneath some foreign Conqueror:
Then Subjects find too late they were unjust,
And want that Pow'r of Kings they durst not trust.

To them Abdelmelech.

Abdelm. The Tumult now is high, and dang'rous grown:
The People talk of rend'ring up the Town;
And swear that they will force the King's Consent.

Boab. What Counsel can this rising Storm prevent?

Abdelm. Their Fright to no Persuasions will give ear:
There's a deaf Madnefs in a Peoples Fear.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Their Fury now a middle Course does take:
To yield the Town, or call *Almanzor* back:

Boab. I'll rather call my Death——
Go, and bring up my Guards to my Defence:
I'll punish this outrageous Insolence.

Aben. Since blind Opinion does their Reason fway,
You must submit to cure 'em their own way.
You to their Fancies Physick must apply,
Give them that Chief on whom they most rely.
Under *Almanzor* prosp'rously they fought:
Almanzor therefore must with Pray'rs be brought.

Enter a Second Messenger.

2 *Mef.* Haste all you can their Fury to assuage:
You are not safe from their rebellious Rage.

Enter a Third Messenger.

3 *Mef.* This Minute, if you grant not their Desire,
They'll seize your Person, and your Palace fire.

Abdelm. Your Danger, Sir, admits of no delay.

Boab. In Tumults People reign, and Kings obey.
Go and appease 'em with the Vow I make,
That they shall have their lov'd *Almanzor* back. [*Exit Abdelm.*]
Almanzor has th' Ascendant o'er my Fate:
I'm forc'd to stoop to one I fear and hate.
Disgrac'd, distress'd, in Exile, and alone,
He's greater than a Monarch on his Throne.
Without a Realm a Royalty he gains;
Kings are the Subjects over whom he reigns.

[*A Shout of Acclamations within.*]

Aben. These Shouts proclaim the People satisfy'd.

Boab. We for another Tempest must provide,
To promise his Return, as I was loath,
So I want Pow'r now to perform my Oath.
E'er this, for *Africk* he is sail'd from *Spain*.

Aben. The adverse Winds his Passage yet detain;
I heard, last Night, his Equipage did stay
At a small Village, short of *Malaga*.

Boab. *Abenamar*, this Ev'ning thither haste;
Desire him to forget his Usage past:
Use all your Rhet'rick, Promise, Flatter, Pray.

To them Almahide attended.

Aben. Good Fortune shows you yet a surer way:
Nor Pray'rs nor Promises his Mind will move;
'Tis inaccessible to all, but Love.

Boab. Oh, thou hast rous'd a Thought within my Breast
That will for ever rob me of my Rest.
Ah Jealousie, how cruel is thy Sting!
I, in *Almanzor*, a lov'd Rival bring!
And now, I think it is an equal Strife,
If I my Crown should hazard, or my Wife.
Where, Marriage, is thy Cure, which Husbands loathe
That, in Possession, their Desire is lost:

Or why have I alone that wretched Taste,
Which, gorg'd and glutted, does with Hunger last?
Custom and Duty cannot set me free,
Ev'n Sin it self has not a Charm for me.
Of marry'd Lovers I am sure the first,
And nothing but a King could so be curst.

Almah. What Sadness sits upon your Royal Heart?
Have you a Grief, and must not I have part?
All Creatures else a time of Love possess:
Man only clogs with Cares his Happiness:
And, while he should enjoy his Part of Bliss,
With Thoughts of what may be, destroys what is.

Boab. You guess'd aright; I am oppress'd with Grief:
And 'tis from you that I must seek Relief.

[*To the Company.*]

Leave us; to Sorrow there's a Rev'rence due:
Sad Kings, like Suns Eclips'd, withdraw from view.

[*The Attendants go off, and Chairs are set for the King and Queen.*]

Almah. So, two kind Turtles, when a Storm is nigh,
Look up, and see it gath'ring in the Sky:
Each calls his Mate to shelter in the Groves,
Leaving, in Murmur, their unfinish'd Loves.
Perch'd on some dropping Branch they sit alone,
And Coo, and hearken to each others Moan.

Boab. Since, *Almahide*, you seem so kind a Wife,

[*Taking her by the Hand.*]

What would you do to save a Husband's Life?

Almah. When Fate calls on that hard Necessity,
I'll suffer Death rather than you shall die.

Boab. Suppose your Country should in Danger be;
What would you undertake to set it free?

Almah. It were too little to resign my Breath:
My own free Hand should give me nobler Death.

Boab. That Hand, which would so much for Glory do,
Must yet do more; for it must kill me too.
You must kill me, for that dear Country's sake;
Or what's all one, must call *Almanzor* back.

Almah. I see to what your Speech you now direct;
Either my Love or Virtue you suspect.

But

But know, that when my Person I resign'd,
I was too Noble not to give my Mind:
No more the Shadow of *Almanzor* fear;
I have no room, but for your Image, here.

Boab. This, *Almahide*, would make me cease to mourn,
Were that *Almanzor* never to return:
But now my fearful People mutiny;
Their Clamours call *Amanzor* back, not I.
Their Safety, through my Ruin, I pursue;
He must return, and must be brought by you.

Almah. That Hour, when I my Faith to you did plight,
I banish'd him for ever from my Sight.
His Banishment was to my Virtue due;
Not that I fear'd him for my self, but you.
My Honour had preserv'd me innocent:
But I would, your Suspicion to prevent.
Which, since I see augmented in your Mind,
I yet more reason for his Exile find.

Boab. To your Intreaties he will yield alone:
'And, on your Doom, depend my Life and Throne.
No longer therefore my Desires withstand;
Or, if Desires prevail not, my Command.

Almah. In his Return too sadly I foresee
Th' Effects of your returning Jealousie;
But, your Command I prize above my Life:
'Tis sacred to a Subject and a Wife:
If I have Pow'r, *Almanzor* shall return.

Boab. Curs'd be that fatal Hour when I was Born!

[Letting go her Hand, and starting up]

You love, you love him; and that Love reveal
By your too quick Consent to his Repeal.
My Jealousie had but too just a Ground;
And now you stab into my former Wound.

Almah. This sudden Change I do not understand.
Have you so soon forgot your own Command?

Boab. Grant that I did th'unjust Injunction lay,
You should have lov'd me more than to obey.
I know you did this Mutiny design;
But your Love-plot I'll quickly countermine.

Let my Crown go; he never shall return;
I, like a Phoenix, in my Nest will burn.

Almah. You please me well, that in one common Fate
You wrap your self, and me, and all your State:
Let us no more of proud *Almanzor* hear:
'Tis better once to die, than still to fear.
And better, many times, to die, than be
Oblig'd past Payment to an Enemy.

Boab. 'Tis better; but you Wives still have one way:
When e'er your Husbands are oblig'd, you pay. [cence.

Almah. Thou, Heav'n, who know'st it, judge my Inno-
You, Sir, deserve not I should make Defence.
Yet, judge my Virtue by that Proof I gave,
When I submitted to be made your Slave.

Boab. If I have been suspicious or unkind,
Forgive me; many Cares distract my Mind;
Love, and a Crown!

Two such Excuses no one Man e'er had;
And each of 'em enough to make me mad:
But now my Reason re-assumes its Throne,
And finds no Safety when *Almanzor's* gone.
Send for him then; I'll be oblig'd, and sue;
'Tis a less Evil than to part with you.

I leave you to your Thoughts; but love me still!
Forgive my Passion, and obey my Will.

[Exit Boabdelin.]

Almahide sola.

My jealous Lord will soon to Rage return;
That Fire his Fear rakes up, does inward burn.
But Heav'n, which made me great, has chose for me,
I must th' Oblation for my People be.
I'll cherish Honour, then, and Life despise;
What is not Pure, is not for Sacrifice.
Yet, for *Almanzor*, I in secret mourn!
Can Virtue, then, admit of his Return?
Yes; for my Love I will, by Virtue, square;
My Heart's not mine; but all my Actions are.
I'll like *Almanzor* act; and dare to be
As haughty, and as wretched too as he.

What

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What will he think is in my Message meant?

I scarcely understand my own Intent:

But, Silk-worm like, so long within have wrought,
That I am lost in my own Web of Thought.

[Exit Almahide]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Wood.*

Enter Ozmyn and Benzayda.

Ozm. 'TIS true that our Protection here has been
Th' Effect of Honour in the *Spanish* Queen.
But, while I as a Friend continue here,
I to my Country must a Foe appear.

Benz. Think not, my *Ozmyn*, that we here remain
As Friends, but Pris'ners to the Pow'r of *Spain*.
Fortune dispenses with your Country's Right;
But you desert your Honour in your Flight.

Ozm. I cannot leave you here, and go away;
My Honour's glad of a Pretence to stay.

[A Noise within, Follow, follow, follow—

Enter Selin, his Sword drawn, as pursued.

Selin. I am pursu'd, and now am spent and done;
My Limbs suffice me not with Strength to run.
And, if I could, alas! what can I save!
A Year, the Dregs of Life too, from the Grave.

[Sits down on the Ground]

Here will I sit, and here attend my Fate;
With the same hoary Majesty and State
As *Rome's* old Senate for the *Gauls* did wait.

Benz. It is my Father; and he seems distress'd.

Ozm. My Honour bids me succour the oppress'd:
That Life he sought, for his I'll freely give;
We'll die together, or together live.

Benz.

the Conquest of GRANADA: I

Benz. I'll call more Succour, since the Camp is near;
And fly on all the Wings of Love and Fear. [*Exit Benz.*

*Enter Abenamar and four or five Moors, He looks, and
finds Selin.*

Aben. Ye've liv'd, and now behold your latest Hour.

Selin. I scorn your Malice, and defie your Pow'r.

A speedy Death is all I ask you now;
And that's a Favour you may well allow.

Ozm. *shewing himself.* Who gives you Death, shall give
it first to me;

Fate cannot separate our Destiny. [*Knows his Father.*

My Father here! then Heav'n it self has laid

The Snare, in which my Virtue is betray'd.

Aben. Fortune, I thank thee, thou hast kindly done,

To bring me back that Fugitive, my Son,

In Arms too; fighting for my Enemy!

I'll do a *Roman* Justice; thou shalt die.

Ozm. I beg not you my forfeit Life would save:

Yet add one Minute to that Breath you gave.

I disobey'd you, and deserve my Fate;

But bury in my Grave two Houses Hate.

Let *Selin* live; and see your Justice done

On me, while you revenge him for his Son.

Your mutual Malice in my Death may cease,

And equal Loss persuade you both to Peace.

Aben. Yes, Justice shall be done on him and thee:

Haste, and dispatch 'em both immediately. [*To a Soldier.*

Ozm. If you have Honour, (since you Nature want)

For your own sake my last Petition grant;

And kill not a disarm'd, defenceless Foe:

Whose Death, your Cruelty or Fear will show.

My Father cannot do an Act so base:

My Father! I mistake: I meant, who was!

Aben. Go, then, dispatch him first who was my Son.

Ozm. Swear but to save his Life, I'll yield my own.

Aben. Nor Tears, nor Pray'rs, thy Life or his shall buy.

Ozm. Then, Sir, *Benzayda's* Father shall not die.

[*Putting himself before Selin.*

And, since he'll want Defence when I am gone,

I will, to save his Life, defend my own.

Aben.

The SECOND PART of

Aben. This Justice Parricides, like thee, should have.

[*Aben. and his Party attack them both. Ozmyn Parries his Father's Thrusts, and thrusts at the others.*

Enter Benzayda, with Abdalla, the Duke of Arcos and Spaniards.

Benz. O help! my Father and my *Ozmyn* save!

Abdal. Villains, that Death you have deserv'd, is near.

Ozm. Stay, Prince; and know I have a Father here.

[*Stops Abdalla's Hand.*

I were that Parricide of whom he spoke,

Did not my Piety prevent your Stroke.

D. Arcos to Aben. Depart then, and thank Heav'n you had a Son.

Aben. I am not with these Shows of Duty won.

Ozm. to his Father. Heav'n knows I would that Life you seek, resign;

But, while *Benzayda* lives, it is not mine.

Will you yet pardon my unwilling Crime?

Aben. By no Intreaties, by no length of Time
Will I be won; but, with my latest Breath,
I'll curse thee here, and haunt thee after Death.

[*Exit Aben. with his Party.*

Ozm. Can you be merciful to that degree,

[*Kneeling to Selim.*

As to forgive my Father's Faults in me?

Can you forgive

The Death of him I slew in my Defence;

And, from the Malice, sep'rate the Offence?

I can no longer be your Enemy:

In short, now kill me, Sir, or pardon me.

[*Offers him his Sword.*

In this your Silence my hard Fate appears!

Selin. I'll answer you, when I can speak for Tears.

But, 'till I can——

Imagine what must needs be brought to pass,

[*Embraces him.*

My Heart's not made of Marble, nor of Brass.

Did I for you a cruel Death prepare,

And have you—have you made my Life your Care!

There

There is a Shame contracted by my Faults,
Which hinders me to speak my secret Thoughts.
And I will tell you (when that Shame's remov'd)
You are not better by my Daughter lov'd.

Benzayda be yours——I can no more.

Ozm. Bless'd be that Breath which does my Life restore.

[*Embracing his Knees.*]

Benz. I hear my Father now; these Words confess
That Name, and that indulgent Tendernefs.

Selin. *Benzayda*, I have been too much to blame;
But, let your Goodnefs expiate for my Shame:
You *Ozmy'n's* Virtue did in Chains adore;
And Part of me was juft to him before.
My Son!

[*To him.*]

Ozm. My Father!

Selin.——Since by you I live,
I, for your fake, your Family forgive.
Let your hard Father ftill my Life purfue;
I hate not him, but for his Hate to you:
Ev'n that hard Father yet may one Day be
By Kindnefs vanquish'd, as you vanquish'd me.
Or, if my Death can quench to you his Rage,
Heav'n makes good ufe of my remaining Age.

Abdal. I grieve your Joys are mingled with my Cares;
But all take Intereft in their own Affairs:
And therefore I muft ask how mine proceed.

Selin. They now are ripe, and but your Prefence need:
For *Lyndaraxa*, faithlefs as the Wind,

Yet to your better Fortunes will be kind:
For, hearing that the Chriftians own your Caufe,
From thence th' Affurance of a Throne fhe draws.

And, fince *Almanzor*, whom fhe moft did fear,
Is gone, fhe to no Treaty will give ear;
But fent me her Unkindnefs to excufe.

Abdal. You much furprize me with your pleafing News.

Selin. But, Sir, fhe hourly does th' Affault expect:

And muft be loft, if you her Aid neglect.

For *Abdelmelech* loudly does declare
He'll ufe the laft Extremities of War,

If

If she refuse the Fortrefs to resign.

Abdal. The Charge of hast'ning this Relief be mine.

Selin. This while I undertook, whether beset,
Or else by Chance, *Abenamar* I met;
Who seem'd in haste returning to the Town.

Abdal. My Love must in my Diligence be shown.
And, as my Pledge of Faith to *Spain*, this Hour
I'll put the Fortrefs in your Master's Pow'r. [*To Arcos.*

Selin. An open Way from hence to it there lies,
And we with ease may send in large Supplies,
Free from the Shot and Sallies of the Town;

D. Arcos. Permit me, Sir, to share in your Renown;
First to my King I will impart the News,
And then draw out what Succours we shall use.

[*Exit Duke of Arcos.*

Abdal. Grant that she loves me not, at least I see

[*Aside.*

She loves not others, if she loves not me.

'Tis Pleasure, when we reap the Fruit of Pain;

'Tis only Pride to be belov'd again.

How many are not lov'd, who think they are?

Yet all are willing to believe the Fair;

And, though 'tis Beauty's known and obvious Cheat,

Yet Man's Self-love still favours the Deceit. [*Exit Abdal.*

Selin. Farewel, my Children; equally so dear,

That I my self am to my self less near.

While I repeat the Dangers of the War,

Your mutual Safety be each others Care.

Your Father *Ozmyn*, 'till the War be done,

As much as Honour will permit, I'll shun.

If by his Sword I perish, let him know

It was because I would not be his Foe.

Ozm. Goodness and Virtue all your Actions guide;

You only err in chusing of your side.

That Party I with Honour cannot take;

But can much less the Care of you forsake:

I must not draw my Sword against my Prince,

But yet may hold a Shield in your Defence.

Benzayda, free from Danger, here shall stay;

And, for a Father and a Lover pray.

Benz.

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Benz. No, no; I gave not on those terms my Heart,
That from my *Ozmyn* I should ever part.

That Love I vow'd, when you did Death attend,
Tis just that nothing but my Death should end.
What Merchant is it who would stay behind,
His whole Stock ventur'd to the Waves and Wind?
I'll pray for both, but both shall be in fight;
And Heav'n shall hear me pray, and see you fight.

Selin. No longer, *Ozmyn*, combat a Design,
Where so much Love and so much Virtue join.

Ozm. Then conquer, and your Conquest happy be,
[To her.]

Both to your self, your Father, and to me.
With bended Knees our Freedom we'll demand
Of *Isabel*, and mighty *Ferdinand*.

Then, while the Paths of Honour we pursue,
We'll int'rest Heav'n for us in right of you. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *The Albayzyn.*

[An Alarm within; then Soldiers running over the Stage.]

Enter Abdelmelech Victorious, with Soldiers.

Abdelm. 'Tis won, 'tis won; and *Lyndaraxa*, now,
Who scorn'd to Treat, shall to a Conquest bow.

To ev'ry Sword I free Commission give;
Fall on, my Friends, and let no Rebel live.

Spare only *Lyndaraxa*; let her be
In Triumph led, to grace my Victory.

Since by her Falshood she betray'd my Love,
Great as that Falshood my Revenge shall prove.

Enter Lyndaraxa, as frightened; attended by Women.

Go, take th' Enchantress, bring her to me bound.

Lyndar. Force needs not, where Resistance is not found:

I come, my self, to offer you my Hands;

And, of my own accord, invite your Bands.

I wish'd to be my *Abdelmelech's* Slave;

I did but wish, and easie Fortune gave.

Abdelm. O, more than Woman false! but 'tis in vain.

Can you e'er hope to be believ'd again?

I'll sooner trust th' *Hyana* than your Smile;

Or, than your Tears, the weeping Crocodile.

In

In War and Love none should be twice deceiv'd;
The Fault is mine if you are now believ'd.

Lyndar. Be over wise, then, and too late repent;
Your Crime will carry its own Punishment.

I am well pleas'd not to be justify'd:

I owe no Satisfaction to your Pride.

It will be more Advantage to my Fame,

To have it said I never own'd a Flame.

Abdelm. 'Tis true, my Pride has satisfy'd it self;

I have at length escap'd the deadly Shelf.

Th' Excuses you prepare will be in vain,

'Till I am Fool enough to love again.

Lyndar. Am I not lov'd?

Abdelm. ——— I must with Shame, avow
I lov'd you once; but do not love you now.

Lyndar. Have I for this betray'd *Abdalla's* Trust?

You are to me, as I to him, unjust. [Angrily]

Abdelm. 'Tis like you have done much for love of me,
Who kept the Fortrefs of my Enemy.

Lyndar. 'Tis true, I took the Fortrefs from his Hand;
But, since, have kept it in my own Command.

Abdelm. That Act your foul Ingratitude did shew.

Lyndar. You are th' ungrateful, since 'twas kept for you.

Abdelm. 'Twas kept indeed; but not by your Intent,
For all your Kindness I may thank th' Event.

Blush, *Lyndaraxa*, for so gross a Cheat;

'Twas kept for me, when you refus'd to Treat!

[Ironically]

Lyndar. Blind Man! I knew the Weakness of the Place:
It was my Plot to do your Arms this Grace:

Had not my Care of your Renown been great,

I lov'd enough to offer you to Treat.

She who is lov'd must little Lets create;

But you bold Lovers are to force your Fate.

This Force you us'd my Maiden Blush will save;

You seem'd to take what secretly I gave.

I knew we must be conquer'd; but I knew

What Confidence I might repose in you.

I knew you were too grateful to expose

My Friends and Soldiers to be us'd like Foes.

Abdelm.

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Abdelm. Well; tho' I love you not, their Lives shall be Spar'd out of Pity and Humanity.

Alferez, go, and let the Slaughter cease. [To a Soldier.

Lyndar. Then must I to your Pity owe my Peace!

[Exit the *Alferez*.

Is that the tend'rest Term you can afford?

Time was, you would have us'd another Word.

Abdelm. Then, for your Beauty, I your Soldiers spare: For though I do not love you, you are Fair.

Lyndar. That little Beauty why did Heav'n impart To please your Eyes, but not to move your Heart! I'll shrowd this Gorgon from all human View; And own no Beauty, since it charms not you! Reverse your Orders, and your Sentence give; My Soldiers shall not from my Beauty live.

Abdelm. Then, from your Friendship, they their Lives shall gain;

Tho' Love be dead, yet Friendship does remain.

Lyndar. That Friendship, which from wither'd Love does shoot,

Like the faint Herbage on a Rock, wants Root;

Love is a tender Amity, refin'd:

Grafted on Friendship it exalts the kind.

But when the Graff no longer does remain,

The dull Stock lives; but never bears again.

Abdelm. Then, that my Friendship may not doubtful (Fool that I am to tell you so) I love. [prove,

You would extort this Knowledge from my Breast;

And tortur'd me so long that I confess.

Now I expect to suffer for my Sin;

My Monarchy must end, and yours begin.

Lyndar. Confess not Love, but spare your self that Shame: And call your Passion by some other Name.

Call this Assault, your Malice, or your Hate;

Love owns no Acts so disproportionate.

Love never taught this Insolence you show,

To treat your Mistress like a conquer'd Foe.

Is this th' Obedience which my Heart should move!

This Usage looks more like a Rape than Love.

Abdelm.

Abdelm. What Proof of Duty would you I should give?

Lyndar. 'Tis Grace enough to let my Subjects live:

Let your rude Soldiers keep Possession still;
 Spoil, rifle, pillage, any thing but kill.
 In short, Sir, use your Fortune as you please;
 Secure my Castle, and my Person seize.
 Let your true Men my Rebels hence remove;
 I shall dream on; and think 'tis all your Love.

Abdelm. You know too well my Weakness and your Power.
 Why did Heav'n make a Fool a Conqueror! [Power]
 She was my Slave; 'till she by me was shown
 How weak my Force was, and how strong her own.
 Now she has beat my Pow'r from ev'ry Part,
 Made her Way open to my naked Heart: [To a Soldier]
 Go, strictly charge my Soldiers to retreat:
 Those Countermarch who are not enter'd yet.
 On Peril of your Lives leave all things free. [Ex. Soldiers]
 Now, Madam, love *Abdalla* more than me.
 I only ask, in Duty, you would bring
 The Keys of our *Albayzyn* to the King:
 I'll make your Terms as gentle as you please.

[Trumpets Sound a Charge within, and Soldiers shout]
 What Shouts; and what new Sounds of War are these?

Lyndar. Fortune, I hope, has favour'd my Intent [Ally]
 Of gaining Time, and welcome Succours sent.

Enter Alferez.

Alferez. All's lost, and you are fatally deceiv'd:
 The Foe is enter'd, and the Place reliev'd.
 Scarce from the Walls had I drawn off my Men,
 When, from their Camp, the Enemy rush'd in:
 And Prince *Abdalla* enter'd first the Gate.

Abdelm. I am betray'd, and find it now too late. [To her]
 When your proud Soul to Flatteries did descend,
 I might have known it did some Ill portend.
 The weary Seaman stormy Weather fears,
 When Winds shift often, and no Cause appears.
 You by my Bounty live——

Your Brothers, too, were pardon'd for my sake,
 And this Return your Gratitude does make.——

Lyndar

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Lyndar. My Brothers best their own obligation know;
Without your charging me with what they owe.

But, since you think th' Obligation is so great,
I'll bring a Friend to satisfy my Debt. [*Looking behind.*]

Abdelm. Thou shalt not triumph in thy base Design,
Though not thy Fort, thy Person shall be mine.

[*He goes to take her: She runs, and cries out Help.*]

*Enter Abdalla, Duke of Arcos, Spaniards. Abdelmelech
retreats fighting, and is pursu'd by the adverse Party off
the Stage.* [*An Alarm within.*]

Enter again Abdalla and the Duke of Arcos with Lyndaraxa.

D. Arcos. Bold *Abdelmelech* twice our *Spaniards* fac'd;
Though much out-number'd; and retreated last.

Abdal. Your Beauty, as it moves no common Fire,
[*To Lyndaraxa.*]

So it no common Courage can inspire.

As he fought well, so had he prosper'd too,
If, Madam, he, like me, had fought for you.

Lyndar. Fortune, at last, has chosen with my Eyes;
And, where I would have giv'n it, plac'd the Prize.

You see, Sir, with what Hardship I have kept
This precious Gage, which in my Hands you left.

But 'twas the Love of you which made me fight,
And gave me Courage to maintain your Right.

Now, by Experience, you my Faith may find;
And are to thank me that I seem'd unkind.

When your malicious Fortune doom'd your Fall,
My Care restrain'd you, then, from losing all.

Against your Destiny I shut the Gate,
And gather'd up the Shipwrecks of your Fate.

I, like a Friend, did ev'n your self withstand,
From throwing all upon a losing Hand.

Abdal. My Love makes all your Acts unquestion'd go,
And sets a Sov'reign Stamp on all you do.

Your Love, I will believe with hood-wink'd Eyes;
In Faith, much Merit in much Blindness lyes.

But now, to make you Great as you are Fair,
The *Spaniards* an Imperial Crown prepare. [*I share:*]

Lyndar. That Gift's more welcome, which with you }
Let

Let us no time in fruitless Courtship lose,
 But sally out upon our frightened Foes.
 No Ornaments of Pow'r so please my Eyes
 As Purple, which the Blood of Princes dies.

[*Exeunt. He leading*

SCENE *The Alhambra.*

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Almahide, and Guards, &c. *The Queen wearing a Scarf.*

Aben. My little Journey has successful been;
 The fierce *Almanzor* will obey the Queen.
 I found him, like *Achilles* on the Shore,
 Pensive, complaining much, but threatening more.
 And, like that injur'd Greek, he heard our Woes:
 Which, while I told, a gloomy Smile arose
 From his bent Brows: And still, the more he heard,
 A more severe and sullen Joy appear'd.
 But, when he knew we to Despair were driv'n,
 Betwixt his Teeth he mutter'd Thanks to Heav'n.

Boab How I disdain this Aid! which I must take,
 Not for my own, but *Almahide's* sake.

Aben. But when he heard it was the Queen who sent
 That her Command repeal'd his Banishment,
 He took the Summons with a greedy Joy,
 And ask'd me how she would his Sword employ?
 Then bid me say, her humblest Slave would come,
 From her fair Mouth with Joy to take his Doom.

Boab. Oh that I had not sent you! though it cost
 My Crown! though I, and it, and all were lost!

Aben. While I, to bring this News, came on before,
 I met with *Selin*——

Boab. —— I can hear no more.

Enter Hamet.

Hamet. *Almanzor* is already at the Gate,
 And Throngs of People on his Entrance wait.

Boab. Thy News does all my Faculties surprize.
 He bears two Basilisks in those fierce Eyes:
 And that tame Dæmon which should guard my Throne
 Shrinks at a Genius greater than his own.

[*Exit Boab. with Aben. and Guards*

Ent

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Enter Almanzor; seeing Almahide approach him, he speaks.

Almanz. So *Venus* moves, when to the Thunderer,
In Smiles or Tears, she would some Suit prefer.
When with her Cestus girt—

And drawn by Doves, she cuts the liquid Skies,
And kindles gentle Fires where-e'er she flies:

To ev'ry Eye a Goddess is confest;

By all the Heav'nly Nation she is blest,

And each with secret Joy admits her to his Breast.

Madam, your new Commands I come to know:

[To her bowing.]

If yet you can have any where I go.

If to the Regions of the Dead they be,

You take the speediest course to send by me.

Almah. Heav'n has not destin'd you so soon to Rest:

Heroes must live to succour the Distrest.

Almanz. To serve such Beauty all Mankind should live;

And, in our Service, our Reward you give:

But stay me not in Torture, to behold

And ne'er enjoy. As from another's Gold

The Miser hastens, in his own Defence,

And shuns the Sight of tempting Excellence;

Having seen you once so killing Fair,

A second Sight were but to move Despair.

Take my Eyes from what too much would please:

Men in Feavers furnish their Disease.

Almah. No; you may find your Cure an easier way,

You are pleas'd to seek it, in your Stay.

Objects lose by too familiar View,

When that great Charm is gone of being New.

Often seeing me, you soon will find

Objects so many, in my Face and Mind,

That to be freed from Love you need not doubt;

As you look'd it in, you'll look it out.

Almanz. I, rather, like weak Armies, should retreat;

So prevent my more entire Defeat.

For your own sake in Quiet let me go:

It is not too far, on a despairing Foe:

My turn back, and arm'd against you move,

In all the furious Train of hopeless Love.

OL. III.

F

Almah.

Almah. Your Honour cannot to ill Thoughts give way
And mine can run no Hazard by your Stay.

Almanz. Do you then think, I can with Patience see
That sov'reign Good possess'd, and not by me?
No, I all Day shall languish at the Sight;
And rave on what I do not see, all Night.
My quick Imagination will present
The Scenes and Images of your Content.

Almah. These are the Day-dreams which wild Fancy
Empty as Shadows are, that fly o'er Fields.
O, whither would this boundless Fancy move!
'Tis but the raging Calenture of Love.

Like a distracted Passenger you stand,
And see, in Seas, imaginary Land,
Cool Groves, and flow'ry Meads; and, while you think
To walk, plunge in, and wonder that you sink.

Almanz. Love's Calenture too well I understand;
But sure your Beauty is no Fairy-Land!
Of your own Form a Judge you cannot be;
For, Glow-worm like, you shine, and do not see.

Almah. Can you think this, and would you go away?

Almanz. What Recompence attends me if I stay?

Almah. You know I am from Recompence debarred
But I will grant your Merit a Reward.

Your Flame's too noble to deserve a Cheat;
And I too plain to practise a Deceit.

I no Return of Love can ever make;
But what I ask is for my Husband's sake:
He, I confess, has been ungrateful too;
But he and I are ruin'd if you go.

Your Virtue to the hardest Proof I bring:
Unbrib'd, preserve a Mistress and a King.

Almanz. I'll stop at nothing that appears so brave;
I'll do't: And now I no Reward will have.

You've giv'n my Honour such an ample Field,
That I may die, but that shall never yield.
Spight of my self I'll Stay, Fight, Love, Despair;
And I can do all this, because I dare.
Yet I may own one Suit

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That Scarf, which, since by you it has been born,
Is bless'd, like Relicks which by Saints were worn.

Almah. Presents, like this, my Virtue durst not make,
But that 'tis giv'n you for my Husband's sake.

[*Gives the Scarf.*]

Almanz. This Scarf to Honourable Rags I'll wear:

As conqu'ring Soldiers tatter'd Ensigns bear.

But O how much my Fortune I despise,

Which gives me Conquest, while she Love denies! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Alhambra.*

Enter Almahide and Esperanza.

Esper. **A**ffected Modesty has much of Pride;
That Scarf he begg'd, you could not have deny'd:
Nor does it shock the Virtue of a Wife,
When giv'n that Man, to whom you owe your Life.

Almah. Heav'n knows, from all intent of Ill 'twas free;
Yet it may feed my Husband's Jealousie;
And, for that cause, I wish it were not done.

To them Boabdelin; and walks apart.

See where he comes, all pensive and alone;

A gloomy Fury has o'er-spread his Face:

'Tis so! and all my Fears are come to pass.

Boab. Marriage, thou Curse of Love, and Snare of Life;

[*Aside.*]

That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife!

Love, like a Scene, at distance should appear;

But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landskip near.

Love's nauseous Cure! thou cloy'st whom thou shouldst

And, when thou cur'st, then thou art the Disease. [*please;*]

When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties;

Love couples Friends; but Marriage, Enemies.

Love, like mine, continues after thee,

'Tis soon made sour, and turn'd by Jealousie.

No sign of Love in jealous Men remains,
But that which sick Men have of Life; their Pains.

Almah. Has my dear Lord some new Affliction had?
[Walking to him]

Have I done any thing that makes him sad?

Boab. You! nothing: You! But let me walk alone!

Almah. I will not leave you 'till the Cause be known:
My Knowledge of the Ill may bring Relief.

Boab. Thank ye: You never fail to cure my Grief!
Trouble me not; my Grief concerns not you.

Almah. While I have Life I will your Steps pursue.

Boab. I'm out of Humour now; you must not stay.

Almah. I fear it is that Scarf I gave away.

Boab. No; 'tis not that: — But speak of it no more.
Go hence; I am not what I was before.

Almah. Then I will make you so; give me your Hand!
Can you this Pressing, and these Tears withstand!

Boab. Oh Heav'n, were she but mine, or mine alone!

[Sighing, and going off from her]

Ah, why are not the Hearts of Women known!

False Women to new Joys unseen can move:

There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love.

All Goods besides by publick Marks are known;

But what we most desire to keep, has none.

Almah. Why will you in your Breast your Passion crowd
[Approaching him]

Like unborn Thunder rolling in a Cloud?

Torment not your poor Heart, but set it free;

And rather let its Fury break on me.

I am not marry'd to a God; I know

Men must have Passions, and can bear from you.

I fear th'unlucky Present I have made!

Boab. O Pow'r of Guilt! how Conscience can upbraid

It forces her not only to reveal,

But to repeat what she would most conceal!

Almah. Can such a Toy, and giv'n in publick too—

Boab. False Woman, you contriv'd it should be so.

That publick Gift in private was design'd.

The Emblem of the Love you meant to bind.

Hence from my Sight, ungrateful as thou art;

And, when I can, I'll banish thee my Heart. [She Withdraws]

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To them Almanzor wearing the Scarf: He sees her weep.

Almanz. What precious Drops are those
Which, silently, each others Track pursue,
Bright as young Diamonds in their infant Dew?
Your Lustre you should free from Tears maintain;
Like Egypt, rich without the help of Rain.
Now curs'd be he who gave this Cause of Grief;
And double curs'd who does not give Relief.

Almah. Our common Fears, and publick Miseries,
Have drawn these Tears from my afflicted Eyes.

Almanz. Madam, I cannot easily believe
It is for any publick Cause you grieve.
On your fair Face the Marks of Sorrow lye;
But I read Fury in your Husband's Eye.
And, in that Passion, I too plainly find
That you're unhappy, and that he's unkind.

Almah. Not new-made Mothers greater Love express
Than he; when with first Looks their Babes they bless.
Not Heav'n is more to dying Martyrs kind;
Nor Guardian Angels, to their Charge assign'd.

Boab. O Goodness counterfeited to the Life!
O the well acted Virtue of a Wife!
Would you with this my just Suspensions blind?
You've giv'n me great occasion to be kind!
The Marks, too, of your spotless Love appear;
Witness the Badge of my Dishonour there.

[Pointing to Almanzor's Scarf.]

Almanz. Unworthy Owner of a Gem so rare!
Heav'n's, why must he possess, and I despair!
Why is this Miser doom'd to all this Store;
He, who has all, and yet believes he's poor?

Almah. to Almanz. You're much too bold, to blame a
Jealousie

so kind in him, and so desir'd by me.
The Faith of Wives would unrewarded prove,
Without those just Observers of our Love.
The greater Care the higher Passion shows;
We hold that dearest we most fear to lose.
Distrust in Lovers is too warm a Sun,
But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone.

And, in those Climes which most his scorching know,
He makes the noblest Fruits and Metals grow.

Almanz. Yes, there are Mines of Treasure in your Breast;
Seen by that jealous Sun, but not possess'd.
He, like a Devil among the Bless'd above,
Can take no Pleasure in your Heav'n of Love.
Go, take her; and thy causeless Fears remove;

[*To the King.*]

Love her so well, that I with Rage may die:
Dull Husbands have no Right to Jealousie:
If that's allow'd, it must in Lovers be.

Boab. The Succour which thou bring'st me, makes thee
But know, without thy Aid, my Crown I'll hold. [*bold:*]
Or, if I cannot, I will fire the Place:
Of a full City make a naked Space.
Hence, then, and from a Rival set me free:
I'll do, I'll suffer any thing, but thee.

Almanz. I wo't not go; I'll not be forc'd away:
I came not for thy sake; nor do I stay.
It was the Queen who for my Aid did send;
And 'tis I only can the Queen defend:
I, for her sake, thy Scepter will maintain;
And thou, by me, in spite of thee, shalt reign.

Boab. Had I but hope I could defend this Place
Three Days, thou shou'dst not live to my Disgrace
So small a time——

Might I possess my *Almahide* alone,
I would live Ages out ere they were gone.
I should not be of Love or Life bereft;
All should be spent before, and nothing left.

Almah. to Boab. As for your sake I for *Almanzor* sent,
So, when you please, he goes to Banishment.
You shall, at last, my Loyalty approve:
I will refuse no tryal of my Love.

Boab. How can I think you love me, while I see
That Trophy of a Rival's Victory?
I'll tear it from his Side.

Almanz. ——— I'll hold it fast
As Life; and when Life's gone, I'll hold this last.
And, if thou tak'st it after I am Slain,
I'll send my Ghost to fetch it back again.

Almah

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Almah. When I bestow'd that Scarf, I had not thought,
Or not consider'd, it might be a Fault.
But, since my Lord's displeas'd that I should make
So small a Present, I command it back.
Without delay th' unlucky Gift restore:
Or, from this Minute, never see me more.

Almanz. The Shock of such a Curse I dare not stand:
[*Pulling it off hastily, and presenting it to her.*
Thus I obey your absolute Command.

[*She gives it to the King.*
Must he the Spoils of scorn'd *Almanzor* wear?
May *Turnus* Fate be thine; who dar'd to bear
The Belt of murder'd *Pallas*; from afar
May'st thou be known, and be the Mark of War.
Live, just to see it from thy Shoulders torn
By common Hands, and by some Coward worn.

[*An Alarm within.*
Enter Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet, Abenamar, their
Swords drawn.

Abdelm. Is this a time for Discord or for Grief?
We perish, Sir, without your quick Relief.
I have been fool'd, and am unfortunate,
The Foes pursue their Fortune and our Fate.

Zul. The Rebels with the *Spaniards* are agreed.

Boab. Take Breath; my Guards shall to the Fight
succeed.

Aben. to Almanzor. Why stay you, Sir? The conqu'ring
Foe is near;

Give us their Courage, and give them our Fear.

Hamet. Take Arms, or we must perish in your Sight.

Almanz. I care not; perish; for I will not fight.
I wo't not lift my Arm in his Defence:

And yet I wo't not stir one Foot from hence.

I to your King's Defence his Town resign;

This only Spot, whereon I stand, is mine.

Madam, be safe, and lay aside your Fear, [*To the Queen.*
You are, as in a Magick Circle, here.

Boab. To our own Valour our Success we'll owe.

Haste, *Hamet*, with *Abenamar* to go;

You two draw up, with all the speed you may,
Our last Reserves, and yet redeem the Day.

[*Exeunt Hamet and Abenamar one way, the King the other, with Abdelmelech, &c. Alarm within.*

Enter Abdelmelech, his Sword drawn.

Abdelm. Granada is no more! th' unhappy King
Vent'ring too far, e'er we could Succour bring,
Was, by the Duke of Arcos, Pris'ner made;
And, past Relief, is to the Fort convey'd.

Almanz. Heav'n, thou art just! go, now despise my Aid

Almah. Unkind *Almanzor*, how am I betray'd!
Betray'd by him in whom I trusted most!
But I will ne'er out-live what I have lost.

Is this your Succour, this your boasted Love!
I will accuse you to the Saints above!

Almanzor vow'd he would for Honour fight;
And lets my Husband perish in my fight.

[*Exeunt Almahide and Esperanza*

Almanz. Oh, I have err'd; but Fury made me blind;
And, in her just Reproach, my Fault I find!
I promis'd ev'n for him to fight, whom I——
——But since he's lov'd by her, he must not die.
Thus, happy Fortune comes to me in vain,
When I my self must ruin it again.

To him. Abenamar, Hamet, Abdelmelech, Zulema,
Soldiers.

Aben. The Foe has enter'd the *Vermillion* Tow'rs;
And nothing but th' *Alhambra* now is ours.

Almanz. Ev'n that's too much, except we may have
You lost it all to that last Stake before: [more]

Fate, now come back; thou can'st not farther get;
The Bounds of thy Libration here are set.
Thou know'st this Place,——

And, like a Clock wound up, strik'st here for me;
Now, Chance, assert thy own Inconstancy:
And, Fortune, fight, that thou may'st Fortune be.
They come; here, favour'd by the narrow Place,

[*A Noise within.*

I can, with few, their gross Battalion face.

By

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By the dead Wall, you *Abdelmelech*, wind;
Then, Charge; and their Retreat cut off behind. [*Exeunt.*

[*An Alarm within.*

Enter Almanzor and his Party, with Abdalla Prisoner.

Almanz. You were my Friend; and to that Name I
owe [*To Abdal.*

The just Regard, which you refus'd to show.

Your Liberty I frankly would restore;

But Honour now forbids me to do more.

Yet, Sir, your Freedom in your Choice shall be;

When you command to set your Brother free.

Abdal. Th' Exchange which you propose, with Joy I take;
An Offer easier than my Hopes could make.

Your Benefits revenge my Crimes to you:

For I my Shame in that bright Mirror view.

Almanz. No more; you give me Thanks you do not
I have been faulty, and repent me now. [*owe:*

But, though our Penitence a Virtue be,

Mean Souls alone repent in Misery.

The Brave own Faults when good Success is giv'n;

For then they come on equal Terms to Heav'n. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *The Albayzyn.*

Ozmyn and Benzayda.

Benz. I see there's somewhat which you fear to tell;

Speak quickly, *Ozmyn*, is my Father well?—

—Why cross you thus your Arms, and shake your Head?

Kill me at once, and tell me he is dead.

Ozm. I know not more than you; but fear not less;

Twice sinking, twice I drew him from the Press:

But the victorious Foe pursu'd so fast,

That flying Throngs divided us at last.

As Seamen parting in a general Wreck,

When first the loos'ning Planks begin to crack,

Each catches one; and straight are far disjoin'd,

Some born by Tides, and others by the Wind;

So, in this Ruin, from each other rent,

With heav'd-up Hands we mutual Farewells sent;

F 5

Methought

Methought his Eyes, when just I lost his View,
Were looking Blessings to be sent to you.

Benz. Blind Queen of Chance, to Lovers too severe,
Thou rul'st Mankind, but art a Tyrant there!
Thy wisest Empire's in a Lover's Breast:
Like open Seas, we seldom are at rest.
Upon thy Coasts our Wealth is daily cast;
And thou, like Pyrates, mak'st no Peace to last.

To them Lyndaraxa, Duke of Arcos, and Guards.

D. Arcos. We are surpriz'd when least we did suspect;
'And justly suffer'd by our own Neglect.

Lyndar. No; none but I have Reason to complain!
So near a Kingdom, yet 'tis lost again!
O, how unequally in me were join'd
A creeping Fortune, with a soaring Mind!
O Lottery of Fate! where still the wise
Draw Blanks of Fortune, and the Fools the Prize!
'These cross, ill-shuffled Lots from Heav'n are sent;
Yet dull Religion teaches us Content.
But when we ask it where that Blessing dwells,
It points to Pedant Colleges, and Cells.
'There, shows it rude, and in a homely Dress;
And that proud Want mistakes for Happiness.

[A Trumpet within.

Enter Zulema.

Brother! what strange Adventure brought you here?

Zul. The News I bring will yet more strange appear
The little Care you of my Life did show,
Has of a Brother justly made a Foe:
And *Abdelmelech*, who that Life did save,
As justly has deserv'd that Love he gave.

Lyndar. Your Bus'ness cools, while tediously it stays
On the low Theme of *Abdelmelech's* Praise.

Zul. This I present from Prince *Abdalla's* Hands.

[Delivers a Letter, which she reads.

Lyndar. He has propos'd, (to free him from his Bands)
That, with his Brother, an Exchange be made.

D. Arcos. It proves the same Design which we had laid.
Before the Castle let a Bar be set;
And, when the Captives on each side are met,

With

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With equal Numbers chosen for their Guard,
Just at the time the Passage is unbarr'd,
Let both at once advance, at once be free.

Lyndar. Th' Exchange I will my self in Person see.

Benz. I fear to ask, yet would from Doubt be freed;
Is *Selin* Captive, Sir, or is he dead?

Zul. I grieve to tell you what you needs must know,
He is a Pris'ner to his greatest Foe.

Kept, with strong Guards, in the *Alhambra* Tow'r;
Without the reach ev'n of *Almanzor's* Pow'r.

Ozm. With Grief and Shame I am at once oppress'd.

Zul. You will be more when I relate the rest.

To you I from *Abenamar* am sent; [To *Ozmyn*.

And you alone can *Selin's* Death prevent.

Give up your self a Pris'ner in his stead;

Or, e'er to Morrow's dawn, believe him dead.

Benz. E'er that appear, I shall expire with Grief.

Zul. Your Action swift, your Counsel must be brief,

Lyndar. While for *Abdalla's* Freedom we prepare,
You in each others Breast unload your Care.

[*Exeunt all but Ozmyn and Benzayda.*

Benz. My Wishes Contradictions must imply;

You must not go; and yet he must not die.

Your Reason may, perhaps, th' Extreame unite;

But there's a Mist of Fate before my Sight.

Ozm. The two Extreame too distant are to close;

And human Wit can no Mid-way propose.

My Duty therefore shows the nearest way;

To free your Father, and my own obey.

Benz. Your Father, whom, since yours, I grieve to blame,
Has lost, or quite forgot a Parent's Name.

And, when at once possess'd of him and you,

Instead of freeing one, will murder two.

Ozm. Fear not my Life; but suffer me to go:

What cannot only Sons with Parents do!

'Tis not my Death my Father doe's pursue;

He only would withdraw my Love from you.

Benz. Now, *Ozmyn*, now your want of Love I see;
For would you go, and hazard losing me?

Ozm.

Ozm. I rather would ten thousand Lives forsake:
Nor can you e'er believe the Doubt you make.

— This Night I with a chosen Band will go;
And, by surprize, will free him from the Foe.

Benz. What Foe! ah whither would your Virtue fall!
It is your Father whom the Foe you call.
Darkness and Rage will no Distinction make;
And yours may perish for my Father's sake.

Ozm. Thus, when my weaker Virtue goes astray,
Yours pulls it back; and guides me in the Way:
I'll send him word, my Being shall depend
On *Selin's* Life, and with his Death shall end.

Benz. 'Tis that indeed would glut your Father's Rage:
Revenge on *Ozmyn's* Youth, and *Selin's* Age.

Ozm. Whate'er I plot, like *Sisyphus*, in vain
I heave a Storie that tumbles down again.

Benz. This glorious Work is then reserv'd for me;
He is my Father; and I'll set him free.
Those Chains my Father for my Sake does wear:
I made the Fault; and I the Pains will bear.

Ozm. Yes; you no doubt have merited those Pains;
Those Hands, those tender Limbs were made for Chains:
Did I not love you, yet it were too base
To let a Lady suffer in my Place.
Those proofs of Virtue you before did show,
I did admire; but I must envy now.
Your vast Ambition leaves no Fame for me,
But grasps at universal Monarchy.

Benz. Yes, *Ozmyn*, I shall still this Palm pursue;
I will not yield my Glory, ev'n to you.
I'll break those Bonds in which my Father's ty'd:
Or, if I cannot break 'em, I'll divide.
What, tho' my Limbs a Woman's weakness show;
I have a Soul as Masculine as you.

And, when these Limbs want Strength my Chains to wear
My Mind shall teach my Body how to bear. [*Exit Benz.*]

Ozm. What I resolve, I must not let her know;
But Honour has decreed she must not go.
What she resolves, I must prevent with care;
She shall not in my Fame or Danger share.

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Will give strict Order to the Guards which wait;
That, when she comes, she shall not pass the Gate.
Fortune, at last, has run me out of Breath:
I have no Refuge, but the Arms of Death:
To that dark Sanctuary I will go:
She cannot reach me when I lye so low.

SCENE *The Albayzyn.*

Enter, on one Side, Almanzor, Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Zuléma, Hamet. On the other Side, the Duke of Arcos, Boabdelin, Lyndaraxa, and their Party. After which the Bars are opened; and at the same time Boabdelin and Abdalla pass by each other, each to his Party: When Abdalla is pass'd on the other Side, the Duke of Arcos approaches the Bars, and calls to Almanzor.

D. Arcos. The Hatred of the Brave with Battels ends;
And Foes, who fought for Honour, then are Friends.
I love thee, brave *Almanzor*, and am proud
To have one Hour when Love may be allow'd,
This Hand, in sign of that Esteem, I plight:
We shall have angry Hours enough to fight.

[Giving his Hand.]

Almanz. The Man who dares, like you, in Fields appear,
And meet my Sword, shall be my Mistress here.
If I am proud, 'tis only to my Foes;
Tough but to such who Virtue would oppose.
If I some Fierceness from a Father drew,
A Mother's Milk gives me some Softness too.

D. Arcos. Since first you took, and after set me free,
(Whether a Sense of Gratitude it be,
Or some more secret Motion of my Mind,
For which I want a Name that's more than Kind)
I shall be glad, by what e'er means I can,
To get the Friendship of so brave a Man:
And would your unavailing Valour call,
From Aiding those whom Heav'n has doom'd to fall.
We owe you that Respect——
Which to the Gods of Foes besieg'd was shown;
To call you out before we take your Town.

Almanz.

Almanz. Those whom we love, we should esteem 'em
 And not debauch that Virtue which we wooe. [too
 Yet, though you give my Honour just Offence,
 I'll take your Kindness in the better Sense:
 And, since you for my Safety seem to fear,
 I, to return your Bribe, should wish you here.
 But, since I love you more than you do me,
 In all Events preserve your Honour free:
 For that's your own, though not your Destiny.

D. Arcos. Were you oblig'd in Honour by a Trust,
 I should not think my own Proposals just.
 But since you fight for an unthankful King,
 What loss of Fame can Change of Parties bring?

Almanz. It will, and may with Justice too be thought
 That some Advantage in that Change I fought.
 And, though I twice have chang'd, for Wrongs receiv'd
 That it was done for Profit, none believ'd.
 The King's Ingratitude I knew before;
 So that can be no Cause of changing more.
 If now I stand, when no Reward can be;
 'Twill show the Fault before was not in me.

D. Arcos. Yet there is a Reward to Valour due;
 And such it is, as may be fought by you.
 That beauteous Queen, whom you can never gain,
 While you secure her Husband's Life and Reign.

Almanz. Then be it so: Let me have no Return
 [Here Lyndaraxa comes near and hears them
 From him but Hatred, and from her but Scorn.
 There is this Comfort in a noble Fate,
 That I deserve to be more fortunate.

You have my last Resolve; and now farewell:
 My boding Heart some Mischief does foretel:
 But what it is, Heav'n will not let me know;
 I'm sad to Death, that I must be your Foe.

D. Arcos. Heav'n, when we meet, if fatal it must be
 To one; spare him, and cast the Lot on me. [They retire

Lyndar. Ah, what a noble Conquest were this Heart
 I am resolv'd I'll try my utmost Art:
 In gaining him, I gain that Fortune too
 Which he has Wedded, and which I but Wooe.

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try each secret Passage to his Mind;
Love's soft Bands about his Heart-strings wind.
his vow'd Constancy shall 'scape my Snare;
while he, without, Resistance does prepare,
melt into him e'er his Love's aware.

[*She makes a Gesture of Invitation to Almanzor, who returns again.*]

Almanz. You see, Sir, to how strange a Remedy
persecuted Maid is forc'd to fly.

so, much distress'd, yet scarce has Confidence
to make your noble Pity her Defence.

Almanz. Beauty, like yours, can no Protection need;
if it sues, is certain to succeed.

whate'er Service you ordain my Hand,
I'll obey your Request, and call it your Command.

Almanz. You cannot, Sir, but know, that my ill Fate
made me lov'd with all th'Effects of Hate:

My Lover would, by force, my Person gain;

which one, as guilty, would by force detain.

In *Abdelmelech's* Love I cannot prize;

My fond *Abdalla's* Passion I despise.

You are Brave, so you are Prudent too,

advise a wretched Woman what to do.

Almanz. Have Courage, Fair One; put your Trust in me:

I shall, at least from those you hate, be free.

I'll resign your Castle to the King's Command;

I'll leave your Love Concernments in my Hand.

Almanz. The King, like them, is fierce, and faithless too;

how can I trust him, who has injur'd you?

But for your self (and you can grant no less)

that you alone are worthy to possess.

Be brave, Sir; for, when you speak the Word,

those Gates will open of their own Accord.

The Genius of the Place its Lord will meet;

It'll bend its Tow'ry Forehead to your Feet,

That little Cittadel, which now you see,

shall, then, the Head of Conquer'd Nations be:

From ev'ry Turret, from your Coming, rise

The Mother of some great Metropolis.

Almanz.

Almanz. 'Tis pity Words, which none but Gods should
Should lose their Sweetness in a Soldier's Ear:
I am not that *Almanzor* whom you praise:
But your fair Mouth can fair Ideas raise:
I am a Wretch, to whom it is deny'd
T'accept, with Honour, what I wish with Pride.
And, since I fight not for my self, must bring
The Fruits of all my Conquests to the King.

Lyndar. Say rather to the Queen; to whose fair Name
I know you vow the Trophies of your Fame.
I hope she is as kind as she is Fair:
Kinder than unexperienc'd Virgins are
To their first Loves; (though she has lov'd before,
And that first Innocence is now no more:)
But, in Revenge, she gives you all her Heart;
(For you are much too Brave to take a Part.)
Though, blinded by a Crown, she did not see
Almanzor greater than a King could be;
I hope her Love repairs her ill made Choice:
Almanzor cannot be deluded twice.

Almanz. No; not deluded; for none count their Gains
Who, like *Almanzor*, frankly give their Pains.

Lyndar. *Almanzor*, do not cheat your self, nor me;
Your Love is not refin'd to that degree.
For, since you have Desires, and those not blest,
Your Love's uneasie, and at little rest.

Almanz. 'Tis true; my own Unhappiness I see:
But who, alas, can my Physician be?
Love, like a lazy Ague, I endure,
Which fears the Water, and abhors the Cure.

Lyndar. 'Tis a Consumption, which your Life
Still flatt'ring you with Hope, 'till Help be past.
But, since of Cure from her you now despair,
You, like consumptive Men, should change your Air
Love somewhere else, 'tis a hard Remedy;
But yet you owe your self so much to try.

Almanz. My Love's now grown so much a Part of
That Life would, in the Cure, endanger'd be.
At least it like a Limb cut off, would show;
And better die than like a Cripple go.

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Lyndar. You must be brought like Mad-men to their Cure;
And Darkness first, and next new Bonds endure:
To you dark Absence to your self ordain:

And I, in Charity, will find the Chain.

Almanz. Love is that Madness which all Lovers have;
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to Rave.

'Tis an Enchantment, where the Reason's bound:

But Paradise is in th'enchanted Ground.

A Palace, void of Envy, Cares and Strife;

Where gentle Hours delude so much of Life.

To take those Charms away, and set me free,

But to send me into Misery.

And Prudence, of whose Cure so much you boast,

Restores those Pains, which that sweet Folly lost.

Lyndar. I would not, like Philosophers, remove,

But show you a more pleasing Shape of Love.

You a sad, fullen, froward Love did see;

But show him kind, and full of Gayety.

In short, *Almanzor*, it shall be my Care

To show you Love; for you but saw Despair.

Almanz. I, in the shape of Love, Despair did see:

You, in his Shape, would show Inconstancy.

Lyndar. There's no such thing as Constancy you call:

With ties not Hearts; 'tis Inclination all.

Time Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,

But Constancy in Love, a Virtue made.

From Friendship they that Land-mark did remove;

And, falsely, plac'd it on the Bounds of Love.

But the Effects of Change be only try'd:

Wound me, in jest; and call me *Almahide*.

But this is only Counsel I impart;

For I, perhaps, should not receive your Heart.

Almanz. Fair though you are——

Summer Mornings, and your Eyes more bright

Than Stars that twinkle in a Winter's Night;

Though you have Eloquence to warm, and move:

And Age, and praying Hermits into Love;

Though *Almahide* with Scorn rewards my Care;

Not, than to change, 'tis nobler to despair.

My

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My Love's my Soul; and that from Fate is free:
'Tis that unchang'd and deathless Part of me.

Lyndar. The Fate of Constancy your Love pursue!
Still to be faithful to what's false to you.

[Turns from him, and goes off angrily]

Almanz. Ye Gods, why are not Hearts first pair'd above
But some still interfere in others Love!
E'er each, for each, by certain-Marks are known,
You mould 'em up in haste, and drop 'em down.
And while we seek what carelessly you sort,
You sit in State, and make our Pains your Sport.

[Exeunt on both Sides]



A C T I V. S C E N E I.

Abenamar, and Servants.

Aben. **H**Aste, and conduct the Pris'ner to my Sight.
[Exit Servant, and immediately enters with Selin bound.]

Aben. Did you, according to my Orders, write? *[To Selin]*
And have you summon'd *Ozmyn* to appear?

Selin. I am not yet so much a Slave to Fear:
Nor has your Son deserv'd so ill of me,
That, by his Death or Bonds, I would be free.

Aben. Against thy Life thou dost the Sentence give:
Behold how short a time thou hast to live.

Selin. Make haste; and draw the Curtain while you may
You but shut out the Twilight of my Day:
Beneath the Burden of my Age I bend:
You kindly ease me, e'er my Journey's end.

[To them a Servant, with Ozmyn; Ozmyn kneels.]

Aben. to Selin. It is enough: My Promise makes you free
Resign your Bonds; and take your Liberty.

Ozm. Sir, you are just; and welcome are these Bonds
'Tis all th' Inheritance a Son demands.

Selin. Your Goodness, O my *Ozmyn*, is too great:
I am not weary of my Fetters yet:

Alred

ady, when you move me to resign,
el 'em heavier on your Feet than mine.

Enter another Soldier or Servant.

old. A Youth attends you in the outer Room,
o seems in haste, and does from *Ozmyn* come.

ben. Conduct him in:—

zm. Sent from *Benzayda*, I fear, to me.

To them Benzayda in the Habit of a Man.

ben. My *Ozmyn* here!

zm. ——— *Benzayda*! 'tis she!

Youth; I have no Business for thee here:

to th' *Albayzyn*; and attend me there.

not be long away: I prithee go;

all our Love and Friendship——

ben. ——— *Ozmyn*, no.

I not take on me this bold Disguise,

Ends so low to cheat your Watchmens Eyes.

en I attempted this, it was to do

Action, to be envy'd ev'n by you:

you, alas, have been too diligent,

what I purpos'd, fatally prevent!

se Chains, which for my Father I would bear,

ke with less Content, to find you here.

ept your Father will that Mercy show,

at I may wear 'em both for him and you.

ben. I thank thee, Fortune; thou hast, in one Hour,

all I could have ask'd thee in my Pow'r.

own lost Wealth thou gav'st not only back,

driv'st upon my Coast my Pyrat's Wrack.

elin. With *Ozmyn*'s Kindness I was griev'd before;

yours, *Benzayda*, has undone me more.

ben. to a Sold. Go fetch new Fetters, and the Daugh-

ter bind.

zm. Be just at least, Sir, though you are not kind.

ayda is not, as a Pris'ner, brought;

comes to suffer for another's Fault.

ben. Then, *Ozmyn*, mark, that Justice which I do,

is severely, will exact from you.

the Father is not wholly dead in me:

you may yet revive it, if it be.

Like

Like Tapers new blown out, the Fumes remain
To catch the Light; and bring it back again.
Benzayda gave you Life, and set you free;
For that, I will restore her Liberty.

Ozm. Sir, on my Knees I thank you.

Aben. ——— *Ozmyn*, hold:

One Part of what I purpose is untold:
Consider, then, it on your Part remains,
When I have broke, not to resume your Chains.
Like an Indulgent Father, I have paid
All Debts, which you, my Prodigal, have made.
Now you are clear, break off your fond Design;
Renounce *Benzayda*, and be wholly mine.

Ozm. Are these the Terms? Is this the Liberty?
Ah, Sir, how can you so inhuman be?
My Duty to my Life I will prefer;
But Life and Duty must give place to her.

Aben. Consider what you say; for, with one Breath
You disobey my Will, and give her Death.

Ozm. Ah, cruel Father, what do you propose!
Must I, then, kill *Benzayda*, or must lose?
I can do neither; in this wretched State
The least that I can suffer, is your Hate;
And yet, that's worse than Death: Ev'n while I sue,
And chuse your Hatred, I could die for you.
Break, quickly, Heart; or let my Blood be spilt
By my own Hand, to save a Father's Guilt.

Benz. Hear me, my Lord, and take this wretched Life
To free you from the Fear of *Ozmyn's* Wife.
I beg but what with ease may granted be;
To spare your Son, and kill your Enemy.
Or, if my Death's a Grace too great to give,
Let me, my Lord, without my *Ozmyn* live.
Far from your Sight and *Ozmyn's* let me go;
And take from him a Care, from you a Foe.

Ozm. How, my *Benzayda*! can you thus resign
That Love, which you have vow'd so firmly mine?
Can you leave me for Life and Liberty?

Benz. What I have done will show that I dare die,

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I'll twice suffer Death, and go away,
rather than make you wretched by my Stay;
this my Father's Freedom will be won:
and to your Father I restore a Son.

Selin. Cease, cease, my Children, your unhappy Strife;
you will not be ransom'd by your Life.
Barbarian, thy old Foe defies thy Rage: [To *Aben.*
Turn from their Youth thy Malice, to my Age.

Benz. Forbear, dear Father, for your *Ozmyn's* sake;
do not such Words to *Ozmyn's* Father speak.

Ozm. Alas, 'tis counterfeited Rage; he strives
not to divert the Danger from our Lives.
For I can witness, Sir, and you might see,
how in your Person he consider'd me.

He still declin'd the Combat where you were;
and you well know it was not out of Fear.

Benz. Alas, my Lord, where can your Vengeance fall?
your Justice will not let it reach us all.

Aben. and *Ozmyn* both would Sufferers be;
and Punishment's a Favour done to me.

If we are Foes, since you have Pow'r to kill,
be gen'rous in you not to have the Will.

But, are we Foes? Look round, my Lord, and see;
point out that Face which is your Enemy.

Would you your Hand in *Selin's* Blood embrue?

Call him unarm'd, who, arm'd, shunn'd killing you?

Am I your Foe? Since you detest my Line,

that hated Name of *Zegry* I resign:

For you, *Benzayda* will her self disclaim;

Call me your Daughter, and forget my Name.

Selin. This Virtue would ev'n Savages subdue;

and shall it want the Pow'r to vanquish you?

Ozm. It has, it has: I read it in his Eyes:

'Tis now not Anger; 'tis but Shame denies.

Shame of Error, that great Spirits find,

which keeps down Virtue struggling in the Mind.

Aben. Yes; I am vanquish'd! The fierce Conflict's past;

and Shame it self is now o'ercome at last.

Was long before my stubborn Mind was won;

but, melting once, I on the sudden run.

Nor

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Nor can I hold my headlong Kindness more,
Than I could curb my cruel Rage before.

[Runs to Benz. and embraces]

Benzayda, 'twas your Virtue vanquish'd me:
That could alone surmount my Cruelty.

[Runs to Selin, and unbinds]

Forgive me, *Selin*, my Neglect of you:
But Men, just waking, scarce know what they do,
Ozm. O Father!

Benz. ——— Father!

Aben. ——— Dare I own that Name!
Speak, speak it often, to remove my Shame.

[They all embrace]

O *Selin*, O my Children, let me go!
I have more Kindness than I yet can show.
For my Recovery, I must shun your Sight:
Eyes, us'd to Darkness, cannot bear the Light.

[He runs in, they following]

S C E N E *The Albayzyn.*

Almanzor, *Abdelmelech*, *Soldiers*.

Almanz. 'Tis War again; and I am glad 'tis so;
Success shall now by Force and Courage go.
Treaties are but the Combats of the Brain,
Where still the stronger lose, and weaker gain.

Abdelm. On this Assault, brave Sir, which we prepare
Depends the Sum and Fortune of the War.
Encamp'd without the Fort the *Spaniard* lies;
And may, in spite of us, send in Supplies.
Consider yet, ere we attack the Place,
What 'tis to form it in an Army's Face.

Almanz. The Minds of Heroes their own Measures
They stand exempted from the Rules of War.
One Loose, one Sally of the Heroe's Soul,
Does all the Military Art controul.
While tim'rous Wit goes round, or foords the Shore,
He shoots the Gulph, and is already o'er.
And, when th' Enthusiastick Fit is spent,
Looks back amaz'd at what he underwent.

[Exit]

[An Alarm rings]

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Enter Almanzor and Abdelmelech with their Soldiers.

Abdelm. They fly, they fly; take Breath and Charge again.

Almanz. Make good your Entrance, and bring up more
fear'd, brave Friend, my Aid had been too late. [Men;

Abdelm. You drew us from the Jaws of certain Fate.
my Approach——

The Gate was open, and the Draw-bridge down;

but when they saw I stood, and came not on,

they charg'd with Fury on my little Band;

who, much o'er-power'd, could scarce the Shock withstand.

Almanz. E'er Night we shall the whole *Albayzyn* gain.

But see, the *Spaniards* march along the Plain

to its Relief; you, *Abdelmelech*, go

and force the rest, while I repulse the Foe.

[*Exit Almanzor.*

Enter Abdalla, and some few Soldiers, who seem fearful.

Abdal. Turn, Cowards, turn; there is no hope in Flight;

you yet may live, if you but dare to Fight.

Come, you brave few, who only fear to fly:

We're not enough to Conquer, but to Die.

Abdelm. No, Prince; that mean Advantage I refuse:

This in your Pow'r, a nobler Fate to chuse.

Since we are Rivals, Honour does command

We should not die, but by each other's Hand.

Retire; and if it prove my Destiny

[*To his Men.*

To fall, I charge you let the Prince go free.

[*The Soldiers depart on both sides.*

Abdal. O, *Abdelmelech*, that I knew some way

This Debt of Honour which I owe, to pay.

But Fate has left this only Means for me,

To die, and leave you *Lyndaraxa* free.

Abdelm. He who is vanquish'd and is slain is blest:

The wretched Conqueror can ne'er have Rest:

but is reserv'd a harder Fate to prove;

Bound in the Fetters of dissembled Love.)

Abdal. Now thou art base; and I deserve her more:

Without Complaint I will to Death adore.

Dar'st thou see Faults, and yet dost Love pretend?

Will even *Lyndaraxa's* Crimes defend.

Abdelm.

Abdelm. Maintain her Cause, then, better than thy own
Than thy ill got, and worse defended Throne.

[*They fight, Abdalla falls*]

Abdelm. Now ask your Life.

Abdal. — 'Tis gone: that busie thing,
The Soul, is packing up, and just on Wing,
Like parting Swallows, when they seek the Spring.
Like them, at its appointed time, it goes;
And flies to Countries more unknown than those.

Enter Lyndaraxa hastily, sees them, and is going out again
Abdelmelech stopping her.

Abdelm. No, you shall stay and see a Sacrifice;
Not offer'd by my Sword, but by your Eyes.
From those he first ambitious Poison drew;
And swell'd to Empire for the Love of you.
Accursed Fair!

Thy Comet-blaze portends a Prince's Fate;
And suff'ring Subjects groan beneath thy weight.

Abdal. Cease, Rival, cease!

I would have forc'd you; but it wo't be:

I beg you now, upbraid her not for me.

You Fairest, to my Memory be kind: *To Lyndaraxa*

Lovers, like me, your Sex will seldom find.

When I usurp'd a Crown for Love of you,

I, then, did more, than dying now I do.

I'm still the same as when my Love begun:

And, could I now this Fate foresee or shun,

Would yet do all I have already done.

[*Dies.*]

[*She puts her Handkerchief to her Eyes*]

Abdelm. Weep on, weep on; for it becomes you now

These Tears you to that Love may well allow.

His unrepenting Soul, if it could move

Upward in Crimes, flew spotted with your Love;

And brought Contagion to the Bless'd above.

Lyndar. He's gone, and Peace go with a constant Mind

His Love deserv'd I should have been more kind.

But then your Love, and greater Worth I knew.

I was unjust to him, but just to you.

Abdelm. I was his Enemy, and Rival too;

Yet I some Tears to his Misfortunes owe:

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ou owe him more; weep then, and join with me:
o much is due ev'n to Humanity.

Lyndar. Weep for this Wretch, whose Memory I hate!
Whose Folly made us both unfortunate!
Weep for this Fool, who did my Laughter move!
his whining, tedious, heavy lump of Love!

Abdelm. Had Fortune favour'd him, and frown'd on me,
then had been that heavy Fool, not he;
ust this had been my Fun'ral Elegy.
hy Arts and Falshood I before did know;
ut this last Baseness was conceal'd 'till now.
nd 'twas no more than needful to be known;
could be cur'd by such an Act alone.

My Love, half blasted, yet in time would shoot;
ut this last Tempest rends it to the Root.

Lyndar. These little Piques, which now your Anger move,
Will vanish; and are only Signs of Love.

You've been too fierce; and, at some other time,
I should not, with such ease, forgive your Crime.
ut, in a Day of publick Joy, like this,
pardon, and forget what e'er's amiss.

Abdelm. These Arts have oft prevail'd, but must no more:
The Spell is ended, and th' Enchantment o'er.

You have at last destroy'd, with much ado,
that Love, which none could have destroy'd, but you.
My Love was blind to your deluding Art;
ut Blind-men feel, when stabb'd so near the Heart.

Lyndar. I must confess there was some Pity due:
ut I conceal'd it out of Love to you.

Abdelm. No, *Lyndaraxa*; 'tis at last too late:
ur Loves have mingled with too much of Fate.
ould, but cannot now my self deceive!
that you still could cheat, and I believe!

Lyndar. Do not so light a Quarrel long pursue:
ou grieve your Rival was less lov'd than you.
is hard, when Men of Kindness must complain!

Abdelm. I'm now awake, and cannot Dream again.

Lyndar. Yet hear——

Abdelm. —No more; nothing my Heart can bend:
at Queen you scorn'd, you shall this Night attend:

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G

Your

Your Life the King has pardon'd for my sake;
 But, on your Pride I some Revenge must take.
 See now th' Effects of what your Arts design'd:
 Thank your inconstant and ambitious Mind.
 'Tis just that she, who to no Love is true,
 Should be forsaken, and contemn'd, like you.

Lyndar. All Arts of injur'd Women I will try:
 First I will be reveng'd; and then I'll die.
 But like some falling Tow'r,——
 Whose seeming Firmness does the Sight beguile;
 So hold I up my nodding Head a while,
 'Till they come under; and reserve my Fall,
 That with my Ruins I may reach 'em all.

Abdelm. Conduct her hence——

[Exit Lyndaraxa guarded.]

Enter a Soldier.

Sol'd. Almanzor is Victorious without Fight;
 The Foes retreated when he came in sight.
 Under the Walls, this Night, his Men are drawn;
 And mean to seek the *Spaniard* with the Dawn.

Abdelm. The Sun's declin'd;
 Command the Watch be set without delay;
 And in the Fort let bold *Benducar* stay:
 I'll haste to Court, where Solitude I'll fly;
 And herd, like wounded Deer, in Company.
 But oh, how hard is Passion to remove,
 When I must shun my self, to 'scape from Love! [Exit]

SCENE The Alhambra, or a Gallery.

Zulema, Hamet.

Hamet. I thought your Passion for the Queen was dead
 Or that your Love had, with your Hopes, been fled.

Zul. 'Twas like a Fire within a Furnace pent:
 I smother'd it, and kept it long from Vent.
 But (fed with Looks, and blown with Sighs so fast)
 It broke a Passage thro' my Lips at last.

Hamet. Where found you Confidence your Suit to move
 Our broken Fortunes are not fit to love.

Well; you declar'd your Love:—What follow'd then?

Zul. She look'd as Judges do on guilty Men:
When big with Fate they triumph in their Dooms,
And smile before the deadly Sentence comes.
Silent I stood, as I were Thunder-struck;
Condemn'd and executed with a Look.

Hamet. You must, with haste, some Remedy prepare:
Now you are in, you must break through the Snare.

Zul. She said she would my Folly yet conceal,
But vow'd my next Attempt she would reveal.

Hamet. 'Tis dark; and, in this lonely Gallery,
(Remote from Noise, and shunning ev'ry Eye)
One Hour each Ev'ning she in private mourns,
And prays, and to the Circle then returns.
Now, if you dare attempt her passing by.—

Zul. These lighted Tapers show the time is nigh.
Perhaps my Courtship will not be in vain:
At least, few Women will of Force complain.

*At the other End of the Gallery, Enter Almanzor and
Esperanza.*

Hamet. *Almanzor*, and with him
The fav'rite Slave of the Sultana Queen:

Zul. E'er they approach, let us retire unseen;
And watch our Time when they return again:

Then Force shall give, if Favour does deny;
And that once done, we'll to the Spaniards fly. [*Exeunt.*

Almanz. Now stand; th' Apartment of the Queen is near;
And, from this Place, your Voice will reach her Ear.

[*Esperanza goes out.*

S O N G, in Two Parts.

HOW unhappy a Lover am I,
While I sigh for my Phyllis in vain;
All my Hopes of Delight
Are another Man's Right,
Who is happy while I am in Pain!

II.

Since her Honour allows no Relief,
But to pity the Pains which you bear,

G 2

'Tis

'Tis the best of your Fate

(In a hopeless Estate)

To give o'er, and betimes to despair.

III.

He. I have try'd the false Med'cine in vain;

For I wish what I hope not to win:

From without, my Desire

Has no Food to its Fire;

But it burns and consumes me within.

IV.

She. Yet, at least, 'tis a Pleasure to know

That you are not unhappy alone:

For the Nymph you adore

Is as wretched, and more;

And counts all your Suff'rings her own.

V.

He. O ye Gods, let me suffer for both;

At the Feet of my Phyllis I'll lie:

I'll resign up my Breath,

And take Pleasure in Death,

To be pity'd by her when I die.

VI.

She. What her Honour deny'd you in Life,

In her Death she will give to your Love.

Such a Flame as is true

After Fate will renew,

For the Souls to meet closer above.

Enter Esperanza again after the Song.

Almanz. Accept this Diamond, 'till I can present
Something more worthy my Acknowledgment.

And now farewell: I will attend, alone,

Her coming forth; and make my Suff'rings known.

[Exit Esperanza]

A hollow Wind comes whistling through that Door

And a cold Shiv'ring seizes me all o'er:

My Teeth, too, chatter with a sudden Fright:

These are the Raptures of too fierce Delight!

The Combat of the Tyrants, Hope and Fear;

Which Hearts, for want of Field-room, cannot bear.

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I grow impatient; this, or that's the Room:
I'll meet her; now, methinks, I hear her come.

*[He goes to the Door; the Ghost of his Mother meets him:
He starts back: The Ghost stands in the Door.]*

Almanz. Well may'st thou make thy Boast, what e'er thou
Thou art the first e'er made *Almanzor* start. [art,
My Legs——

Shall bear me to thee in their own Despight:
I'll rush into the Covert of thy Night,
And pull thee backward by the Shroud, to Light.
Or else I'll squeeze thee, like a Bladder, there;
And made thee groan thy self away to Air.

[The Ghost retires.]

So, art thou gone! Thou canst no Conquest boast:
I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost.——

——The grudging of my Ague yet remains:

My Blood, like Icicles, hangs in my Veins,
And does not drop: Be Master of that Door,
We two will not disturb each other more.

Ferr'd a little, but Extreams may join;
That Door was Hell's, but this is Heav'n's and mine.

[Goes to the other Door, and is met again by the Ghost.]
Again! by Heav'n I do conjure thee, speak.

What art thou, Spirit? and what dost thou seek?

*[The Ghost comes on softly after the Conjuration; and
Almanzor retires to the middle of the Stage.]*

Ghost. I am the Ghost of her who gave thee Birth;
The airy Shadow of her mould'ring Earth.

Love of thy Father me through Seas did guide;
On Seas I bore thee, and on Seas I dy'd.

I dy'd; and for my winding Sheet a Wave
Had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.

But, when my Soul to Bliss did upward move,
I wander'd round the Crystal Walls above;

But found th' Eternal Fence so steeply high,
That, when I mounted to the middle Sky,
I flagg'd, and flutter'd down; and could not fly.

Then, from the Battlements of th' Heav'nly Tow'r,
Watchman Angel bid me wait this Hour;

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And told me I had yet a Task assign'd,
To warn that little Pledge I left behind;
And to divert him, e'er it were too late,
From Crimes unknown, and Errors of his Fate.

Almanz. Speak, Holy Shade; thou Parent-form, speak
on: [bowing]

Instruct thy Mortal Elemented Son;
(For here I wander, to my self unknown.)
But O, thou better Part of Heav'nly Air,
Teach me, kind Spirit, (since I'm still thy Care)
My Parents Names:

If I have yet a Father, let me know,
To whose old Age my humble Youth must bow;
And pay its Duty, if he Mortal be;
Or Adoration, if a Mind, like thee.

Ghost. Then, what I may, I'll tell——
From ancient Blood thy Father's Lineage springs,
Thy Mother's thou deriv'st from Stems of Kings.
A Christian born, and born again that Day,
When sacred Water wash'd thy Sins away.
Yet, bred in Errors, thou dost mis-employ
That Strength Heav'n gave thee, and its Flock destroy.

Almanz. By Reason, Man a God-head may discern:
But, how he should be worship'd, cannot learn.

Ghost. Heav'n does not now thy Ignorance reprove,
But warns thee from known Crimes of lawless Love.
That Crime thou know'st, and, knowing, dost not shun
Shall an unknown and greater Crime pull on:
But if, thus warn'd, thou leav'st this cursed Place,
Then shalt thou know the Author of thy Race.
Once more I'll see thee: Then my Charge is done.
Far hence, upon the Mountains of the Moon,
Is my Abode; where Heav'n and Nature smile,
And strew with Flow'rs the secret Bed of Nile.
Bless'd Souls are there refin'd, and made more bright;
And, in the Shades of Heav'n, prepar'd for Light.

[Exit Ghost]

Almanz. O Heav'n, how dark a Riddle's thy Decree,
Which bounds our Wills, yet seems to leave 'em free!

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Since thy Fore-knowledge cannot be in vain,
Our Choice must be what thou didst first ordain.
Thus, like a Captive in an Isle confin'd,
Man walks at large, a Pris'ner of the Mind:
Wills all his Crimes, while Heav'n th' Indictment draws;
And, pleading Guilty, justifies the Laws.——
Let Fate be Fate; the Lover and the Brave
Are rank'd, at least, above the vulgar Slave.
Love makes me willing to my Death to run;
And Courage scorns the Death it cannot shun.

Enter Almahide with a Taper.

Almah. My Light will sure discover those who talk.—
Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?

Almanz. He, who dares love, and for that Love must die,
And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

Almah. That Love which you can hope, and I can pay,
May be receiv'd and giv'n in open Day:
My Praise and my Esteem you had before;
And you have bound your self to ask no more.

Almanz. Yes, I have bound my self; but will you take
The Forfeit of that Bond which Force did make?

Almah. You know you are from Recompence debarr'd;
But purest Love can live without Reward.

Almanz. Pure Love had need be to it self a Feast,
For, like pure Elements, 'twill nourish least.

Almah. It therefore yields the only pure Content;
For it, like Angels, needs no Nourishment.

To eat and drink can no Perfection be;
All Appetite implies Necessity.

Almanz. 'Twere well, if I could like a Spirit live:
But, do not Angels Food to Mortals give?——

What if some Demon should my Death foreshow,
Or bid me change, and to the Christians go;
Will you not think I merit some Reward,
When I my Love above my Life regard?

Almah. In such a case your Change must be allow'd;
I would, my self, dispense with what you vow'd.

Almanz. Were I to die that Hour when I possess,
This Minute shall begin my Happiness.

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Almah. The Thoughts of Death your Passion would re-
Death is a cold Encouragement to Love. [move]

Almanz. No; from my Joys I to my Death would run;
And think the Business of my Life well done.
But I should walk a discontented Ghost,
If Flesh and Blood were to no purpose lost.

Almah. You love me not, *Almanzor*; if you did,
You would not ask what Honour must forbid.

Almanz. And what is Honour, but a Love well hid?

Almah. Yes, 'tis the Conscience of an Act well done;
Which gives us Pow'r our own Desire to shun.
The strong and secret Curb of headlong Will;
The Self-reward of Good, and Shame of Ill.

Almanz. These, Madam, are the Maxims of the Day;
When Honour's present, and when Love's away.
The Duty of poor Honour were too hard,
In Arms all Day, at Night to mount the Guard.
Let him in Pity, now, to Rest retire;
Let these soft Hours be watch'd by warm Desire.

Almah. Guards, who all Day on painful Duty keep,
In Dangers are not privileg'd to Sleep.

Almanz. And with what Dangers are you threaten'd here?
Am I, alas, a Foe for you to fear?

See, Madam, at your Feet this Enemy;
Without your Pity and your Love I die. [Kneels]

Almah. Rise, rise; and do not empty Hopes pursue;
Yet think that I deny my self, not you.

Almanz. A Happiness so high, I cannot bear:
My Love's too fierce, and you too killing fair.
I grow enrag'd to see such Excellence:
If Words, so much disorder'd, give Offence,
My Love's too full of Zeal to think of Sense.
Be you like me; dull Reason hence remove,
And tedious Forms, and give a Loose to Love.
Love eagerly; let us be Gods to Night;
And do not, with half yielding, dash Delight.

Almah. Thou strong Seducer, Opportunity!
Of Womankind, half are undone by thee!
Though I resolve I will not be mis-led,
I wish I had not heard what you have said!

I cannot be so wicked to comply;
And, yet, am most unhappy to deny!
Away.

Almanz. — I will not move me from this Place:
I can take no Denial from that Face!

Almah. If I could yield, (but think not that I will)
You and my self, I in Revenge should kill.
For I should hate us both, when it were done:
And would not to the Shame of Life be won.

Almanz. Live but to Night, and trust to Morrow's Mind:
E're that can come, there's a whole Life behind.
Methinks already crown'd with Joys I lye;
Speechless and breathless in an Ecstasie.
Not absent in one Thought: I am all there:
Still close, yet wishing still to be more near.

Almah. Deny your own Desires; for it will be
Too little now to be deny'd by me.

Will he, who does all Great, all Noble seem,
Be lost and forfeit to his own Esteem?
Will he, who may with Heroes claim a Place,
Belie that Fame, and to himself be base?
Think how August and God-like you did look,
When my Defence, unbrib'd, you undertook.
But, when an Act so brave you disavow,
How little, and how mercenary now!

Almanz. Are, then, my Services no higher priz'd?
And can I fall so low to be despis'd?

Almah. Yes; for whatever may be bought, is low;
And you your self, who sell your self, are so.
Remember the great Act you did this Day:
How did your Love to Virtue then give way?
When you gave Freedom to my Captive Lord;
That Rival, who possess'd what you ador'd.
Of such a Deed what Price can there be made?
Think well; is that an Action to be paid?
It was a Miracle of Virtue shown:
And Wonders are with Wonder paid alone.
And would you all that secret Joy of Mind,
Which great Souls only in great Actions find,

All that, for one tumultuous Minute lose?

Almanz. I would that Minute before Ages chuse.
Praise is the Pay of Heav'n for doing good;
But Love's the best return for Flesh and Blood.

Almah. You've mov'd my Heart so much, I can deny
No more; but know, *Almanzor*, I can die,
Thus far my Virtue yields; if I have shown
More Love, than what I ought, let this atone.

[*Going to stab her*]

Almanz. Hold, hold!

Such fatal Proofs of Love you shall not give:
Deny me; hate me; (both are just) but live!
Your Virtue I will ne'er disturb again;
Nor dare to ask, for fear I should obtain.

Almah. 'Tis gen'rous to have conquer'd your Desire;
You mount above your Wish, and lose it higher.
There's Pride in Virtue, and a kindly Heat:
Not Feaverish, like your Love, but full as great.
Farewel; and may our Loves hereafter be,
But Image-like, to heighten Piety.

Almanz. 'Tis time I should be gone!
Alas, I am but half converted yet:
All I resolve, I with one Look forget.
And, like a Lion, whom no Arts can tame,
Shall tear, ev'n those, who would my Rage reclaim.

[*Exeunt several*]

[*Zulema and Hamet watch Almanzor; and, when
is gone, go in after the Queen.*]

Enter Abdelmelech and Lyndaraxa.

Lyndar. It is enough; you've brought me to this Place
Here stop, and urge no farther my Disgrace.
Kill me; in Death your Mercy will be seen,
But make me not a Captive to the Queen.

Abdelm. 'Tis therefore I this Punishment provide:
This only can revenge me on your Pride.
Prepare to suffer what you shun in vain;
And know, you are now to Obey, not Reign.

*Enter Almahide shrieking; her Hair loose; she runs over
the Stage.*

Almah. Help, help, O Heav'n, some help!

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Enter Zulema and Hamet.

Zul. ———— Make haste before,
And intercept her Passage to the Door.

Abdelm. Villains, what Act are you attempting here!

Almah. I thank thee, Heav'n; some Succour does appear.

[As Abdelmelech is going to help the Queen, Lyndaraxa pulls out his Sword, and holds it.]

Abdelm. With what ill Fate my good Design is curst!

Zul. We have no time to think; dispatch him first.

Abdelm. O for a Sword!

[They make at Abdelmelech; he goes off at one Door, while the Queen escapes at the other.]

Zul. Ruin'd!

Hamet. ———— Undone!

Lyndar. And, which is worst of all,
He escap'd.

Zul. ———— I hear 'em loudly call.

Lyndar. Your Fear will lose you; call as loud as they:
I have not time to teach you what to say.

The Court will, in a Moment, all be here;

But second what I say, and do not fear.

Call Help; run that way; leave the rest to me.

[Zulema and Hamet retire, and within cry, Help.]

Enter at several Doors, the King, Abenamar, Selin, Ozmyn, Almanzor, with Guards attending Boabdelin.

Boab. What can the Cause of all this Tumult be?

And what the meaning of that naked Sword?

Lyndar. I'll tell, when Fear will so much Breath afford.

The Queen and *Abdelmelech*———'Twill not out——

Ev'n I, who saw it, of the Truth yet doubt,
It seems so strange.

Almanz. ———— Did she not name the Queen!

Haste; speak,

Lyndar. ———— How dare I speak what I have seen!

With *Hamet*, and with *Zulema* I went

To pay both theirs, and my Acknowledgment

To *Almahide*; and by her Mouth implore

Your Clemency, our Fortunes to restore.

We chose this Hour, which we believ'd most free,

When she retir'd from Noise and Company.

The

The Anti-chamber past, we gently knock'd,
 (Unheard it seems) but found the Lodgings lock'd.
 In duteous Silence while we waited there,
 We, first a Noise, and then long Whispers hear.
 Yet thought it was the Queen at Pray'rs alone,
 'Till she distinctly said——If this were known,
 My Love, what Shame, what Danger would ensue!
 Yet I (and sigh'd) could venture more for you!

Boab. O Heav'n, what do I hear! *Almanz.* Let her go on.

Lyndar. And how? (then murmur'd in a bigger Tone
 Another Voice) and how should it be known?
 This Hour is from your Court-Attendants free;
 The King suspects *Almanzor*, but not me.

Zul. I find her drift; *Hamet*, be confident; [*At the Door*
 Second her Words, and fear not the Event.

Zulema and Hamet enter. The King embraces them.

Boab. Welcome, my only Friends; behold in me,
 O Kings, behold th' Effects of Clemency!
 See here the Gratitude of pardon'd Foes!
 That Life I gave 'em, they for me expose!

Hamet. Though *Abdelmelech* was our Friend before,
 When Duty call'd us he was so no more.

Almanz. Damn your Delay, you Torturers proceed,
 I will not hear one Word, but *Almahide*.

Boab. When you, within, the Traitor's Voice did hear
 What did you then?

Zul. ——I durst not trust my Ear;
 But, peeping through the Key-hole, I espy'd
 The Queen; and *Abdelmelech* by her Side:
 She on the Couch, he on her Bosom lay,
 Her Hand about his Neck his Head did stay,
 And from his Forehead wip'd the Drops away.

Boab. Go on, go on, my Friends, to clear my Doubt
 I hope I shall have Life to hear you out.

Zul. What had been, Sir, you may suspect too well;
 What follow'd, Modesty forbids to tell:
 Seeing, what we had thought beyond Belief,
 Our Hearts so swell'd with Anger and with Grief,

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That, by plain Force, we strove the Door to break.
He, fearful, and with Guilt, or Love, grown weak,
Just as we enter'd, 'scap'd the other Way;
Nor did th' amazed Queen behind him stay.

Lyndar. His Sword, in so much haste, he could not
But left this Witness of his Crime behind. [mind; }

Boab. O proud, ingrateful, faithless Womankind!
How chang'd, and what a Monster am I made!

My Love, my Honour, ruin'd and betray'd!

Almanz. Your Love and Honour! Mine are ruin'd worse:
Turies and Hell! What right have you to curse?
Fool Husband as you are——

What can your Love, or what your Honour be!
I am her Lover, and she's false to me.

Boab. Go; when the Authors of my Shame are found,
Let 'em be taken instantly, and bound:

They shall be punish'd as our Laws require:
'Tis just, that Flames should be condemn'd to Fire.
This, with the Dawn of Morning, shall be done.

Aben. You haste, too much, her Execution.
Her Condemnation ought to be deferr'd:
With Justice, none can be condemn'd unheard.

Boab. A formal Process tedious is, and long:
Besides, the Evidence is full and strong.

Lyndar. The Law demands two Witnesses: And she
Is cast (for which Heav'n knows I grieve) by three.

Ozm. Hold, Sir, since you so far insist on Law,
We can, from thence, one just Advantage draw:
That Law, which dooms Adult'resses to die,
Gives Champions too, to slander'd Chastity.

Almanz. And how dare you, who from my Bounty live,
Intrench upon my Love's Prerogative.
Your Courage in your own Concernments try;
Brothers are things remote, while I am by.

Ozm. I knew not you thus far her Cause would own;
And must not suffer you to fight alone:
Let two to two in equal Combat join;
You vindicate her Person, I her Line.

Lyndar. Of all Mankind, *Almanzor* has least right
In her Defence, who wrong'd his Love, to fight.

Almanz.

Almanz. 'Tis false; she is not ill, nor can she be;
She must be Chaste, because she's lov'd by me.

Zul. Dare you, what Sense and Reason prove, deny?

Almanz. When she's in question, Sense and Reason

Zul. For Truth, and for my injur'd Sovereign,
What I have said, I will to Death maintain.

Ozm. So foul a Falshood, whoe'er justifies,
Is basely born; and, like a Villain, lies.

In witness of that Truth, be this my Gage.

[Takes a Ring from his Finger]

Hamet. I take it; and despise a Traitor's Rage.

Boab. The Combat's yours; a Guard the Lists surround
Then raise a Scaffold in th' incompass'd Ground,
And, by it, Piles of Wood; in whose just Fire,
Her Champions slain, th' Adult'res shall expire.

Aben. We ask no Favour, but what Arms will yield.

Boab. Chuse, then, two equal Judges of the Field:
Next Morning shall decide the doubtful Strife,
Condemn th' unchaste, or quit the virtuous Wife.

Almanz. But I am both ways curs'd.——

For *Almahide* must die, if I am slain;
Or, for my Rival I the Conquest gain.

[Exit]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Almanzor solus.

I Have out-fac'd my self; and justify'd
What I knew false, to all the World beside.
She was as faithless as her Sex could be;
And, now I am alone, she's so to me.
She's fall'n! and, now, where shall we Virtue find?
She was the last that stood, of Womankind.
Could she so holily my Flames remove;
And fall that Hour to *Abdelmelech's* Love?
Yet her Protection I must undertake;
Not now for Love, but for my Honour's sake.

What mov'd me first, and must oblige me still:
My Cause is good, however hers be ill.
I'll leave her, when she's freed; and let it be
Her Punishment, she could be false to me.

To him Abdelmelech guarded.

Abdelm. Heav'n is not Heav'n; nor are there Deities.
There is some new Rebellion in the Skies.
All that was Good and Holy is dethron'd,
And Lust and Rapine are for Justice own'd.

Almanz. 'Tis true; what Justice in that Heav'n can be,
Which thus affronts me with the Sight of thee?
Why must I be from just Revenge debarr'd?
Chains are thy Arms, and Prisons are thy Guard:
The Death thou dy'st may, to a Husband, be
A Satisfaction; but 'tis none to me.
My Love would Justice to it self afford;
But now thou creep'st to Death, below my Sword.

Abdelm. This Threatning would show better, were I free.

Almanz. No; wert thou freed, I would not threaten
thee:

This Arm should then.—— But now it is too late!——
I could redeem thee to a nobler Fate.

As some huge Rock,
Rent from its Quarry, does the Waves divide,
So I——

Would sowze upon thy Guards, and dash 'em wide:
Then, to my Rage left naked and alone,
Thy too much Freedom thou should'st soon bemoan;
Dar'd, like a Lark, that on the the open Plain,
Pursu'd and cuff'd, seeks Shelter now in vain;
So on the Ground would'st thou expecting lye,
Not daring to afford me Victory.

But yet thy Fate's not ripe; it is decreed,
Before thou dy't, that *Almahide* be freed.
My Honour first her Danger must remove,
And then revenge on thee my injur'd Love.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

The

The SCENE changes to the Vivarambla; and appears fill'd with Spectators: A Scaffold built with Black, &c.

Enter the Queen guarded, with Esperanza.

Almah. See how the gazing People crowd the Place,
All gaping to be fill'd with my Disgrace. [*A Shout within*
That Shout, like the hoarse Peals of Vultures, rings,
When, over fighting Fields, they beat their Wings.
Let never Woman trust in Innocence,
Or think her Chastity its own Defence.
Mine has betray'd me to this publick Shame:
And Virtue, which I serv'd, is but a Name.

Esper. Leave then that Shadow, and for Succour fly
To him we serve, the Christians Deity.
Virtue's no God, nor has she Pow'r Divine:
But he protects it, who did first enjoin.
Trust, then, in him; and, from his Grace, implore
Faith to believe, what rightly we adore.

Almah. Thou Pow'r unknown, if I have err'd, forgive
My Infancy was taught what I believe.
But if thy Christians truly worship thee,
Let me thy Godhead in thy Succour see:
So shall thy Justice in my Safety shine,
And all my Days, which thou shalt add, be thine.

Enter the King, Abenamar, Lyndaraxa, Benzayda: Then Abdelmelech guarded. And after him Selin and Albez, as Judges of the Field.

Boab. You Judges of the Field, first take your Place:
Th' Accusers and Accus'd bring Face to Face.
Set Guards, and let the Lists be open'd wide;
And may just Heav'n assist the juster Side.

Almah. What, not one tender Look, one passing Word
Farewel, my much unkind, but still lov'd Lord.
Your Throne was for my humble Fate too high,
And therefore Heav'n thinks fit that I should die.
My Story be forgot, when I am dead;
Lest it should fright some other from your Bed:

And

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d, to forget me, may you soon adore
me happier Maid, (yet none could love you more.)
t may you never think me innocent;
st it should cause you Trouble to repent.

Boab. 'Tis pity so much Beauty should not live; [*Aside.*
t I too much am injur'd to forgive. [*Goes to his Seat.*

*Trumpets: Then enter two Moors bearing two naked Swords
before the Accusers Zulema and Hamet, who follow
them. The Judges seat themselves; the Queen and
Abdelmelech are led to the Scaffold.*

Alabex. Say for what End you thus in Arms appear:
What are your Names, and what demand you here?

Zul. The Zegrys ancient Race our Lineage claims;
And Zulema and Hamet are our Names.

Like Loyal Subjects in these Lists we stand,
And Justice in our King's Behalf demand.

Hamet. For whom, in witness of what both have seen,
Bound by our Duty, we appeach the Queen
And Abdelmelech, of Adultery.

Zul. Which, like true Knights, we will maintain, or die.

Alabex. Swear on the *Alcoran* your Cause is right;
And Mahomet so prosper you in Fight.

[*They touch their Foreheads with the Alcoran, and bow.*
*Trumpets on the other side of the Stage; two Moors as before;
with bare Swords before Almanzor and Ozmyn.*

Selin. Say for what End you thus in Arms appear:
What are your Names, and what demand you here?

Almanz. *Ozmyn* is his, *Almanzor* is my Name;
We come as Champions of the Queen's fair Fame.

Ozm. To prove these Zegrys, like false Traitors, lie;
Which, like true Knights, we will maintain, or die.

Selin. to Almah. Madam, do you for Champions take
their Success to live or die? [these two;

Almah. ——— I do.

Selin. Swear on the *Alcoran* your Cause is right;
And Mahomet so prosper you in Fight.

[*They kiss the Alcoran.*

[*Ozmyn and Benzayda Embrace, and take Leave in
dumb show; while Lyndaraxa speaks to her Bro-
thers.*

Lyndar.

Lyndar. If you o'ercome, let neither of them live;
But use, with Care, th' Advantages I give:
One of their Swords in Fight shall useless be;
The Bearer of it is suborn'd by me.

[She and Benzayda retire]

Alabez. Now, Principals and Seconds, all advance,
And each of you assist his Fellow's Chance.

Selin. The Wind and Sun we equally divide;
So, let th' Event of Arms the Truth decide.
The Chances of the Fight, and ev'ry Wound,
The Trumpets, on the Victor's part, resound.

[The Trumpets sound; Almanzor and Zulema meet in fight; Ozmyn and Hamet; after some Passes, the Sound of Ozmyn breaks; he retires defending himself, and is wounded; the Zegrys Trumpets sound their Advancement; Almanzor, in the mean time, drives Zulema to the farther end of the Stage; 'till hearing the Trumpets of the adverse Party, he looks back and sees Ozmyn's fortune; he makes at Zulema just as Ozmyn falls, retiring, and Hamet is thrusting at him.

Hamet to Ozmyn thrusting,

Our Diff'rence now shall soon determin'd be.

Almanz. Hold, Traitor, and defend thy self from me.
[Hamet leaves Ozmyn, (who cannot rise) and both Hamet and Zulema fall on Almanzor, and press him; he retires, and Hamet, advancing first, is run through the Body and falls. The Queen's Trumpets sound. Almanzor pursues Zulema.

Lyndar. I must make haste some Remedy to find:—
Treason, Almanzor, Treason; look behind.

[Almanzor looks behind him to see who calls, and Zulema takes the Advantage and Wounds him; the Zegrys Trumpets sound: Almanzor turns upon Zulema and Wounds him; he falls. The Queen's Trumpets sound.

Almanz. Now Triumph in thy Sister's Treachery.

[Stabbing]

Zul. Hold, hold; I have enough to make me die.
But, that I may in Peace resign my Breath,
I must confess my Crime before my Death.

ne is the Guilt; the Queen is innocent:
 ov'd her; and, to compass my Intent,
 d Force; which *Abdelmelech* did prevent.
 he Lie my Sister forg'd: But, O! my Fate
 Comes on too soon, and I repent too late.
 ir Queen, forgive; and let my Penitence
 Expiate some part of——

[*Dies.*

Almah. —— Ev'n thy whole Offence!

Almanz. to the Judges. If ought remains in the Sulta-
 here am ready to fulfil the Laws. [na's Cause,

Selin. The Law is fully satisfy'd, and we
 onounce the Queen and *Abdelmelech* free.

Abdelm. Heav'n thou art just!

[*The Judges rise from their Seats, and go before Almanzor
 to the Queen's Scaffold; he unbinds the Queen and Ab-
 delmelech; they all go off, the People shouting, and the
 Trumpets sounding the while.*

Boab. Before we pay our Thanks, or show our Joy;

at us our needful Charity employ.

me skilful Surgeon speedily be found,

Apply fit Remedies to *Ozmyn's* Wound.

Benz. running to Ozm. That be my Charge; my Linnen

I will tear:

ash it with Tears, and bind it with my Hair.

Ozm. With how much Pleasure I my Pains endure!

and bless the Wound which causes such a Cure.

[*Exit Ozmyn, led by Benzayda and Abenamar.*

Boab. Some from the Place of Combat bear the Slain:

ext *Lyndaraxa's* Death I should ordain:

let her, who this Mischief did contrive,

ever banish'd from *Granada* live.

Lyndar. Thou shouldst have punish'd more, or not at all:

her thou hast not ruin'd, thou shalt fall. [*Aside.*

the *Zegrys* shall revenge their branded Line:

ray their Gate, and with the Christians join.

[*Exit Lyndaraxa with Alabez; the Bodies of her Bro-
 thers are born after her.*

Almanzor, Almahide and Esperanza re-enter to the King.

Almah. The Thanks thus paid, which first to Heav'n

next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you: [were due,

Some-

Somewhat there is, of more Concernment, too,
Which 'tis not fit you should, in publick, know.
First let your Wounds be dress'd with speedy Care;
And then you shall th'important Secret share.

Almanz. When e'er you speak,
Were my Wounds Mortal, they should still bleed on;
And I would listen 'till my Life were gone:
My Soul should, ev'n for your last Accent, stay;
And then shoot out, and with such speed obey,
It should not Bait at Heav'n to stop its Way. [*Exit Almanz.*]

Boab. 'Tis true, *Almanzor* did her Honour save; [*Al*]
But yet what private Business can they have!
Such Freedom Virtue will not sure allow;
I cannot clear my Heart; but must my Brow:

He approaches Almahide.

Welcome again my Virtuous, Loyal Wife;
Welcome to Love, to Honour, and to Life. ———

[*Goes to Salute her, she starts back*]

You seem ———

As if you from a loath'd Embrace did go!

Almah. Then briefly will I speak, (since you must know
What to the World my future Acts will show:)
But hear me first, and then my Reasons weigh:
'Tis known how Duty led me to obey
My Father's Choice; and how I since did live,
You, Sir, can best your Testimony give.
How to your Aid I have *Almanzor* brought,
When by rebellious Crowds your Life was sought;
Then, how I bore your causeless Jealousie,
(For I must speak) and after set you free,
When you were Pris'ner in the Chance of War;
These, sure, are Proofs of Love ———

Boab. ——— I grant they are.

Almah. And could you, then, O cruelly unkind,
So illreward such Tenderness of Mind!
Could you, denying what our Laws afford
The meanest Subject, on a Traitor's Word,
Unheard, condemn, and suffer me to go
To Death, and yet no common Pity show!

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Boab. Love fill'd my Heart ev'n to the Brim before;
And then, with too much Jealousie, boil'd o'er.

Almah. Be't Love or Jealousie, 'tis such a Crime,
That I'm forewarn'd to trust a second time.

Now then, my Pray'rs to them shall never cease
To crown your Arms with War, your Wars with Peace:
From this Day, I will not know your Bed.

So *Almahide* still lives, your Wife is dead:
And, with her, dies a Love so pure and true,
That could be kill'd by nothing but by you. [*Exit Almah.*]

Boab. Yes, you will spend your Life in Pray'rs for me;
And yet this Hour my hated Rival see.

How might a Husband's Jealousie forgive;

That she will only for *Almanzor* live.

He is resolv'd; I will, my self, provide

That Vengeance, which my useless Laws deny'd:

And, by *Almanzor's* Death, at once remove

The Rival of my Empire, and my Love. [*Exit Boab.*]

Enter *Almahide*, led by *Almanzor*, and follow'd by *Esperanza*;
She speaks entering.

Almah. How much, *Almanzor*, to your Aid I owe,
Unable to repay, I blush to know.

But, forc'd by Need, e'er I can clear that Score,
Like ill Debtors, come to borrow more.

Almanz. Your new Commands I on my Knees attend:
I was created for no other end.

Born to be yours, I do, by Nature, serve:

And, like the lab'ring Beast, no Thanks deserve.

Almah. Yet first your Virtue to your Succour call,
For, in this hard Command, you'll need it all.

Almanz. I stand prepar'd; and whatsoe'er it be,
Nothing is hard to him who loves like me.

Almah. Then know, I from your Love must yet implore
One Proof:—that you would never see me more.

Almanz. I must confess, [*Starting back.*]
For this last Stroke I did no Guard provide;

I could suspect no Foe was near that Side:

From Winds and thick'ning Clouds we Thunder fear:

None dread it from that Quarter which is clear.

And

And I would fain believe, 'tis but your Art
To shew

You knew where deepest you could wound my Heart.

Almah. So much Respect is to your Passion due,
That sure I could not practise Arts on you.

But, that you may not doubt what I have said,
This Hour I have renounc'd my Husband's Bed:
Judge then how much my Fame would injur'd be,
If, leaving him, I should a Lover see!

Almanz. If his Unkindness have deserv'd that Curse,
Must I, for loving well, be punish'd worse?

Almah. Neither your Love nor Merits I compare:
But my unspotted Name must be my Care.

Almanz. I have this Day establish'd its Renown. [down]

Almah. Would you so soon, what you have rais'd, thro'

Almanz. But, Madam, is not yours a greater Guilt,
To ruin him who has that Fabrick built?

Almah. No Lover should his Mistress Pray'rs withstand
Yet you condemn my absolute Command.

Almanz. 'Tis not Contempt,
When your Command is issu'd out too late:
'Tis past my Pow'r; and all beyond is Fate.
I scarce could leave you, when to Exile sent;
Much less, when now recall'd from Banishment:
For if that Heat your Glances cast were strong;
Your Eyes, like Glasses, fire, when held so long.

Almah. Then, since you needs will all my Weakness
I love you; and so well, that you must go: [know
I am so much oblig'd, and have, withal,
A Heart so boundless and so prodigal,
I dare not trust my self, or you, to stay;
But, like frank Gamesters, must forswear the Play.

Almanz. Fate, thou art kind, to strike so hard a Blow
I am quite stunn'd, and past all feeling, now.

Yet——can you tell me you have Pow'r and Will
To save my Life, and, at that instant, kill?

Almah. This, had you stay'd, you never must have
But, now you go, I may with Honour own. [know

Almanz. But, Madam, I am forc'd to disobey:
In your Defence my Honour bids me stay.

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mis'd to secure your Life and Throne,
Heav'n be thank'd, that Work is yet undone.

Amah. I here make void that Promise which you made;
now I have no farther need of Aid.

Vow, which to my plighted Lord was giv'n,
must not break; but may transfer to Heav'n:
I will with Vestals live!

I need no Guard at a Religious Door;
I will disturb the Praying and the Poor.

Amanz. Let me but near that happy Temple stay,
tho' the Grates, peep on you once a Day;
I wish'd Hope I would no Banquet give:
I cannot starve, and wish but just to live.

I, as a drowning Man

often, and does still more faintly rise,
his last Hold catching whate'er he spies;
fall'n from those proud Hopes I had before,
Aid I for a dying Wretch implore.

Amah. I cannot your hard Destiny withstand;
Boabdelin and Guards above.

Slip, like bending Rushes, from your Hand.
All at once, since you must sink at last.

Amanz. Can you that last Relief of Sight remove,
and thrust me out the utmost Line of Love!

Then, since my Hopes of Happiness are gone,
I'd all Favours, I will seize this one.

[*Catches her Hand and kisses it.*

Amah. My just Revenge no longer I'll forbear:

I've seen too much; I need not stay to hear. [*Descends.*

Amanz. As a small Shower

the parch'd Earth does some Refreshment give,

In the Strength of this, one Day I'll live:

Day,—a Year,—an Age,—for ever, now;

[*Betwixt each Word he kisses her Hand by force;
she struggling.*

And from ev'ry Touch a new Soul flow.

[*She snatches her Hand away.*

I hop'd Eternity of Joy is past!

It was insupportable, and could not last.

Were

Were Heav'n not made of less, or duller Joy,
'Twould break each Minute, and it self destroy.

Enter King and Guards below.

Boab. This, this is he, for whom thou didst deny
To share my Bed:—Let 'em together die.

Almah. Hear me, my Lord.

Boab. ——— Your flatt'ring Arts are vain:
Make haste; and execute what I ordain. *[To the Guards]*

Almanz. Cut piece-meal, in this Cause,
From ev'ry Wound I should new Vigour take:
And ev'ry Limb should new *Almanzors* make.

*[He puts himself before the Queen;
Guards attack him, with the King]*

Enter Abdelmelech.

Abdelm. What angry God, to exercise his Spight,

Has arm'd your left Hand, to cut off your right?

[The King turns, the Fight continues]

Haste, not to give, but to prevent a Fate:

The Foes are enter'd at th' *Elvira* Gate:

False *Lyndaraxa* has the Town betray'd,
And all the *Zegrys* give the *Spaniards* Aid.

Boab. O Mischief, not suspected nor foreseen!

Abdelm. Already they have gain'd the *Zacatin*,
And, thence, the *Vivarambla* Place possess'd:
While our faint Soldiers scarce defend the rest.
The Duke of *Arcos* does one Squadron head;
The next by *Ferdinand* himself is led.

Almah. Now, brave *Almanzor*, be a God again;
Above our Crimes and your own Passions reign.
My Lord has been, by Jealousie, mis-led,
To think I was not faithful to his Bed.
I can forgive him, tho' my Death he sought;
For too much Love can never be a Fault.
Protect him, then; and, what to his Defence
You give not, give to clear my Innocence.

Almanz. Listen, sweet Heav'n; and, all ye Bless'd above,
Take Rules of Virtue from a Mortal Love.
You've rais'd my Soul; and, if it mount more high,
'Tis as the Wren did on the Eagle fly.

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es, I once more will my Revenge neglect:

nd, whom you can forgive, I can protect.

Boab. How hard a Fate is mine, still doom'd to Shame;
make Occasions for my Rival's Fame!

[*Exeunt. An Alarm within.*]

Enter Ferdinand, Isabella, Don Alonzo d'Aguilar; Spaniards and Ladies.

K. Ferd. Already more than half the Town is gain'd:
at there is yet a doubtful Fight maintain'd.

Alonzo. The fierce young King the enter'd does attack,
and the more fierce *Almanzor* drives 'em back.

K. Ferd. The valiant *Moors* like raging Lions fight;
with Youth encourag'd by his Lady's Sight.

Q. Isabel. I will advance with such a shining Train,
that Moorish Beauties shall oppose in vain:

to the Press of clashing Swords we'll go;

and, where the Darts fly thickest, seek the Foe.

K. Ferd. May Heav'n, which has inspir'd this gen'rous
heart those Dangers you have boldly sought. [Thought,

Call up more Troops; the Women, to our Shame,

will ravish from the Men their Part of Fame.

[*Exeunt Isabella and Ladies.*]

Enter Alabez, and kisses the King's Hand.

Alabez. Fair *Lyndaraxa*, and the *Zegry* Line,
we led their Forces with your Troops to join:

adverse Part, which obstinately fought,
broke; and *Abdelmelech* Pris'ner brought.

K. Ferd. Fair *Lyndaraxa*, and her Friends, shall find
Effects of an oblig'd and grateful Mind.

Alabez. But, marching by the *Vivarambla* Place,

Combat carry'd a more doubtful Face:

at vast Square the *Moors* and *Spaniards* met;

the fierce Conflict is continu'd yet.

with Advantage on the adverse Side,

in fierce *Almanzor* does to Conquest guide.

K. Ferd. With my *Castilian* Foot I'll meet his Rage;

going out: Shouts within are heard, Victoria, Victoria.

these loud Clamours better News preface.

Enter the Duke of Arcos, and Soldiers; their Swords drawn and bloody.

D. Arcos. Granada now is yours; and there remain
No Moors, but such as own the Pow'r of Spain.
That Squadron, which their King in Person led,
We charg'd; but found *Almanzor* in their Head.
Three sever'al times we did the Moors attack,
And thrice, with Slaughter, did he drive us back.
Our Troops then shrunk; and still we lost more Ground
'Till from our Queen, we needful Succour found.
Her Guards to our Assistance bravely flew,
And, with fresh Vigour, did the Fight renew.
At the same time——

Did *Lyndaraxa* with her Troops appear,
And, while we charg'd the Front, engag'd the Rear.
Then fell the King, (slain by a *Zegry's* Hand.)

K. Ferd. How could he such united Force withstand?

D. Arcos. Discourag'd with his Death, the *Moorish* Power
Fell back; and, falling back, were press'd by ours.
But, as when Winds and Rain together croud,
They swell till they have burst the bladder'd Cloud;
And first the Lightning, flashing deadly clear,
Flies, falls, consumes, kills e'er it does appear:
So, from his shrinking Troops, *Almanzor* flew;
Each Blow gave Wounds, and with each Wound he drew
His Force at once I envy'd and admir'd;
And, rushing forward, where my Men retir'd,
Advanc'd alone.

K. Ferd. —— You hazarded too far
Your Person, and the Fortune of the War.

D. Arcos. Already both our Arms for Fight did bare
Already held 'em threatning in the Air:
When Heav'n (it must be Heav'n) my Sight did guide
To view his Arm, upon whose Wrist I spy'd
A Ruby Cross in Diamond Bracelets ty'd.
And just above it, in the brawnier part,
By Nature was engrav'd a bloody Heart.
Struck with these Tokens, which so well I knew,
And staggr'ing back, some Paces I withdrew;

He follow'd, and suppos'd it was my Fear:
 When, from above, a shrill Voice reach'd his Ear;
 Strike not thy Father, it was heard to cry;
 Amaz'd, and casting round his wond'ring Eye,
 He stopp'd; then, thinking that his Fears were vain,
 He lifted up his thund'ring Arm again:
 Again the Voice with-held him from my Death:
 Spare, spare his Life, it cry'd, who gave thee Breath.
 Once more he stopp'd; then threw his Sword away;
 Bless'd Shade, he said, I hear thee, I obey
 Thy sacred Voice; then, in the sight of all,
 He at my Feet, I on his Neck did fall.

K. Ferd. O bless'd Event! —

D. Arcos. — The *Moors* no longer fought:
 But all their Safety, by Submission, sought:
 Mean time my Son grew faint with loss of Blood:
 And, on his bending Sword supported, stood,
 Yet, with a Voice beyond his Strength, he cry'd,
 Lead me to live, or die, by *Almahide*.

K. Ferd. I am not for his Wounds less griev'd than you.
 For if, what now my Soul divines, proves true,
 This is that Son, whom in his Infancy
 You lost, when by my Father forc'd to fly.

D. Arcos. His Sister's Beauty did my Passion move,
 The Crime for which I suffer'd was my Love.)
 Our Marriage known, to Sea we took our Flight:
 Here, in a Storm, *Almanzor* first saw Light.
 In his right Arm, a bloody Heart was grav'd,
 The Mark by which, this Day, my Life was sav'd.)
 The Bracelets and the Cross, his Mother ty'd
 About his Wrist, e'er she in Child-bed dy'd.

Now we were Captives made, when she was dead;
 And how *Almanzor* was in *Africk* bred,
 The other Hour you may at leisure hear,
 When the Queen, in Triumph, does appear.

Our *Queen* *Isabella*, *Lyndaraxa*, *Ladies*, *Moors* and *Spaniards*
 Werd as *Guards*. *Abdelmelech*, *Abenamar*, *Selin*, *Prisoners*.

K. Ferd. embracing Q. Isabel. All Stories, which *Granada's*
Conquest tell,
 Celebrate the Name of *Isabel*.

Your Ladies too, who, in their Country's Cause,
Led on the Men, shall share in your Applause:
And for your sakes, henceforward, I ordain,
No Lady's Dow'r shall question'd be in *Spain*.
Fair *Lyndaraxa*, for the Help she lent,
Shall, under Tribute, have this Government.

Abdelm. O Heav'n, that I should live to see this Day!

Lyndar. You murmur now, but you shall soon obey.
I knew this Empire to my Fate was ow'd:
Heav'n held it back as long as e're it could.
For thee, base Wretch, I want a Torture yet— [To *Abdelm.*
——I'll Cage thee, thou shalt be my *Bajazet*.

I on no Pavement but on thee will tread;
And, when I mount, my Foot shall know thy Head.

Abdelm. *Stabbing her with a Ponyard.* This first shall
know thy Heart.

Lyndar. ————— O! I am Slain!

Abdelm. Now boast, thy Country is betray'd to *Spain*.

K. Ferd. Look to the Lady,——Seize the Murderer.

Abdelm. *Stabbing himself.* I do my self that Justice
did her.

Thy Blood I to thy ruin'd Country give, [To *Lyndar*
But love too well, thy Murther to out-live.
Forgive a Love, excus'd by its excess,
Which, had it not been cruel, had been less.

Condemn my Passion, then, but pardon me;
And think I murder'd him, who murder'd thee. [To *Abdelm.*

Lyndar. Die for us both; I have not leisure now;
A Crown is come, and will not Fate allow:
And yet I feel something, like Death, is near:
My Guards, my Guards;——

Let not that ugly Skeleton appear.
Sure Destiny mistakes; this Death's not mine;
She dotes, and meant to cut another Line.

Tell her I am a Queen;——but 'tis too late;
Dying, I charge Rebellion on my Fate:

Bow down ye Slaves—— [To the *Moslems*

Bow quickly down, and your Submission show. [To *Them*
I'm pleas'd to taste an Empire e'er I go.

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Selin. She's dead, and here her proud Ambition ends.

Aben. Such Fortune still such black Designs attends.

K. Ferd. Remove those mournful Objects from our Eyes;
And see perform'd their Fun'ral Obsequies.

[*The Bodies carry'd off.*]

Enter Almanzor and Almahide, Ozmyn and Benzayda.

Almahide brought in a Chair: Almanzor led betwixt Soldiers: Isabella Salutes Almahide in dumb show.

D. Arcos. presenting Almanzor to the King. See here that Son, whom I with Pride call mine;

And who dishonours not your Royal Line.

K. Ferd. I'm now secure, this Scepter, which I gain,
Shall be continu'd in the Pow'r of Spain;

Since he, who could alone my Foes defend,

By Birth and Honour is become my Friend.

Yet I can own no Joy, nor Conquest boast, [*To Almanz.*]
While in this Blood I see how dear it cost.

Almanz. This Honour to my Veins new Blood will bring:
Streams cannot fail, fed by so high a Spring:

At all Court-Customs I so little know,

That I may fail in those Respects I owe.

Bring a Heart which Homage never knew;

Yet it finds something of it self in you:

Something so kingly, that my haughty Mind

Drawn to yours; because 'tis of a Kind.

[*D.*] *Q. Isabel.* And yet, that Soul, which bears its self so high,
I fame be true, admits a Sovereignty.

This Queen, in her fair Eyes, such Fetters brings,

A Chain that Heart, which scorns the Pow'r of Kings.

Almah. Little of Charm in these sad Eyes appears;

They had any, now 'tis lost in Tears.

Crown, and Husband, ravish'd in one Day,

Chuse a Grief, I cannot chuse but pay.

Q. Isabel. Have Courage, Madam, Heav'n has Joys in store
To recompence those Losses you deplore.

Almah. I know your God can all my Woes redress;

[*They*] Whom I made my Vows in my Distress.

What a Misbeliever vow'd this Day,

Though not a Queen, a Christian yet shall pay.

Q. *Isabel. embracing her.* That Christian Name you
shall receive from me;
And *Isabella* of *Granada* be.

Benz. This blessed Change we all with Joy receive;
And beg to learn that Faith which you believe.

Q. *Isabel.* With Rev'rence for those Holy Rites prepare;
And all commit your Fortunes to my Care.

K. *Ferd. to Almah.* You, Madam, by that Crown you
lose, may gain,
If you accept a Coronet of *Spain*;
Of which *Almanzor's* Father stands possessor.

Q. *Isabel. to Almah.* May you in him, and he in you
be blest.

Almah. I owe my Life and Honour to his Sword;
But owe my Love to my departed Lord.

Almanz. Thus, when I have no living Force to dread,
Fate finds me Enemies amongst the dead.
I'm now to conquer Ghosts, and to destroy
The strong Impressions of a Bridal Joy.

Almah. You've yet a greater Foe, than these can be;
Virtue opposes you, and Modesty.

Almanz. From a false Fear that Modesty does grow;
And thinks true Love, because 'tis fierce, its Foe.
'Tis but the Wax whose Seals on Virgins stay;
Let it approach Love's Fire, 'twill melt away.
But I have liv'd too long; I never knew,
When Fate was conquer'd, I must Combat you,
I thought to climb the steep Ascent of Love;
But did not think to find a Foe above.
'Tis time to die, when you my Bar must be,
Whose Aid alone could give me Victory.
Without——

I'll pull up all the Sluces of the Flood:

And Love, within, shall boil out all my Blood.

Q. *Isabel.* Fear not your Love should find so sad Success;
While I have Pow'r to be your Patroness.
I am her Parent, now, and may command
So much of Duty, as to give her Hand.

[Gives him *Almahide's* Hand]

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Almah. Madam, I never can dispute your Pow'r,
As a Parent, or a Conqueror.

But, when my Year of Widowhood expires,
I shall yield to your Command, and his Desires.

Almanz. Move swiftly, Sun; and fly a Lover's pace.
Leave Weeks and Months behind thee in thy Race!

X. Ferd. Mean time, you shall my Victories pursue,
The Moors in Woods and Mountains to subdue.

Almanz. The Toils of War shall help to wear each Day,
And Dreams of Love shall drive my Nights away.

Our Banners to th' *Alhambra's* Turrets bear;

Then, wave our conquering Crosses in the Air;

And cry, with Shouts of Triumph; Live and Reign,

Great *Ferdinand* and *Isabel* of Spain. [Exeunt omnes.



EPILOGUE

THEY who have best succeeded on the Stage,
 Have still conform'd their Genius to their Age.
 Thus Johnson did Mechanick Humour show,
 When Men were dull, and Conversation low.
 Then Comedy was faultless, but 'twas coarse:
 Cobb's Tankard was a Jest, and Otter's Horse.
 And, as their Comedy, their Love was mean;
 Except, by chance, in some one labour'd Scene:
 Which must atone for an ill-written Play.
 They rose; but at their Height could seldom stay.
 Fame then was cheap; and the first Corner sped:
 And they have kept it since, by being dead.
 But, were they now to write, when Criticks weigh
 Each Line, and ev'ry Word, throughout a Play,
 None of 'em, no not Johnson in his Height,
 Could pass, without allowing Grains for Weight.
 Think it not Envy, that these Truths are told;
 Our Poet's not malicious, though he's bold.
 'Tis not to brand 'em that their Faults are shown,
 But, by their Errors, to excuse his own.
 If Love and Honour now are higher rais'd,
 'Tis not the Poet, but the Age is prais'd.
 Wit's now arriv'd to a more high Degree;
 Our native Language more refin'd and free.
 Our Ladies and our Men now speak more Wit,
 In Conversation, than those Poets writ.
 Then, one of these is, consequently, true;
 That what this Poet writes, comes short of you,
 And imitates you ill, (which most he fears)
 Or else his Writing is not worse than theirs.
 Yet, though you judge, (as sure the Criticks will)
 That some before him writ with greater Skill:
 In this one Praise he has their Fame surpass,
 To please an Age more Gallant than the last.





D E F E N C E

OF THE

EPILOGUE:

O R,

*An ESSAY on the DRAMATICK
POETRY of the last Age.*

THE Promises of Authors, that they will write again, are in effect, a threatning of their Readers with some new Impertinence, and they who perform not what they promise, will have their Pardon on easie Terms. 'Tis from this Consideration that I could be glad to spare you the Trouble which I am now giving you, of a Postscript, if I were not oblig'd by many Reasons to write somewhat concerning our present Plays, and the Use of our Predecessors on the *English* Stage. The Truth is, I have so far engag'd my self in a bold *Epilogue* to this Play, wherein I have somewhat tax'd the former writing, that it was necessary for me either not to print, or to show that I could defend it. Yet, I would so

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Defence of the Epilogue.

maintain my Opinion of the present Age, as not to be wanting in my Veneration for the past: I would ascribe to dead Authors their just Praises, in those things wherein they have excell'd us: and in those wherein we contend with them for the Preheminence, I would acknowledge our Advantages to the Age, and claim no Victory from our Wit. This being what I have propos'd to myself, I hope I shall not be thought arrogant when I inquire into their Errors. For we live in an Age so sceptical, that as it determines little, so it takes nothing from Antiquity on trust, and I profess to have no other Ambition in this Essay, than that Poetry may not go backward when all other Arts and Sciences are advancing. Whoever censures me for this Inquiry, let him hear his Character from *Horace*:

*Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraque Lividus odit.*

He favours not dead Wits, but hates the living.

It was upbraided to that excellent Poet that he was Enemy to the Writings of his Predecessor *Lucilius*, because he had said, *Lucilium luculentum fluere*, that he was muddy; and that he ought to have retrench'd from his Satyrs many unnecessary Verses. But *Horace* makes *Lucilius* himself to justify him from the Imputation of Envy, by telling you that he would have done the same had he lived in an Age which was more refin'd.

*Si foret hoc nostrum, fato, delapsus in avum,
Detraheret sibi multa, recederet omne quod ultra
Perfectum traheretur: &c.*

And, both in the whole Course of that Satyr, and in his most admirable Epistle to *Augustus*, he makes it his Business to prove that Antiquity alone is no Plea for the Excellency of a Poem: but, that one Age learning from another, the last (if we can suppose an Equality of Wit

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Writers,) has the Advantage of knowing more, and better than the former. And this I think is the state of the Question in dispute. It is therefore my Part to make clear, that the Language, Wit, and Conversation of our Age are improv'd and refin'd above the last: and then will not be difficult to infer, that our Plays have receiv'd some Part of those Advantages.

In the first Place, therefore, it will be necessary to state in general, what this Refinement is of which we treat; and that I think will not be defin'd amiss, *An Improvement of our Wit, Language, and Conversation: Or, an Alteration in them for the better.*

To begin with *Language*. That an Alteration is lately made in ours, or since the Writers of the last Age (in which I comprehend *Shakespeare*, *Fletcher* and *Johnson*) is manifest. Any Man who reads those excellent Poets, and compares their Language with what is now written, will see it almost in every Line. But, that this is an Improvement of the Language, or an Alteration for the better, will not so easily be granted. For many are of a contrary Opinion, that the *English* Tongue was then in the height of its Perfection; that from *Johnson's* time to ours, it has been in a continual Declination; like that of the *Romans* from the Age of *Virgil* to *Statius*, and so downward to *Claudian*: of which, not only *Petronius*, but *Quintilian* himself so much complains, under the Person of *Secundus*, in his famous Dialogue *de causis corruptæ eloquentiæ*. But, to shew that our Language is improv'd, and that those People have not a just Value for the Age in which they live, let us consider in what the Refinement of a Language principally consists: that is, either in rejecting old Words or Phrases which are ill sounding, or improper, or in admitting new, which are more proper, more sounding and more significant.

The Reader will easily take Notice, that when I speak of rejecting improper Words and Phrases, I mention not such as are antiquated by Custom only; and, as I may say, without any Fault of theirs: For in this Case the Refinement can be but accidental; that is, when the

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Words and Phrases which are rejected happen to be improper. Neither would I be understood (when I speak of Impropriety in Language) either wholly to accuse the last Age, or to excuse the present; and least of all myself. For all Writers have their Imperfections and Failings: but I may safely conclude in the general, that our Improprieties are less frequent, and less gross than theirs. One Testimony of this is undeniable, that we are the first who have observ'd them: And, certainly, to observe Errors is a great Step to the correcting of them. But, Malice and Partiality set apart, let any Man who understands *English* read diligently the Works of *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher*; and I dare undertake that he will find, in every Page either some *Solecism* of Speech, or some notorious Flaw in Sense: and yet these Men are reverenc'd when we are not forgiven. That their Wit is great, and many times their Expressions noble, Envy it self cannot deny.

———*Neque ego illis detrabere ausim
Hærentem capiti, multa cum laude, coronum.*

But the Times were ignorant in which they liv'd. Poetry was then, if not in its Infancy among us, at least not arriv'd to its Vigour and Maturity: Witness the lameness of their Plots; many of which, especially those which they writ first, (for even that Age refin'd it self in some Measure) were made up of some ridiculous, incoherent Story, which in one Play many times took up the Business of an Age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, nor the Historical Plays of *Shakespeare*. Besides many of the rest, as the *Winters Tale*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on Impossibilities, or at least, so meanly written, that the Comedy neither caus'd your Mirth, nor the serious Part your Concernment. If I would expatiate on this Subject I could easily demonstrate that our admir'd *Fletcher*, who writ after him, neither understood correct Plotting, nor that which they call *the Decorum of the Stage*. I would not search in his worst Plays for Examples: He who

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consider his *Philaster*, his *Humorous Lieutenant*, his *Faithful Shepherdess*, and many others which I could name, will find them much below the Applause which is now given them: He will see *Philaster* wounding his Mistress, and afterwards his Boy, to save himself: Not to mention the Clown who enters immediately, and not only has the Advantage of the Combat against the Heroe, but diverts you from your serious Concernment, with his ridiculous and absurd Raillery. In his *Humorous Lieutenant* you find his *Demetrius* and *Leontius* staying in the midst of a routed Army to hear the cold Mirth of the *Lieutenant*; and *Demetrius* afterwards appearing with a Pistol in his Hand, in the next Age to *Alexander* the Great. And for his *Shepherd*, he falls twice into the former Indecency of wounding Women: But these Absurdities, which those Poets committed, may more properly be called the Age's Fault than theirs. For, besides the Want of Education and Learning, (which was their particular Unhappiness) they wanted the Benefit of Converse: But of that, I shall speak hereafter, in a Place more proper for it. Their Audiences knew no better; and therefore were satisfy'd with what they brought. Those who call theirs the *Golden Age of Poetry*, have only this Reason for it, that they were then content with Acorns; before they knew the Use of Bread; or that "Ἀλὶς δρυὸς was become a Proverb. They had many who admir'd them, and few who nam'd them: And, certainly a severe Critick is the greatest help to a good Wit: He does the Office of a Friend, while he designs that of an Enemy; and his Malice keeps a Poet within those Bounds, which the Luxuriancy of his Fancy would tempt him to over-leap.

But it is not their Plots which I meant, principally, to tax: I was speaking of their Sense and Language; and dare almost challenge any Man to show me a Page together, which is correct in both. As for *Ben. Johnson*, I am loath to name him, because he is a most Judicious Writer; yet he very often falls into these Errors. And I once more beg the Reader's Pardon, for accusing him or them.

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Only let him consider that I live in an Age where my least Faults are severely censur'd: And that I have no way left to extenuate my Failings but my showing as great in those whom we admire.

Cœdimus inque vicem præbemus cura sagittis.

I cast my Eyes but by Chance on *Catiline*; and in the three or four last Pages, found enough to conclude that *Johnson* writ not correctly.

*Let the long hid seeds
Of treason, in thee, now shoot forth in deeds
Ranker than horror.*

In reading some bombast Speeches of *Macbeth*, which are not to be understood, he us'd to say that it was *Horror*; and I am much afraid that this is so.

*Thy Parricide, late on thy only Son,
After his Mother, to make empty way
For thy last wicked Nuptials, worse than they
That blaze that Act of thy incestuous Life,
Which gain'd thee at once a daughter and a wife.*

The Sense is here extremely perplex'd; and I doubt the Word *They* is false Grammar.

*And be free
Not Heaven it self from thy Impiety.*

A *Synchasis*, or ill placing of Words, of which *Tully* so much complains in Oratory.

*The Waves, and Dens of Beasts cou'd not receive
The bodies that those Souls were frighted from.*

The Prepositon in the end of the Sentence; a common Fault with him. and which I have but lately observ'd in my own Writings.

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*What all the several ills that visit Earth,
Plague, Famine, Fire, could not reach unto,
The Sword, nor Surfeits, let thy Envy do.*

Here are both the former Faults: For, besides that the Preposition *unto*, is plac'd last in the Verse, and at the half Period, and is redundant, there is the former Synchasis, in the Words (*The Sword nor Surfeits*) which in Construction ought to have been plac'd before the other.

Catiline says of Cethegus, that for his sake he would

*Go on upon the Gods; kiss Lightning, wrest
The Engine from the Cyclops, and give fire
At face of a full cloud, and stand his ire.*

To go on upon, is only to go on twice. To give Fire at face of a full Cloud, was not understood in his own time: (and stand his ire) besides the antiquated Word *ire*, there is the Article *His*, which makes false Construction: and giving Fire at the Face of a Cloud, is a perfect Image of shooting, however it came to be known in those Days to Catiline.

*others there are
Whom Envy to the State draws and pulls on,
For Contumelies receiv'd; and such are sure ones.*

Goes in the plural Number: but that is frequent with him; for he says, nor long after,

*Cæsar and Crassus; if they be ill men,
Are Mighty ones.
Such Men they do not succour more the cause, &c.*

They redundant.

*Though Heav'n shou'd speak with all his wrath at once;
We should stand upright and unfear'd.*

His

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His is ill Syntax with Heaven: and by Unfear'd he means Unaffraid: Words of a quite contrary Signification

The Ports are open;

He perpetually uses Ports for Gates; which is an affected Error in him, to introduce *Latine* by the loss of the *English* Idiom: As in the Translation of *Tully's* Speeches he usually does.

Well placing of Words for the Sweetness of Pronunciation was not known till Mr. *Waller* introduc'd it; and therefore 'tis not to be wonder'd if *Ben. Johnson* has many such Lines as these,

But being bred up in his father's needy fortunes, Brought up in's sister's Prostitution, &c.

But Meanness of Expression one would think not to be his Error in a Tragedy, which ought to be more high and sounding than any other kind of Poetry, and yet amongst many others in *Catiline* I find these four Lines together:

*So Asia, thou art cruelly even
With us, for all the blows thee given:
When we, whose Vertues conquer'd thee,
Thus, by thy Vices, ruin'd be.*

Be there is false *English*, for *are*: though the Rhythm hides it.

But I am willing to close the Book, partly out of Veneration to the Author, partly out of Weariness to pursue an Argument which is so fruitful in so small a Compass. And what Correctness, after this, can be expected from *Shakespeare* or from *Fletcher*, who wanted that Learning and Care which *Johnson* had? I will therefore spare my own trouble of inquiring into their Faults; which had they liv'd now, had doubtless written more correctly. I suppose it will be enough for me to affirm (as I think I safely may) that these and the like Errors which I take in the most correct of the last Age, are such, into which we do not ordinarily fall. I think few of our present Writers would have left behind them such a Line as this;

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Contain your Spirit in more stricter Bounds.

But that gross way of two Comparatives was then ordinary; and therefore more pardonable in *Johnson*.

As for the other part of refining, which consists in receiving new Words and Phrases, I shall not insist much on it. 'Tis obvious that we have admitted many: some of which we wanted, and therefore our Language is the richer for them; As it would be by Importation of *Bul- ton*: Others are rather Ornamental than Necessary; yet by their Admission, the Language is become more courtly; and our Thoughts are better drest. These are to be found scatter'd in the Writers of our Age; and it is not my Business to collect them. They who have lately written with most Care, have, I believe, taken the Rule of *Horace* for their Guide; that is, not to be too hasty in receiving of Words; but rather to stay till Custom has made them familiar to us,

Quem penes, arbitrium est, & jus & norma loquendi.

For I cannot approve of their way of refining, who corrupt our *English* Idiom by mixing it too much with *French*: That is a Sophistication of Language, not an Improvement of it: a turning *English* into *French*, rather than a refining of *English* by *French*. We meet daily with those Fops, who value themselves on their Travelling, and pretend they cannot express their Meaning in *English*, because they would put off to us some *French* Phrase of the last Edition; without considering that, for ought they know, we have a better of our own; but these are not the Men who are to refine us: Their Talent is to prescribe Fashions, not Words: at best they are only serviceable to a Writer, so as *Emilius* was to *Vir-*. He may, *Aurum ex stercore colligere*. For 'tis hard if, amongst many insignificant Phrases, there happen not something worth preserving: Though they themselves, like *Indians*, know not the Value of their own Commodity.

There

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There is yet another way of improving Language, which Poets especially have practis'd in all Ages: That is by applying receiv'd Words to a new Signification, and this I believe, is meant by *Horace*, in that Precept which is so variously constru'd by Expositors?

*Dixeris Egregiè, notum s; callida verbum,
Reddiderit junctura novum.*

And, in this way, he himself had a particular Happiness: Using all the Tropes, and particularly Metaphors, with that Grace which is observable in his Odes: where the Beauty of Expression is often greater than that of Thought, as in that one Example, amongst an infinite number of others, *Et vultus nimium lubricus aspicì.*

And therefore, though he innovated little, he may justly be call'd a great Refiner of the *Roman* Tongue: This choice of Words, and height'ning of their natural Signification, was observ'd in him by the Writers of the following Ages: For *Petronius* says of him, & *Horatii curiosa felicitas*. By this grafting, as I may call it, on old Words, has our Tongue been beautified by the three fore-mentioned Poets, *Shakespeare*, *Fletcher*, and *Johnson*; whose Excellencies I can never enough admire; and in this they have been follow'd especially by Sir *John Suckling* and Mr. *Waller*, who refin'd upon them: Neither have they, who now succeed them, been wanting in their Endeavours to adorn our Mother Tongue: But it is not so lawful for me to praise my living Contemporaries, as to admire my dead Predecessors.

I should now speak of the Refinement of Wit: But I have been so large on the former Subject that I am forc'd to contract my self in this. I will therefore only observe to you, that the Wit of the last Age was yet more incorrect than their Language. *Shakespeare*, who many times has written better than any Poet, in any Language is yet so far from writing Wit always, or expressing that Wit according to the Dignity of the Subject, that he writes in many Places, below the dullest Writers of ours, or of any precedent Age. Never did any Author

prec

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precipitate himself from such heights of Thought to so low Expressions, as he often does. He is the very *Favourite* of Poets; he wears almost every where two Faces; and you have scarce begun to admire the one, ere you despise the other. Neither is the Luxuriance of *Fletcher*, (which his Friends have tax'd in him,) a less Fault than the Carelessness of *Shakespear*. He does not well always, and, when he does, he is a true *Englishman*; he knows not when to give over. If he wakes in one Scene, he commonly slumbers in another: And if he pleases you in the first three Acts, he is frequently so tir'd with his Labour, that he goes heavily in the fourth, and sinks under his Burden in the fifth.

For *Ben Johnson*, the most judicious of Poets, he always writ properly; and as the Character requir'd; and will not contest farther with my Friends who call that Wit. It being very certain, that even Folly it self, well represented, is Wit in a larger Signification; and that there is Fancy, as well as Judgment in it; though not so much, or noble: Because all Poetry being Imitation, that of Folly is a lower Exercise of Fancy, though perhaps as difficult as the other: For 'tis a kind of looking downward in the Poet, and representing that Part of Mankind which is below him.

In these low Characters of Vice and Folly, lay the Excellency of that inimitable Writer: who, when at any time he aim'd at Wit in the stricter Sense, that is sharpness of Conceit, was forc'd either to borrow from the Ancients, as to my Knowledge he did very much from *Plautus*: Or, when he trusted himself alone, often fell into Meanness of Expression. Nay, he was not free from the lowest and most groveling kind of Wit, which we call Clenches; of which *Every Man in his Humour* is infinitely full, and, which is worse, the wittiest Persons in the *Drama* speak them. His other Comedies are not exempted from them: Will you give me leave to name some new? *Asper*, in which Character he personates himself, (and he neither was, nor thought himself a Fool) exclaiming against the ignorant Judges of the Age, speaks thus:

How

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*How monstrous and detested is't, to see
A Fellow, that has neither Art nor Brain,
Sit like an Aristarchus, or Stark-Ais,
Taking Mens Lines, with a Tobacco-Face,
In Snuffe, &c.*

And presently after

*I may'le whose wit 'twas to put a Prologue in yond Sack-
but's mouth? they might well think he would be out of Time,
and yet you'd play upon him too. Will you have another of
the same Stamp?*

O, I cannot abide these limbs of Sattin, or rather Satan.

But, it may be you will object that this was *Asper Macilente*, or, *Carlo Buffone*: You shall, therefore, hear him speak in his own Person: and, that, in the two last Lines, or Sting of an Epigram: 'tis Inscrib'd to *Fine Grand*; who, he says, was indebted to him for many things, which he reckons there: and concludes thus;

*Forty things more, dear Grand, which you know true,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.*

This was then the Mode of Wit, the Vice of the Age, and not *Ben. Johnson's*; for you see, a little before him, that admirable Wit, *Sir Philip Sidney*, perpetually playing with his Words. In his Time, I believe, it ascended first into the Pulpit; where (if you will give me leave to clench too) it yet finds the Benefit of its Clergy; for they are commonly the first Corrupters of Eloquence, and the last reform'd from vicious Oratory: as a famous *Italian* has observ'd before me, in his Treatise of the Corruption of the *Italian Tongue*; which he principally ascribes to Priests and preaching Friars.

But, to conclude with what Brevity I can, I will only add this in the Defence of our present Writers, that if they reach

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reach not some Excellencies of *Ben. Johnson*; (which no Age, I am confident, ever shall) yet, at least, they are above that Meanness of Thought which I have tax'd, and which is frequent in him.

That the Wit of this Age is much more courtly, may easily be prov'd by viewing the Characters of Gentlemen which were written in the last. First, for *Johnson*: *True-Wit* in the *Silent Woman*, was his Master-piece, and *True-Wit* was a Scholar-like kind of Man, a Gentleman with an allay of Pedantry; a Man who seems mortified to the World, by much reading. The best of his Discourse is drawn, not from the Knowledge of the Town, but Books: And, in short, he would be a fine Gentleman, in an University. *Shakespeare* shew'd the best of his Skill in his *Mercutio*, and he said himself, that he was forc'd to kill him in the third Act, to prevent being kill'd by him. But, for my part, I cannot find he was so dangerous a Person: I see nothing in him but what was so exceeding harmless, that he might have liv'd to the end of the Play, and dy'd in his Bed, without Offence to any Man.

Fletcher's Don John is our only Bugbear: and yet, I may affirm, without Suspicion of Flattery, that he now speaks better, and that his Character is maintain'd with much more Vigour in the fourth and fifth Acts, than it was by *Fletcher* in the three former. I have always acknowledg'd the Wit of our Predecessors, with all the Veneration which becomes me; but, I am sure, their Wit was not that of Gentlemen, there was ever somewhat that was ill-bred and clownish in it; and which confest the Conversation of the Authors.

And this leads me to the last and greatest Advantage of our Writing, which proceeds from Conversation. In the Age, wherein those Poets liv'd, there was less of Gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best Company of theirs. Their Fortune has been much like that of *Epicurus*, in the Retirement of his Gardens: To live almost unknown, and to be celebrated after their Decease. I cannot find that any of them were Conversant in Courts, except *Ben. Johnson*: And his *Genius* lay not so much that

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way, as to make an Improvement by it. Greatness was not, then, so easie of Access, nor Conversation so free as now it is. I cannot, therefore, conceive it any Insolence to affirm, that, by the Knowledge, and Pattern of their Wit, who writ before us, and by the Advantage of our own Conversation, the Discourse and Raillery of our *Comedies* excel what has been written by them. And this will be deny'd by none, but some few old Fellows who value themselves on their Acquaintance with the *Black-Friars*: Who, because they saw their Plays, would pretend a Right to judge ours. The Memory of these grave Gentlemen is their only Plea for being Wits. They can tell a Story of *Ben. Johnson*, and perhaps have had fancy enough to give a Supper in *Apollo*, that they might be call'd his Sons: And because they were drawn in to be laugh'd at in those Times, they think themselves now sufficiently intitled to laugh at ours. Learning I never saw in any of them, and Wit no more than they could remember. In short, they were unlucky to have been bred in an unpolish'd Age, and more unlucky to live to a refin'd one. They have lasted beyond their own, and are cast behind ours: And not contented to have known little at the Age of twenty, they boast of their Ignorance at three-score.

Now, if any ask me, whence it is that our Conversation is so much refin'd? I must freely, and without flattery, ascribe it to the Court: And, in it, particularly to the King; whose Example gives a Law to it. His own Misfortunes, and the Nation's, afforded him an Opportunity, which is rarely allow'd to Sovereign Princes, I mean of Travelling, and being Conversant in the most polish'd Courts of *Europe*; and, thereby, of cultivating a Spirit, which was form'd by Nature, to receive the Impressions of a gallant and generous Education. At his Return, he found a Nation lost as much in Barbarism as in Rebellion. And as the Excellency of his Nature forgave the one, so the Excellency of his Manners reform'd the other. The Desire of imitating so great a Pattern, first waken'd the dull and heavy Spirits of the *English*,
from

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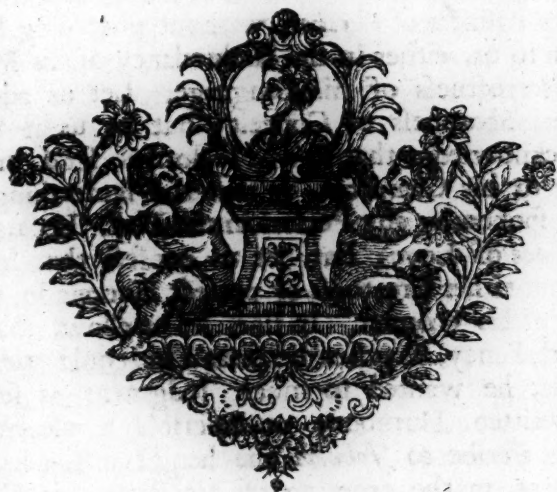
from their Natural Reserv'dness; loosen'd them, from their stiff Forms of Conversation; and made them easie and plyant to each other in Discourse. Thus, insensibly, our way of living became more free: And the Fire of the *English* Wit, which was before stifled under a constrain'd Melancholy way of Breeding, began first to display its force; by mixing the Solidity of our Nation, with the air and gaiety of our Neighbours. This being granted to be true, it would be a Wonder, if the Poets, whose work is Imitation, should be the only Persons in three Kingdoms, who should not receive Advantage by it: Or, if they should not more easily imitate the Wit and Conversation of the present Age, than of the past.

Let us therefore admire the Beauties and the Heights of *Shakespear*, without falling after him into a Carelesness and (as I may call it) a Lethargy of Thought, for whole Scenes together. Let us imitate, as we are able, the Quickness and Easiness of *Fletcher*, without proposing him as a Pattern to us, either in the Redundancy of his Matter, or the Incorrectness of his Language. Let us admire his Wit and Sharpness of Conceit; but let us at the same time acknowledge that it was seldom so fix'd, and made proper to his Character, as that the same things might not be spoken by any Person in the Play. Let us applaud his Scenes of Love; but, let us confess that he understood not either Greatness or perfect Honour in the Parts of any of his Women. In fine, let us allow, that he had so much Fancy, as when he pleas'd he could write Wit: But that he wanted so much Judgment as seldom to have written Humour; or describ'd a pleasant Folly. Let us ascribe to *Johnson* the height and accuracy of Judgment, in the ordering of his Plots, his Choice of Characters, and maintaining what he had chosen, to the end. But let us not think him a perfect Pattern of Imitation; except it be in Humour; for Love, which is the Foundation of all *Comedies* in other Languages, is scarcely mention'd in any of his Plays: And for Humour it self, the Poets of this Age will be more wary than to imitate the Meanness of his Persons. Gentlemen will now be enter-

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entertain'd with the Follies of each other; and though they allow *Cob* and *Tib* to speak properly, yet they are not much pleas'd with their Tankard or with their Rags: And, surely, their Conversation can be no Jest to them on the *Theatre*, when they would avoid it in the Street.

To conclude all, let us render to our Predecessors what is their due, without confining our selves to a servile Imitation of all they writ; and, without assuming to our selves the Title of better Poets, let us ascribe to the Gallantry and Civility of our Age the Advantage which we have above them; and to our Knowledge of the Customs and Manners of it, the Happiness we have to please beyond them.



MARRI

[*This must be plac'd immediately before Marriage A-la Mode.*
VOL. III.]

MARRIAGE

A-LA-MODE.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATER - ROYAL,

B Y

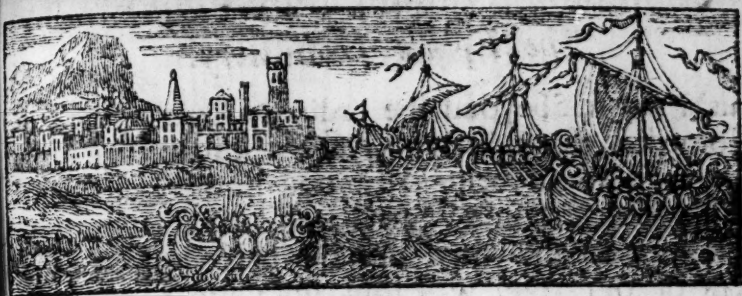
His MAJESTY'S Servants.

*Quicquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucili censum ingeniumque, tamen me
Cum magnis vixisse, invita fatebitur usque
Invidia, & fragili quarens illidere aentem,
Offendet solido.*

Horat. Serm.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVII.

A. J. A. - Model



To the Right Honourable, the
Earl of ROCHESTER.

My LORD,

Humbly Dedicate to Your Lordship that Poem, of which you were pleas'd to appear an early Patron, before it was Acted on the Stage. I may yet go farther, with your Permission, and say, That it receiv'd amendment from your noble Hands, e're it was fit to be presented. You may please likewise to remember, with how much favour to the Author, and indulgence to the Play, you commended it to the view of His Majesty, then at *Windsor*, and by His Approbation of it in Writing, made way for its kind reception on the *Theatre*. In this Dedication therefore, I may seem to imitate a Custom of the Ancients, who offer'd to their Gods the Firstlings of the Flock, which I think they call *Ver Sacrum*, because they help'd 'em to increase. I am sure, if there be any thing in this Play, wherein I have rais'd

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rais'd my self beyond the ordinary Lowness of my Comedies, I ought wholly to acknowledge it to the favour, of being admitted into Your Lordship's Conversation. And not only I, who pretend not to this way, but the best Comick Writers of our Age, will join with me to acknowledge, that they have copy'd the Gallantries of Courts, the Delicacy of Expression, and the Decencies of Behaviour, from Your Lordship, with more Success, than if they had taken their Models from the Court of *France*. But this, my Lord, will be no Wonder to the World, which knows the Excellency of your Natural Parts, and those you have acquir'd in a Noble Education. That which with more reason I admire, is, that being so absolute a Courtier, you have not forgot, either the Ties of Friendship, or the Practice of Generosity. In my little Experience of a Court (which I confess I desire not to improve) I have found in it much of Interest, and more of Detraction: Few Men there have that Assurance of a Friend, as not to be made ridiculous by him, when they are absent. There are a midling sort of Courtiers, who become happy by their want of Wit; but they supply that Want, by an excess of Malice to those who have it. And there is no such Persecution as that of Fools: They can never be considerable enough to be talk'd of themselves; so that they are safe only in their Obscurity, and grow mischievous to witty Men, by the great diligence of their Envy, and by being always present to represent and aggravate their Faults. In the meantime they are forc'd, when they endeavour to be pleasant, to live on the Offalls of their Wit, whom they decry; and either to quote it, (which they do unwillingly) or to pass it upon others for
their

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their own. These are the Men who make it their Business to chase Wit from the Knowledge of Princes, lest it should disgrace their Ignorance. And this kind of Malice Your Lordship has not so much avoided, as surmounted. But if by the excellent Temper of a Royal Master, always more ready to hear good than ill, if by his Inclination to love you, if by your own Merit and Address, if by the Charms of your Conversation, the Grace of your Behaviour, your Knowledge of Greatness and Habitude in Courts, you have been able to preserve your self with Honour in the midst of so dangerous a Course; yet at least the remembrance of those Hazards has inspir'd you with Pity for other Men, who being of an inferior Wit and Quality to you, are yet persecuted, for being that in Little, which your Lordship is in Great. For the quarrel of those People extends it self to any thing of Sense; and if I may be so vain to own it amongst the rest of the Poets, has sometimes reach'd to the very borders of it, even to me. So that, if our general good Fortune had not rais'd up your Lordship to defend us, I know not whether any thing had been more ridiculous in Court, than Writers. 'Tis to Your Lordship's Favour we generally owe our Protection and Patronage: And to the Nobleness of your Nature, which will not suffer the least shadow of your Wit to be contemn'd in other Men. You have been often pleas'd not only to excuse my Imperfections, but to vindicate what was tolerable in my Writings from their Censures. And what I never can forget, you have not only been careful of my Reputation, but of my Fortune. You have been solicitous to supply my Neglect of my self; and to overcome the fatal Modesty of Poets, which

The Epistle Dedicatory.

which submits them to perpetual Wants, rather than to become Importunate with those People, who have the Liberality of Kings in their disposing; and who dishonouring the Bounty of their Master, suffer such to be in Necessity, who endeavour at least to please him: And for whose Entertainment he has generously provided, if the Fruits of His Royal Favour were not often stopp'd in other Hands. But Your Lordship has given me occasion, not to complain of Courts, whilst you are there. I have found the Effects of your Mediation in all my Concernments; and they were so much the more noble in you, because they were wholly voluntary. I became Your Lordship's (if I may venture on the Similitude) as the World was made, without knowing Him who made it; and brought only a passive Obedience to be your Creature. This Nobleness of yours I think my self the rather oblig'd to own, because otherwise it must have been lost to all Remembrance: For you are endued with that excellent Quality of a frank Nature, to forget the good which you have done.

But, my Lord, I ought to have consider'd, that you are as great a Judge, as you are a Patron; and that in praising you ill, I shall incur a higher Note of Ingratitude, than that I thought to have avoided. I stand in need of all your accusom'd Goodness for the Dedication of this Play: Which though, perhaps, it be the best of my Comedies, is yet so faulty, that I should have fear'd you for my Critick, if I had not with some Policy given you the trouble of being my Protector. Wit seems to have lodg'd it self more nobly in this Age, than in any of the former: And People of my mean Condition, are only Writers, because some of the Nobility, and Your Lordship in the
first

The Epistle Dedicatory.

first place, are above the narrow Praises which Poésie could give you. But let those who love to see themselves exceeded, encourage Your Lordship in so dangerous a Quality: For my own part, I must confess, that I have so much of self-interest, as to be content with reading some Papers of your Verses, without desiring you should proceed to a Scene or Play: With the common Prudence of those, who are worsted in a Duel, and declare they are satisfied when they are first wounded. Your Lordship has but another step to make, and from the Patron of Wit, you may become its Tyrant; and oppress our little Reputations with more ease than you now protect them. But these, my Lord, are Designs, which I am sure you harbour not; any more than the *French King* is contriving the Conquest of the *Swissers*. 'Tis a barren Triumph, which is not worth your Pains, and wou'd only rank him amongst your Slaves, who is already,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Obedient and

most Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PRO-

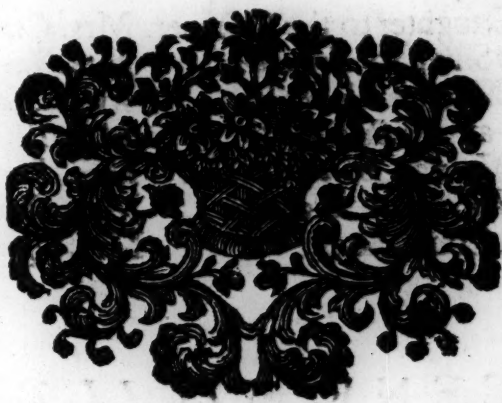


PROLOGUE.

LORD, how reform'd and quiet we are grown,
Since all our Braves and all our Wits are gone:
Fop-corner now is free from Civil War:
White-Wig and Vizard make no longer far.
France, and the Fleet, have swept the Town so clear,
That we can Act in peace, and you can hear.
'Twas a sad sight, before they march'd from home,
To see our Warriours, in red Wastecoats, come,
With Hair tuck'd up, into our Tiring-room.
But 'twas more sad to hear their last Adieu,
The Women sob'd, and swore they would be true;
And so they were, as long as e'er they cou'd:
But powerful Guinea cannot be withstood,
And they were made of Play-house Flesh and Blood.
Fate did their Friends for double use ordain,
In Wars abroad, they grinning Honour gain,
And Mistresses, for all that stay, maintain.
Now they are gone, 'tis dead Vacation here,
For neither Friends nor Enemies appear.
Poor pensive Punk now peeps e're Plays begin,
Sees the bare Bench, and dares not venture in;
But manages her last Half-crown with care,
And trudges to the Mall, on foot, for Air.
Our City Friends so far will hardly come,
They can take up with Pleasures nearer home;

PROLOGUE.

and see gay Shows, and gawdy Scenes elsewhere:
we presume they seldom come to hear.
But they have now ta'en up a glorious Trade,
and cutting Morecraft struts in Masquerade.
Here's all our hope, for we shall show to Day,
Masquing Ball, to recommend our Play:
ay, to endear 'em more, and let 'em see,
we scorn to come behind in Courtesie,
we'll follow the new Mode which they begin,
and treat 'em with a Room, and Couch within:
that's one way, how e'er the Play fall short,
we oblige the Town, the City, and the Court.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Polydamas</i> , Usurper of <i>Sicily</i> .	Mr. <i>Winterhall</i> .
<i>Leonidas</i> , the Rightful Prince, unknown.	} Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Argaleon</i> , Favourite to <i>Polyda-</i> <i>mas</i> .	
<i>Hermogenes</i> , Foster-Father to <i>Leonidas</i> .	} Mr. <i>Lydall</i> .
<i>Eubulus</i> , his Friend and Com- panion.	
<i>Rhodophil</i> , Captain of the Guards.	} Mr. <i>Watson</i> .
<i>Palamede</i> , a Courtier.	
	Mr. <i>Mohun</i> .
	Mr. <i>Hart</i> .

W O M E N.

<i>Palmyra</i> , Daughter to the Usurper.	Mrs. <i>Coxe</i> .
<i>Amalthea</i> , Sister to <i>Argaleon</i> .	Mrs. <i>James</i> .
<i>Doralice</i> , Wife to <i>Rhodophil</i> .	Mrs. <i>Marshall</i> .
<i>Melantha</i> , an affected Lady	Mrs. <i>Bowtell</i> .
<i>Philotis</i> , Woman to <i>Melantha</i> .	Mrs. <i>Reeve</i> .
<i>Beliza</i> , Woman to <i>Doralice</i> .	Mrs. <i>Slade</i> .
<i>Artemis</i> , a Court-Lady.	Mrs. <i>Uphill</i> .

SCENE, SICILY.

M A R.



MARRIAGE

A-LA-MODE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Walks near the Court.*

Enter Doralice and Beliza.

DORALICE.

BELIZA, bring the Lute into this Arbour, the Walks are empty: I would try the Song the Princess *Amalthea* bad me learn.

[They go in, and sing.]

I.

WHY should a foolish Marriage Vow
Which long ago was made,

Oblige us to each other now

When Passion is decay'd?

We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we cou'd,

'Till our Love was lov'd out in us both:

But our Marriage is dead, when the Pleasure is fled:

'Twas Pleasure first made it an Oath.

If

II.

*If I have Pleasures for a Friend,
And farther Love in store,
What wrong has he whose Joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?*

*'Tis a madness that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that I shou'd bar him of another:
For all we can gain,
Is to give our selves Pain,
When neither can hinder the other.*

*Enter Palamede, in riding Habit, and hears the Song.
Re-enter Doralice and Beliza.*

Bel. Madam, a Stranger.

*Dor. I did not think to have had Witnesses of my
singing.*

*Pala. If I have err'd, Madam, I hope you'll pardon the
Curiosity of a Stranger; for I may well call my self so
after five Years absence from the Court: But you have
freed me from one Error.*

Dor. What's that, I beseech you?

*Pala. I thought good Voices, and ill Faces, had been
inseparable; and that to be fair and sing well, had been
only the privilege of Angels.*

*Dor. And how many more of these fine things can
you say to me?*

*Pala. Very few, Madam; for if I should continue to
see you some Hours longer, you look so killingly, that
I should be mute with Wonder.*

*Dor. This will not give you the Reputation of a Wit
with me: You travelling Mounseurs live upon the Story
you have got abroad, for the first Day or two: To re-
peat with a good Memory, and apply with a good
Grace, is all your Wit. And, commonly, your Gulls
are sew'd up, like Cormorants: When you have regorged
what you have taken in, you are the leanest things in
Nature.*

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Pala. Then Madam, I think you had best make that of me; let me wait on you for two or three Days together, and you shall hear all I have learnt of extraordinary, in other Countries: And one thing which I never saw 'till I came home, that is, a Lady of a better voice, better Face, and better Wit, than any I have seen abroad. And, after this, if I should not declare my self most passionately in love with you, I should have less wit than yet you think I have.

Dor. A very plain, and pithy Declaration. I see, Sir, you have been travelling in *Spain* or *Italy*, or some of the best Countries, where Men come to the Point immediately. But are you sure these are not Words of course? For I would not give my poor Heart an occasion of complaint against me, that I engag'd it too rashly, and then could not bring it off.

Pala. Your Heart may trust it self with me safely; I will use it very civilly while it stays, and never turn it away, without fair warning to provide for it self.

Dor. First, then, I do receive your Passion with as little consideration, on my part, as ever you gave it me, to yours. And now see what a miserable wretch you have made your self.

Pala. Who, I miserable? Thank you for that. Give me Love enough, and Life enough, and I desire *Fortune*.

Dor. Know then, thou Man of vain Imagination, know, thy utter Confusion, that I am virtuous.

Pala. Such another Word, and I give up the Ghost.

Dor. Then, to strike you quite dead, know, that I am marry'd too.

Pala. Art thou marry'd; O thou damnable virtuous woman?

Dor. Yes, marry'd to a Gentleman; young, handsome, rich, valiant, and with all the good Qualities that will make you Despair and hang your self.

Pala. Well, in spite of all that, I'll love you: *Fortune* has cut us out for one another; for I am to be marry'd within these three Days. Marry'd past Redemption, to a young, fair, rich, and virtuous Lady: And, it shall go hard,

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hard, but I will love my Wife as little, as I perceive you do your Husband.

Dor. Remember I invade no Propriety: My Servant you are only 'till you are marry'd.

Pala. In the mean time, you are to forget you have a Husband.

Dor. And you, that you are to have a Wife.

Bel. aside to her Lady. O Madam, my Lord's just at the end of the Walks; and, if you make not haste, will discover you.

Dor. Some other time, new Servant, we'll talk further of the Promises; in the mean while, break not my first Commandment, that is, not to follow me.

Pala. But where, then, shall I find you again?

Dor. At Court. Yours for two Days, Sir.

Pala. And Nights, I beseech you, Madam:

[*Ex. Doralice and Belinda*]

Pala. Well, I'll say that for thee, thou art a very dangerous Executioner; thou hast done my Business at one stroke: Yet I must marry another — and yet I must love this; and if it lead me into some little Inconveniences, as Jealousies, and Duels, and Death, and so forth, yet while sweet Love is in the case, Fortune do the worst, and avant Mortality.

Enter Rhodophil, who seems speaking to one within.

Rho. Leave 'em with my Lieutenant, while I fetch new Orders from the King. How? *Palamede!*

[*Sees Palamede*]

Pala. Rhodophil!

Rho. Who thought to have seen you in Sicily?

Pala. Who thought to have found the Court so far from Syracuse?

Rho. The King best knows the reason of the Progress. But answer me, I beseech you, what brought you home from travel?

Pala. The commands of an old rich Father.

Rho. And the hopes of burying him?

Pala. Both together, as you see, have prevail'd on my good Nature. In few words, my old Man has already marry'd me; for he has agreed with another old Man

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rich and as covetous as himself; the Articles are drawn, and I have given my consent, for fear of being disinherited; and yet know not what kind of Woman I am to marry.

Rho. Sure your Father intends you some very ugly Wife; and has a mind to keep you in Ignorance, till you have shot the Gulf.

Pala. I know not that; but obey I will, and must.

Rho. Then, I cannot chuse but grieve for all the good Girls and Curtizans of *France* and *Italy*: They have lost the most kind-hearted, doting, prodigal, humble Servant, in *Europe*.

Pala. All I could do in these three Years, I stay'd behind you, was to comfort the poor Creatures, for the loss of you. But what's the reason that in all this time, a Friend could never hear from you?

Rho. Alas, dear *Palamede*, I have had no Joy to write, nor indeed to do any thing in the World to please me: The greatest Misfortune imaginable is falln upon me.

Pala. Prithce, what's the matter?

Rho. In one word, I am marry'd; wretchedly marry'd; and have been above these two Years. Yes, Faith, the Devil has had power over me, in spite of my Vows and Resolutions to the contrary.

Pala. I find you have sold your self for filthy Lucre; she's old, or ill-condition'd.

Rho. No, none of these: I'm sure she's young; and, for her Humour, she laughs, sings, and dances eternally; and, which is more, we never quarrel about it, for I do the same.

Pala. You're very unfortunate indeed: Then the case is plain, she is not handsome.

Rho. A great Beauty too, as People say.

Pala. As People say? Why, you should know that best your self.

Rho. Ask those, who have smelt to a strong Perfume two Years together, what's the Scent.

Pala. But here are good Qualities enough for one Woman.

Rho.

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Rho. Ay, too many, *Palamede*, if I could put 'em into three or four Women, I should be content.

Pala. O, now I have found it, you dislike her for no other reason, but because she's your Wife.

Rho. And is not that enough? All that I know of her Perfections now, is only by Memory; I remember, indeed, that about two Years ago I lov'd her passionately but those golden Days are gone, *Palamede*: Yet I lov'd her a whole half Year, double the natural Term of any Mistress, and think in my Conscience I could have held out another Quarter; but then the World began to laugh at me, and a certain Shame of being out of Fashion seiz'd me: At last, we arriv'd at that Point, that there was nothing left in us to make us new to one another. Yet still I set a good face upon the matter, and am infinite fond of her before Company; but, when we are alone, we walk like Lions in a Room, she one way, and I another: And we lie with our Backs to each other so far distant, as if the Fashion of great Beds was only invented to keep Husband and Wife sufficiently asunder.

Pala. The truth is, your Disease is very desperate but, though you cannot be cur'd, you may be patch'd up a little; you must get you a Mistress, *Rhodophil*: That, indeed, is living upon Cordials; but, as fast as one fails, you must supply it with another. You're like a Gamester, who has lost his Estate; yet, in doing that, you have learn'd the advantages of Play, and can arrive to live upon't.

Rho. Truth is, I have been thinking on't, and have just resolv'd to take your Counsel; and, Faith, considering the damn'd Disadvantages of a marry'd Man, I have provided well enough, for a poor humble Sinner, that is not ambitious of great Matters.

Pala. What is she, for a Woman?

Rho. One of the Stars of *Syracuse*, I assure you: Young enough, fair enough, and, but for one Quality, just such a Woman as I would wish.

Pala. O Friend, this is not an Age to be critical in Beauty: When we had good store of handsome Women and but few Chapmen, you might have been more curious in your Choice; but now the Price is enhanc'd up

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on us, and all Mankind set up for Mistresses, so that poor little Creatures, without Beauty, Birth or Breeding, but only Impudence, go off at unreasonable Rates: And Man, in these hard times, snaps at 'em, as he does at Broad-gold, never examines the Weight, but takes light, or heavy, as he can get it.

Rho. But my Mistress has one Fault that's almost unardonable; for, being a Town-Lady, without any relation to the Court, yet she thinks her self undone, if she be not seen there three or four times a Day, with the Princess *Amalthea*. And for the King, she haunts, and watches him so narrowly in a Morning, that she prevents even the Chymists, who beset his Chamber, to turn their Mercury into his Gold.

Pala. Yet, hitherto, methinks, you are no very unhappy Man.

Rho. With all this, she's the greatest Gossip in Nature; or, besides the Court, she's the most eternal Visiter of the Town: And yet manages her time so well, that she seems ubiquitous. For my part, I can compare her to nothing but the Sun; for, like him, she takes no rest, nor ever sets in one place, but to rise in another.

Pala. I confess she had need be handsome with these qualities.

Rho. No Lady can be so curious of a new Fashion, as she is of a new *French Word*; she's the very Mint of the Nation; and as fast as any Bullion comes out of *France*, she coins it immediately into our Language.

Pala. And her Name is——

Rho. No naming; that's not like a Cavalier: Find her you can, by my Description; and I am not so ill a winter, that I need write the Name beneath the Picture.

Pala. Well, then, how far have you proceeded in your love?

Rho. 'Tis yet in the Bud, and what Fruit it may bear cannot tell; for this insufferable Humour, of haunting the Court, is so predominant, that she has hitherto brook'd all her Affignations with me, for fear of missing her visits there.

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Pala. That's the hardest Part of your Adventure: But, for ought I see, Fortune has us'd us both alike; I have a strange kind of Mistress too in Court, besides her I am to marry.

Rho. You have made haste to be in love then; for, if I am not mistaken, you are but this Day arriv'd.

Pala. That's all one, I have seen the Lady already, who has charm'd me, seen her in these Walks, courted her, and receiv'd, for the first time, an Answer that does not put me into despair.

To them, Argaleon, Amalthea and Artemis.

I'll tell you at more leisure my Adventures. The Walks fill a-pace, I see. Stay, is not that the young Lord *Argaleon*, the King's Favourite?

Rho. Yes, and as Proud as ever, as Ambitious, and as Revengeful.

Pala. How keeps he the King's Favour with these Qualities?

Rho. *Argaleon's* Father help'd him to the Crown: Besides, he gilds over all his Vices to the King, and, standing in the dark to him, sees all his Inclinations, Interests and Humours, which he so times and sooths, that, in effect, he reigns.

Pala. His Sister *Amalthea*, who, I guess, stands by him, seems not to be of his Temper.

Rho. O, she's all Goodness and Generosity.

Arga. *Rhodophil*, the King expects you earnestly.

Rho. 'Tis done, my Lord, what he commanded: only waited his Return from Hunting. Shall I attend your Lordship to him?

Arga. No; I go first another way. [Exit hastily]

Pala. He seems in haste, and discompos'd.

Amal. [to *Rhod.* after a short whisper.] Your Friend then he must needs be of much merit.

Rho. When he has kiss'd the King's Hand, I know he'll beg the Honour to kiss yours. Come, *Palamede*.

[Exeunt *Rhodo.* and *Pala.* bowing to *Amal*]

Arte. Madam, you tell me most surprising News.

Amal. The fear of it, you see,
Has discompos'd my Brother; but to me

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that can bring my Country good, is welcome.

Arte. It seems incredible, that this old King,
whom all the World thought childless,
should come to search the farthest Parts of *Sicily*,
to hope to find an Heir.

Amal. To lessen your Astonishment, I will
unfold some private Passages of State,
of which you yet are ignorant: Know, first,
that this *Polydamas*, who Reigns, unjustly
win'd the Crown.

Arte. Somewhat of this I have confus'dly heard.

Amal. I'll tell you all in brief: *Theagenes*,
our last great King;
and, by his Queen, one only Son, an Infant
of three Years old, call'd, after him, *Theagenes*;
the General, this *Polydamas*, then marry'd:
the publick Feasts for which were scarcely past,
when a Rebellion in the Heart of *Sicily*
d'd out the King to Arms.

Arte. ——— *Polydamas*
d then a just Excuse to stay behind.

Amal. His Temper was too warlike to accept it:
he left his Bride, and the new Joys of Marriage,
and follow'd to the Field. In short, they fought,
the Rebels were o'ercome; but in the Fight
the too bold King receiv'd a mortal Wound.
When he perceiv'd his End approaching near,
he call'd the General, to whose care he left
his Widow Queen, and Orphan Son; then dy'd.

Arte. Then false *Polydamas* betray'd his Trust?

Amal. He did; and with my Father's help, for which
he w'n pardon him, so gain'd the Soldiers Hearts,
that in few Days he was saluted King:

when his Crimes had Impudence enough
to bear the Eye of Day,

he march'd his Army back to *Syracuse*.

see how Heav'n can punish wicked Men

granting their Desires: The News was brought him

that Day he was to enter it, that *Eubulus*,

from his dead Master had left Governor,

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Was fled, and with him bore away the Queen,
And Royal Orphan; but, what more amaz'd him,
His Wife, now big with Child, and much detesting
Her Husband's Practices, had willingly
Accompany'd their Flight.

Arte. How I admire her Virtue!

Amal. ——— What became

Of her, and them, since that, was never known;
Only, some few Days since, a famous Robber
Was taken with some Jewels of vast price,
Which, when they were deliver'd to the King,
He knew had been his Wife's; with these, a Letter,
Much torn and sully'd, but which yet he knew
To be her Writing.

Arte. ——— Sure from hence he learn'd
He had a Son.

Amal. ——— It was not left so plain:
The Paper only said, she dy'd in Child-bed:
But when it should have mention'd Son or Daughter,
Just there it was torn off.

Arte. ——— Madam, the King.

To them, Polydamas, Argaleon, Guard and Attendants.

Arga. The Robber, though thrice Rack'd, confess'd no
But that he took those Jewels near this Place. [more,

Poly. But yet the Circumstances strongly argue,
That those, for whom I search, are not far off.

Arga. I cannot easily believe it.

Arte. ——— No,

You would not have it so.

Poly. Those I employ'd, have in the neighbouring Ham-
Amongst the Fishers Cabins, made Discovery [let
Of some young Persons, whose uncommon Beauty,
And graceful Carriage, make it seem suspicious
They are not what they seem: I therefore sent
The Captain of my Guards, this Morning early,
With Orders to secure and bring 'em to me.

Enter Rhodophil and Palamede.

O here he is. Have you perform'd my Will?

Rho. Sir, those whom you commanded me to bring,
Are waiting in the Walks.

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Poly. ——— Conduct 'em hither.

Rho. First, give me leave

To beg your Notice of this Gentleman.

Poly. He seems to merit it. His Name and Quality?

Rho. *Palamede*, Son to Lord *Cleodemus* of *Palermo*,

And new return'd from Travel.

[*Palamede approaches, and kneels to kiss the King's Hand.*

Poly. ——— You are welcome.

I knew your Father well, he was both brave

And honest; we two once were Fellow-Soldiers

In the last Civil Wars.

Pala. I bring the same unquestion'd Honesty

And Zeal to serve your Majesty; the Courage

You were pleas'd to praise in him,

Your Royal Prudence, and your Peoples Love,

Will never give me leave to try like him

In Civil Wars, I hope it may in Foreign.

Poly. Attend the Court, and it shall be my Care

To find out some Employment, worthy you.

Go, *Rhodophil*, and bring in those without.

[*Exeunt Rho. and Pala.*

Rhodophil returns again immediately, and with him enter

Hermogenes, Leonidas and Palmyra.

Behold two Miracles!

[*Looking earnestly on Leon. and Palmyra.*

Of different Sexes, but of equal Form:

So matchless both, that my divided Soul

Can scarcely ask the Gods a Son or Daughter,

For fear of losing one. If from your Hands,

You Powers, I shall this Day receive a Daughter,

Argaleon, she is yours; but, if a Son,

Then *Amalthea's* Love shall make him happy.

Arga. Grant, Heav'n, this admirable Nymph may prove

That Issue which he seeks.

Amal. Venus Urania, if thou art a Goddess,

Grant that sweet Youth may prove the Prince of *Sicily*.

Poly. Tell me, old Man, and tell me true, from whence

[*To Herm.*

Had you that Youth and Maid?

Her. ——— From whence you had

Your Scepter, Sir: I had 'em from the Gods.

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Poly. The Gods then have not such another Gift,
Say who their Parents were.

Herm. ——— My Wife, and I.

Arga. It is not likely, a Virgin of so excellent a Beauty
Should come from such a Stock.

Amal. Much less, that such a Youth, so sweet, so graceful
Should be produc'd from Peasants.

Her. Why, Nature is the same in Villages,
And much more fit to form a noble Issue
Where it is least corrupted.

Poly. He talks too like a Man that knew the World,
To have been long a Peasant. But the Rack
Will teach him other Language. Hence with him.

[*As the Guard are carrying him away, his Peruke falls off.*
Sure I have seen that Face before. *Hermogenes!*
'Tis he, 'tis he who fled away with *Eubulus*,
And with my dear *Eudoxia*.

Her. Yes, Sir, I am *Hermogenes*.
And, if to have been Loyal be a Crime,
I stand prepar'd to suffer.

Poly. If thou would'st live, speak quickly,
What is become of my *Eudoxia*?
Where is the Queen and young *Theagenes*?
Where *Eubulus*? and which of these is mine?

[*Pointing to Leon. and Pal.*

Her. *Eudoxia* is dead, so is the Queen.
The infant King her Son, and *Eubulus*.

Poly. Traitor, 'tis false: Produce 'em, or ———

Her. ——— Once more
I tell you, they are dead; but leave to threaten,
For you shall know no further.

Poly. Then prove indulgent to my Hopes, and be
My Friend for ever. Tell me, good *Hermogenes*,
Whose Son is that brave Youth?

Her. ——— Sir, he is yours.

Poly. Fool that I am, thou see'st that so I wish it,
And so thou flatter'st me.

Her. ——— By all that's Holy.

Poly. Again. Thou canst not swear too deeply.
Yet hold, I will believe thee: — Yet I doubt.

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Her. You need not, Sir.

Arga. Believe him not; he sees you credulous,
And would impose his own base Issue on you,
And fix it to your Crown.

Amal. Behold his goodly Shape and Feature, Sir,
Methinks he much resembles you.

Arga. I say, if you have any Issue here,
It must be that fair Creature;
By all my Hopes I think so.

Amal. Yes, Brother, I believe you by your Hopes,
For they are all for her.

Poly. ——— Call the Youth nearer.

Her. *Leonidas*, the King would speak with you.

Poly. Come near, and be not dazzled with the Splendor,
And Greatness of a Court.

Leon. I need not this Incouragement.

I can fear nothing but the Gods.

And for this Glory, after I have seen

The Canopy of State spread wide above

In the Abyss of Heav'n, the Court of Stars,

The blushing Morning, and the rising Sun,

What greater can I see?

Poly. This speaks thee born a Prince, thou art thy self

[*Embracing him.*]

That rising Sun, and shalt not see on Earth,

A brighter than thy self.—— All of you Witnesses,

That for my Son I here receive this Youth,

This brave, this—— but I must not praise him further,

Because he now is mine.

Leon. I wo't Sir, believe

[*Kneeling.*]

That I am made your Sport;

For I find nothing in my self, but what

Is much above a Scorn; I dare give Credit

To whatsoe'er a King, like you, can tell me.

Either I am, or will deserve to be your Son.

Arga. I yet maintain it is impossible

This young Man should be yours; for, if he were,

Why should *Hermogenes* so long conceal him,

When he might gain so much by his Discovery?

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Her. I stay'd a while to make him worthy, Sir,
Of you. [To the King.]

But in that time I found
Somewhat within him, which so mov'd my Love,
I never could resolve to part with him.

Leon. You ask too many Questions, and are [To *Arga.*]
Too Sawcy for a Subject.

Arga. You rather over-act your Part, and are
Too soon a Prince.

Leon. Too soon you'll find me one.

Poly. Enough, *Argaleon*;
I have declar'd him mine; and you, *Leonidas*,
Live well with him I love.

Arga. Sir, if he be your Son, I may have leave
To think your Queen had Twins; look on this Virgin,
Hermogenes would enviously deprive you
Of half your Treasure.

Her. ——— Sir, she is my Daughter.
I could, perhaps, thus aided by this Lord,
Prefer her to be yours; but Truth forbid
I should procure her Greatness by a Lie.

Poly. Come hither, beauteous Maid: Are you not sorry
Your Father will not let you pass for mine?

Palm. I am content to be what Heav'n has made me.

Poly. Could you not wish your self a Princess then?

Palm. Not to be Sister to *Leonidas*.

Poly. Why, my sweet Maid?

Palm. ——— Indeed I cannot tell;
But I could be content to be his Handmaid.

Arga. I wish I had not seen her. [Aside.]

Palm. I must weep for your good Fortune; [To *Leon.*]
Pray pardon me, indeed I cannot help it.

Leonidas, (alas, I had forgot,
Now I must call you Prince) but must I leave you?

Leon. I dare not speak to her; for if I should, [Aside.]
I must weep too.

Poly. No, you shall live at Court, sweet Innocence,
And see him there. *Hermogenes*,
Though you intended not to make me happy,
Yet you shall be rewarded for th' Event.

Come,

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Come, my *Leonidas*, let's thank the Gods;
Thou for a Father, I for such a Son.

[*Exeunt all but Leonidas and Palmyra.*]

Leon. My dear *Palmyra*, many Eyes observe me,
And I have Thoughts so tender, that I cannot
In publick speak 'em to you: Some Hours hence,
I shall shake off these Crowds of fawning Courtiers,
And then——

[*Exit Leon.*]

Palm. Fly swift, you Hours, you measure Time for
'Till you bring back *Leonidas* again. [me in vain,
Be shorter now; and to redeem that Wrong,
When he and I are met, be twice as long. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Melantha and Philotis.

Phil. Count *Rhodophil's* a fine Gentleman indeed, *Ma-*
dam; and I think deserves your Affection.

Mel. Let me die but he's a fine Man, he sings, and
dances *en Francois*, and writes the *Billets doux* to a Mi-
racle.

Phil. And those are no small Talents, to a Lady that
understands, and values the *French Air*, as your Ladyship
does.

Mel. How charming is the *French Air*! and what an
Etourdy bete is one of our untravel'd Islanders! when he
would make his Court to me, let me die, but he is just
Ep's As, that would imitate the courtly *French* in his
addresses; but, instead of those, comes pawing upon me,
and doing all things so *mal a droisly*.

Phil. 'Tis great pity *Rhodophil's* a marry'd Man, that you
may not have an honourable Intrigue with him.

Mel. Intrigue, *Philotis*! that's an old Phrase; I have laid
that word by: *Amour* sounds better. But thou art Heir
to all my cast Words, as thou art to my old Wardrobe.
Oh Count *Rhodophil*! Ah *mon cher*! I could live and die
with him.

Enter Palamede and a Servant.

Ser. Sir, this is my Lady.

Pala. Then this is she that is to be Divine, and Nymph, and Goddess, and with whom I am to be desperately in love. [*Bows to her, delivering a Letter.*] This Letter, Madam, which I present you from your Father, has given me both the happy Opportunity, and the Boldness, to kiss the fairest Hands in Sicily.

Mel. Came you lately from Palermo, Sir?

Pala. But Yesterday, Madam.

Mel. [*Reading the Letter.*] Daughter, receive the Beave of this Letter, as a Gentleman whom I have chosen to make you happy; (O Venus, a new Servant sent me! and let me die but he has the Air of a gallant Homme) his Father is the rich Lord Cleodemus, our Neighbour: I suppose you'll find nothing disagreeable in his Person or his Conversation; both which he has improv'd by Travel. The Treaty is already concluded, and I shall be in Town within these three Days; so that you have nothing to do, but to obey your careful Father.

[*To Pala.*] Sir, my Father, for whom I have a blind Obedience, has commanded me to receive your Passionate Addresses; but you must also give me leave to avow, that I cannot merit 'em, from so accomplish'd a Cavalier.

Pala. I want many things Madam, to render me accomplish'd; and the first and greatest of 'em, is your Favour.

Mel. Let me die, *Philoris*, but this is extremely French—but yet Count *Rhodophil*——A Gentleman, Sir, that understands the *Grand mond* so well, who has haunted the best Conversations, and who (in short) has voyag'd may pretend to the good Graces of a Lady.

Pala. [*Aside.*] Hey day! *Grand mond*! Conversation voyag'd! and good Graces! I find my Mistress is one of those that run mad in new French Words.

Mel. I suppose, Sir, you have made the *Tour* of France and having seen all that's fine there, will make a considerable

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derable Reformation in the rudeness of our Court: For, let me die, but an unfashion'd, untravell'd, meer *Sicilian*, is a *Bete*; and has nothing in the World of an *honete Homme*.

Pala. I must confess, Madam, that——

Mel. And what new *Minouets* have you brought over with you! their *Minouets* are to a Miracle! and our *Sicilian* Jiggs are so dull and sad to 'em!

Pala. For *Minouets*, Madam——

Mel. And what new Plays are there in vogue? And who danc'd best in the last grand Ballet? Come, sweet Servant, you shall tell me all.

Pala. [*Aside.*] Tell her all? Why, she asks all, and will hear nothing — To answer in order, Madam, to your Demands——

Mel. I am thinking what a happy Couple we shall be! for you shall keep up your Correspondence abroad, and every thing that's new writ, in *France*, and fine, I mean all that's delicate, and *bien tourné*, we will have first.

Pala. But, Madam, our Fortune——

Mel. I understand you, Sir; you'll leave that to me: For the menage of a Family, I know it better than any Lady in *Sicily*.

Pala. Alas, Madam, we——

Mel. Then, we will never make Visits together, nor see a Play, but always apart; you shall be every Day at the King's *Levé*, and I at the Queen's; and we will never meet, but in the Drawing-room.

Phil. Madam, the new Prince is just pass'd by the end of the Walk.

Mel. The new Prince, say'st thou? Adieu, dear Servant; I have not made my court to him these two long Hours. O, 'tis the sweetest Prince! so obligent, charming, ravissant, that——Well, I'll make haste to kiss his Hands; and then make half a Score Visits more, and be with you again in a twinkling. [*Exit, running with Phil.*]

Pala. [*Solus.*] Now Heav'n, of thy Mercy, bless me from this Tongue; it may keep the Field against a whole Army of Lawyers, and that in their own Language, *French* Gibberish. 'Tis true, in the day-time, 'tis tolerable,

nable, when a Man has Field-room to run from it; but, to be shut up in a Bed with her, like two Cocks in a Pit; Humanity cannot support it: I must kiss all Night, in my own Defence, and hold her down, like a Boy at Cuffs, and give her the rising Blow every time she begins to speak.

Enter Rhodophil.

But here comes *Rhodophil*. 'Tis pretty odd that my Mistress should so much resemble his: The same Newsmonger, the same passionate Lover of a Court, the same—But *Basta*, since I must marry her, I'll say nothing, because he shall not laugh at my Misfortune.

Rho. Well, *Palamede*, how go the Affairs of Love? You've seen your Mistress?

Pala. I have so.

Rho. And how, and how? has the old *Cupid*, your Father, chosen well for you? is he a good Woodman!

Pala. She's much handsomer than I could have imagin'd: In short, I love her, and will marry her.

Rho. Then you are quite off from your other Mistress?

Pala. You are mistaken, I intend to love 'em both, as a reasonable Man ought to do. For, since all Women have their Faults, and Imperfections, 'tis fit that one of 'em should help out t'other.

Rho. This were a blessed Doctrine, indeed, if our Wives would hear it; but, they're their own Enemies: If they would suffer us but now and then to make Excursions, the benefit of our Variety would be theirs; instead of one continu'd, lazy, tir'd Love, they would, in their Turns, have twenty vigorous, fresh, and active Lovers.

Pala. And I would ask any of 'em, whether a poor narrow Brook, half dry the best part of the Year, and running over one way, be to be compar'd to a lusty Stream, that has Ebbs and Flows?

Rho. Ay; or is half so profitable for Navigation?

Enter Doralice, walking by, and reading.

Pala. Ods my Life, *Rhodophil*, will you keep my Counsel?

Rho. Yes: Where's the Secret?

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Pala. There 'tis: [*Shewing Doralice.*] I may tell you, as my Friend, *sub sigillo*, &c. this is that very numerical Lady, with whom I am in love.

Rho. By all that's virtuous, my Wife! [*Aside.*]

Pala. You look strangely: How do you like her? Is she not very handsome?

Rho. Sure he abuses me. [*Aside.*] Why the Devil do you ask my Judgment? [*To him.*]

Pala. You are so dogged now, you think no Man's Mistress handsome, but your own. Come, you shall hear her talk too; she has Wit, I assure you.

Rho. This is too much, *Palamede*. [*Going back.*]

Pala. Prethee do not hang back so: Of an old try'd Lover, thou art the most bashful Fellow!

[*Pulling him forward.*]

Dor. Were you so near, and would not speak, dear Husband?

[*Looking up.*]

Pala. Husband, quoth a! I have cut out a fine piece of Work for my self.

[*Aside.*]

Rho. Pray, Spouse, how long have you been acquainted with this Gentleman?

Dor. Who, I acquainted with this Stranger? To my best Knowledge, I never saw him before.

Enter Melantha, at the other end.

Pala. Thanks, Fortune, thou hast help'd me. [*Aside.*]

Rho. *Palamede*, this must not pass so: I must know your Mistress a little better.

Pala. It shall be your own fault else. Come, I'll introduce you.

Rho. Introduce me! where?

[*Pointing to Melantha, who swiftly passes over the Stage.*]

Pala. There. To my Mistress.

Rho. Who? *Melantha*! O Heav'ns, I did not see her.

Pala. But I did: I am an Eagle where I love; I have seen her this half Hour.

Dor. [*Aside.*] I find he has Wit, he has got off so readily; but it would anger me, if he should love *Melantha*.

Rho. [*Aside.*] Now I could e'en wish it were my Wife he lov'd: I find he's to be marry'd to my Mistress.

Pala. Shall I run after, and fetch her back again, to present you to her?

Rho.

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Rho. No, you need not; I have the Honour to have some small Acquaintance with her.

Pala. [*Aside.*] O *Jupiter*! what a Blockhead was I not to find it out! my Wife that must be, is his Mistress. I did a little suspect it before; well, I must marry her because she's handsome, and because I hate to be disinherited for a younger Brother, which I am sure I shall be if I disobey; and yet I must keep in with *Rhodolph* because I love his Wife.——— [*To Rhodo.*] I must desire you to make my Excuse to your Lady, if I have been so unfortunate to cause any Mistake; and, withal, to beg the Honour of being known to her.

Rho. O, that's but reason. Hark you, Spouse, pray look upon this Gentleman as my Friend; whom, to my knowledge, you have never seen before this Hour.

Dor. I'm so obedient a Wife, Sir, that my Husband's Commands shall ever be a Law to me.

Enter Melantha again, hastily, and runs to embrace Doralice.

Mel. O, my dear, I was just going to pay my Devotion to you; I had not time this Morning, for making my Court to the King, and our new Prince. Well, never a Nation was so happy, and all that, in a young Prince, and he's the kindest Person in the World to me, let me die, if he is not.

Dor. He has been bred up far from Court, and therefore———

Mel. That imports not: Tho' he has not seen the *Grandmond*, and all that, let me die but he has the Air of the Court, most absolutely.

Pala. But yet, Madam, he———

Mel. O, Servant, you can testify that I am in his good Graces. Well, I cannot stay long with you, because I have promis'd him this Afternoon to——— But hark you my dear, I'll tell you a Secret.——— [*Whispers to Doralice.*]

Rho. The Devil's in me, that I must love this Woman.——— [*Aside.*]

Pala. The Devil's in me, that I must marry this Woman.——— [*Aside.*]

Mel. raising her Voice. So the Prince and I——— But you must make a Secret of this, my dear, for I would not

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for the World your Husband should hear it, or my Tyrant, there, that must be.

Pala. Well, fair Impertinent, your Whisper is not lost, we hear you. [*Aside.*]

Dor. I understand then, that——

Mel. I'll tell you, my dear, the Prince took me by the Hand, and press'd it *a la derobbée*, because the King was near, made the *doux yeux* to me, and, *in suite*, said a thousand Gallantries, or let me die, my dear.

Dor. Then I am sure you——

Mel. You are mistaken, my dear.

Dor. What, before I speak?

Mel. But I know your meaning; you think, my dear, that I assum'd something of *fierté* into my Countenance, to *rebuter* him; but, quite contrary, I regarded him, I know not how to express it in our dull *Sicilian* Language, *d'un ayr enjoué*; and said nothing but *ad autre, ad autre*, and that it was all *grimace*, and would not pass upon me.

Enter Artemis: Melantha sees her, and runs away from Doralice.

[*To Artemis.*] My dear, I must beg your Pardon, I was just making a loose from *Doralice*, to pay my Respects to you: Let me die, if I ever pass time so agreeably as in your Company, and if I would leave it for any Lady's in *Sicily*.

Arte. The Princess *Amalthea* is coming this way.

Enter Amalthea: Melantha runs to her.

Mel. O dear Madam! I have been at your Lodgings, in my new *Galeche*, so often, to tell you of a new *Amour*, betwixt two Persons whom you would little suspect for it; that, let me die, if one of my Coach-horses be not dead, and another quite tir'd, and sunk under the fatigue.

Amal. O, *Melantha*, I can tell you News, the Prince is coming this way.

Mel. The Prince, O sweet Prince! He and I are to— and I forgot it.——Your Pardon, sweet Madam, for my abruptness. Adieu, my Dears. Servant, *Rhodophil*; Servant, Servant, Servant all. [*Exit running.*]

Amal.

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Amal. Rhodophil, a Word with you

[*Whisper*]

Dor. to Pala. Why do you not follow your Mistress, Sir?

Pala. Follow her? Why, at this rate she'll be at the Indies within this half Hour.

Dor. However if you can't follow her all Day, you'll meet her at Night, I hope?

Pala. But can you, in Charity, suffer me to be so mortify'd, without affording me some Relief? If it be but to punish that sign of a Husband there; that lazy Matrimony, that dull insipid Taste, who leaves such delicious Fare at home, to dine abroad, on worse Meat, and to pay dear for't into the Bargain.

Dor. All this is in vain: Assure your self, I will never admit of any Visit from you in private.

Pala. That is, to tell me, in other words, my Condition is desperate.

Dor. I think you in so ill a Condition, that I am resolv'd to pray for you, this very Evening, in the close Walk, behind the Terras; for that's a private place, and there I am sure no Body will disturb my Devotions. And so, Good-night, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Pala. This is the newest way of making an Appointment, I ever heard of: Let Women alone to contrive the Means; I find we are but Dunces to 'em. Well, I will not be so prophane a Wretch as to interrupt her Devotions; but to make 'em more effectual, I'll down upon my Knees, and endeavour to join my own with 'em.

[*Exit.*]

Amal. to Rhodophil. I know already they do not love each other; and that my Brother acts but a forc'd Obedience to the King's Commands; so that if a Quarrel should arise betwixt the Prince and him, I were most miserable on both sides.

Rho. There shall be nothing wanting in me, Madam, to prevent so sad a Consequence.

Enter the King and Leonidas; the King whispers Amalthæa.
[*To himself.*] I begin to hate this Palamede, because he is to marry my Mistress: Yet break with him I dare not, for fear of being quite excluded from her Company.

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'Tis a hard case when a Man must go by his Rival to his Mistress: But 'tis at worst but using him like a pair of heavy Boots in a dirty Journey; after I have foul'd him all Day, I'll throw him off at Night. [Exit.

Amal. to the King. This Honour is too great for me to hope.

Poly. You shall this Hour have the assurance of it.

Leonidas, come hither; you have heard, doubt not, that the Father of this Princess was my most faithful Friend, while I was yet a private Man; and when I did assume this Crown, he serv'd me in that high Attempt. You see, then, to what Gratitude obliges me; make your Addresses to her.

Leon. Sir, I am yet too young to be a Courtier; should too much betray my Ignorance, and want of breeding, to so fair a Lady.

Amal. Your Language speaks you not bred up in Deceit in the softness of some *Asian* Court, [starts, where Luxury and Ease invent kind Words, to cozen tender Virgins of their Hearts.

Poly. You need not doubt. At in what Words soe'er a Prince can offer his Crown and Person, they will be receiv'd. You know my Pleasure, and you know your Duty.

Leon. Yes, Sir, I shall obey, in what I can.

Poly. In what you can, *Leonidas*? Consider, 'tis both your King, and Father, who commands you. Besides, what is there hard in my Injunction?

Leon. 'Tis hard to have my Inclination forc'd.

I would not marry, Sir; and, when I do, I hope you'll give me freedom in my Choice.

Poly. View well this Lady, whose Mind as much transcends her beauteous Face, that excels all others.

Amal. My Beauty, as it ne'er could merit Love, neither can it beg: And, Sir, you may believe that, what the King has offer'd you, I should refuse, did I not value more my Person than your Crown.

Leon.

Leon. ——— Think it not Pride,
Or my new Fortunes swell me to contemn you;
Think less, that I want Eyes to see your Beauty;
And least of all think Duty wanting in me
T'obey a Father's Will: But——

Poly. ——— But what, *Leonidas*?
For I must know your Reason; and be sure
It be convincing too.

Leon. ——— Sir, ask the Stars,
Which have impos'd Love on us, like a Fate,
Why Minds are bent to one, and fly another?
Ask why all Beauties cannot move all Hearts?
For though there may
Be made a Rule for Colour, or for Feature;
There can be none for Liking.

Poly. *Leonidas*, you owe me more
Than to oppose your Liking to my Pleasure.

Leon. I owe you all things, Sir; but something too
I owe my self.

Poly. You shall dispute no more; I am a King,
And I will be obey'd.

Leon. You are a King, Sir; but you are no God;
Or if you were, you could not force my Will.

Poly. But you are just, ye Gods; O you are just, [44]
In punishing the Crimes of my Rebellion
With a rebellious Son!

Yet I can punish him, as you do me.

Leonidas, there is no jesting with
My Will: I ne'er had done so much to gain
A Crown, but to be absolute in all things.

Amal. O, Sir, be not so much a King, as to
Forget you are a Father: Soft Indulgence
Becomes that Name. Tho' Nature gives you Pow'r,
To bind his Duty, 'tis with silken Bonds:
Command him, then, as you command your self;
He is as much a part of you, as are
Your Appetite, and Will, and those you force not,
But gently bend, and make 'em pliant to your Reason.

Poly. It may be I have us'd too rough a way:
Forgive me, my *Leonidas*; I know

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I lie as open to the Gusts of Passion,
As the bare Shore to every beating Surge:
I will not force thee, now; but I intreat thee,
Absolve a Father's Vow, to this fair Virgin:
A Vow, which hopes of having such a Son
First caus'd.

Leon. Show not my Disobedience by your Pray'rs;
For I must still deny you, though I now
Appear more guilty to my self, than you:
I have some Reasons, which I cannot utter,
That force my Disobedience; yet I mourn
To Death, that the first thing you e'er injoin'd me,
Should be that only one Command in Nature
Which I could not obey.

Poly. I did descend too much below my self,
When I intreated him. Hence, to thy Desert,
Thou'rt not my Son, or art not fit to be.

Amal. Great Sir, I humbly beg you, make not me
[Kneeling.]

The Cause of your Displeasure. I absolve
Your Vow: far, far from me, be such Designs;
So wretched a Desire of being great,
By making him unhappy. You may see
Something so noble in the Prince's Nature,
As grieves him more not to obey, than you
That you are not obey'd.

Poly. — Then for your sake,
I'll give him one Day longer, to consider
Not to deny; for my Resolves are firm
As Fate, that cannot change. [Exeunt King and Amal.]

Leon. — And so are mine.
This beauteous Princess, charming as she is,
Could never make me happy: I must first
Be false to my *Palmyra*, and then wretched.
But, then, a Father's Anger!

Suppose he should recede from his own Vow,
He never would permit me to keep mine.

Enter Palmyra; Argaleon following her, a little after.
See, she appears!

I'll think no more of any thing, but her.

Yet

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Yet I have one Hour good e're I am wretched.
But, Oh! *Argaleon* follows her! so Night
Treads on the Foot-steps of a Winter's Sun,
And stalks all black behind him.

Palm. ———— O *Leonidas*,
(For I must call you still by that dear Name)
Free me from this bad Man.

Leon. I hope he dares not be injurious to you.

Arga. I rather was Injurious to my self,
Than her.

Leon. That must be judg'd when I hear what you said.

Arga. I think you need not give your self that trouble
It concern'd us alone.

Leon. You answer sawcily, and indirectly:
What Interest can you pretend in her?

Arga. It may be, Sir, I made her some Expressions
Which I would not repeat, because they were
Below my Rank, to one of hers.

Leon. What did he say, *Palmyra*?

Palm. I'll tell you all: First, he began to look,
And then he sigh'd, and then he look'd again;
At last, he said my Eyes wounded his Heart:
And, after that, he talk'd of Flames and Fires;
And such strange Words, that I believ'd he conjur'd.

Leon. O my Heart! Leave me, *Argaleon*.

Arga. Come, sweet *Palmyra*,
I will instruct you better in my Meaning:
You see he would be Private.

Leon. ———— Go your self,
And leave her here.

Arga. ———— Alas, she's Ignorant,
And is not fit to entertain a Prince.

Leon. First learn what's fit for you; that's to obey.

Arga. I know my Duty is to wait on you.
A great King's Son, like you, ought to forget
Such mean Converse.

Leon. ———— What? a disputing Subject?
Hence; or my Sword shall do me justice on thee.

Arga. Yet I may find a Time———

[Goes]

L

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Leon. ———What's that you mutter, [*Going after him.*
to find a Time?

Arga. ———To wait on you again———
(*Softly.*) In the mean while I'll watch you.

[*Exit, and watches during the Scene.*]

Leon. How precious are the Hours of Love in Courts!

Cottages, where Love has all the Day,

Still, and at ease, he throws it half away.

Time gives himself, and is not valu'd, there;

It sells, at mighty Rates, each Minute, here.

Here, he is lazy, unemploy'd, and slow;

Here, he's more swift; and yet has more to do.

How many of his Hours in publick move,

That few are left for Privacy and Love.

Palm. The Sun, methinks, shines faint and dimly, here;

Night is not half so long, nor half so clear:

Oh! when every Day was yours and mine,

How early up! what haste he made to shine!

Leon. Such golden Days no Prince must hope to see;

Whose ev'ry Subject is more bless'd than he.

Palm. Do you remember, when their Tasks were done,

How all the Youth did to our Cottage run?

While Winter-winds were whistling loud without,

Our chearful Hearth was circled round about:

With strokes in Ashes Maids their Lovers drew;

And still you fell to me, and I to you.

Leon. When Love did of my Heart possession take,

I was so young, my Soul was scarce awake:

I cannot tell when first I thought you fair;

But suck'd in Love, insensibly as Air.

Palm. I know too well when first my Love began,

When, at our Wake, you for the Chaplet ran:

When I was made the Lady of the May,

And, with the Garland, at the Goal did stay:

Still, as you ran, I kept you full in view;

I hop'd, and wish'd, and ran, methought, for you.

As you came near, I hastily did rise,

And stretch'd my Arm out-right, that held the Prize.

The Custom was to kiss whom I should crown:

But you kneel'd; and, in my Lap, your Head laid down.

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I blush'd, and blush'd, and did the Kiss delay:
At last, my Subjects forc'd me to obey;
But, when I gave the Crown, and then the Kiss,
I scarce had breath to say, Take that—and this.

Leon. I felt, the while, a pleasing Kind of Smart;
The Kiss went, tingling, to my very Heart.
When it was gone, the Sense of it did stay;
The Sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all Day,
Like Drops of Honey, loath to fall away.

Palm. Life, like a Prodigal, gave all his Store
To my first Youth, and now can give no more.
You are a Prince; and, in that high Degree,
No longer must converse with humble me.

Leon. 'Twas to my Loss the Gods that Title gave;
A Tyrant's Son is doubly born a Slave:
He gives a Crown; but, to prevent my Life
From being happy, loads it with a Wife.

Palm. Speak quickly; what have you resolv'd to do?

Leon. To keep my Faith inviolate to you.
He threatens me with Exile, and with Shame,
To lose my Birth-right, and a Prince's Name;
But there's a Blessing which he did not mean,
To send me back to Love and you again.

Palm. Why was not I a Princess for your sake?
But Heav'n no more such Miracles can make:
And, since that cannot, this must never be;
You shall not lose a Crown for love of me.
Live Happy, and a nobler Choice pursue;
I shall complain of Fate; but not of you.

Leon. Can you so easily without me live?
Or could you take the Counsel which you give?
Were you a Princess, would you not be true?

Palm. I would; but cannot merit it from you.

Leon. Did you not merit, as you do, my Heart;
Love gives Esteem; and then it gives Desert.
But if I basely could forget my Vow,
Poor helpless Innocence, what would you do?

Palm. In Woods, and Plains, where first my Love began,
There would I live, retir'd from faithless Man:

fit all Day within some lonely Shade,
that close Arbour which your Hands have made:
search the Groves, and ev'ry Tree, to find
where you had carv'd our Names upon the Rind:
your Hook, your Scrip, all that was yours, I'd keep,
and lay 'em by me when I went to sleep.

How would I live: And Maidens, when I die,
on my Hearse white True-love-knots should tie:
and thus my Tomb should be inscrib'd above,
Here the forsaken Virgin rests from Love.

Leon. Think not that Time or Fate shall e'er divide
those Hearts, which Love and mutual Vows have ty'd:
yet we must part; farewell, my Love.

Palm. ——— Till when?

Leon. Till the next Age of Hours we meet again.

Can time ——— we may

when near each other we in publick stand,
contrive to catch a Look, or steal a Hand:
they will every Touch and Glance improve;
and draw the most spirituous Parts of Love.
Our Souls sit close, and silently within;
and their own Web from their own Entrails spin.

And when Eyes meet far off, our Sense is such,
that, Spider-like, we feel the tender'st Touch. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. - SCENE I.

Enter Rhodophil, meeting Doralice and Artemis.

Rhodophil and Doralice embrace.

Rho. MY own dear Heart;

Dor. My own true Love! [*She starts back.*] I had
got my self to be so kind; indeed, I am very angry
with you, dear; you are come home an Hour after you
promised: If you had staid a Minute longer, I was just
considering, whether I should stab, hang, or drown my

[*Embracing him.*]

Rho.

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Rho. Nothing but the King's Business could have hinder'd me; and I was so vext, that I was just laying down my Commission, rather then have fail'd my Dear.

[Kisses her Hand]

Arte. Why, this is Love as it should be, betwixt Man and Wife: Such another Couple would bring Marriage into Fashion again. But is it always thus betwixt you?

Rho. Always thus! this is nothing. I tell you there is not such a Pair of Turtles in all *Sicily*; there is such an eternal Cooing and Kissing betwixt us, that indeed it is scandalous before civil Company.

Dor. Well, if I had imagin'd, I should have been this fond Fool, I would never have marry'd the Man I lov'd. I marry'd to be Happy; and have made my self Miserable, by Over-loving. Nay, and now my Case is desperate; for I have been marry'd above these two Years and find my self every Day worse and worse in love. Nothing but Madness can be the End on't.

Arte. Doat on, to the Extremity, and you are happy.

Dor. He deserves so infinitely much, that, the Truth is, there can be no doating in the matter; but to love well, I confess, is a Work that pays it self: 'Tis telling Gold, and after taking it for one's Pains.

Rho. By that I should be a very covetous Person; for I am ever pulling out my Mony, and putting it into my Pocket again.

Dor. O dear *Rhodophil*!

Rho. O sweet *Doralice*!

[Embracing each other]

Arte. [Aside.] Nay, I am resolv'd, I'll never interrupt Lovers: I'll leave 'em as happy as I found 'em.

[Steals away.]

Rho. What, is she gone?

[Looking up.]

Dor. Yes; and without taking leave.

Rho. Then there's enough for this time.

[Parting from her.]

Dor. Yes, sure, the Scene's done, I take it.

[They walk contrary ways on the Stage; he, with his Hands in his Pocket, whistling: She, singing a melancholly Tune.]

Rho. Pox o' your dull Tune, a Man can't think for you

Dor.

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Dor. Pox o' your damn'd Whistling; you can neither be Company to me your self, nor leave me to the Freedom of my own Fancy.

Rho. Well, thou art the most provoking Wife!

Dor. Well, thou art the dullest Husband, thou art never to be provok'd.

Rho. I was never thought dull, till I marry'd thee; and now thou hast made an old Knife of me, thou hast whetted me so long, till I have no Edge left.

Dor. I see you are in the Husband's Fashion; you reserve all your good Humours for your Mistresses, and keep your Ill for your Wives.

Rho. Prethee leave me to my own Cogitations; I am thinking over all my Sins, to find for which of them it was I marry'd thee.

Dor. Whatever your Sin was, mine's the Punishment.

Rho. My Comfort is, thou art not immortal; and when that blessed, that divine Day comes, of thy Departure, I'm resolv'd I'll make one Holy-day more in the manack, for thy sake.

Dor. Ay, you had need make a Holy-day for me, for am sure you have made me a Martyr.

Rho. Then, setting my victorious Foot upon thy head, in the first Hour of thy Silence, (that is, the first hour thou art dead, for I despair of it before) I will swear by thy Ghost, an Oath as terrible to me, as *Styx* to the Gods, never more to be in danger of the Banes of Matrimony.

Dor. And I am resolv'd to marry the very same Day you dy'st, if it be but to show how little I'm concern'd in thee.

Rho. Prethee, *Doralice*, why do we quarrel thus at this? ha? this is but a kind of Heathenish Life, and does not answer the Ends of Marriage. If I have err'd, profound what reasonable Atonement may be made, before I sleep, and I shall not be Refractory: But withal considering, I have been marry'd these three Years, and be not Tyrannical.

Dor. What should you talk of a Peace a-bed, when you can give no Security for Performance of Articles?

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K

Rho.

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Rho. Then, since we must live together, and both of us stand upon our Terms, as to matter of dying first, let us make our selves as merry as we can with our Misfortunes. Why there's the Devil on't! if thou couldst make my Enjoying thee but a little less easie, or a little more unlawful, thou shouldst see, what a Termagant-Lover I would prove. I have taken such Pains to enjoy thee, *Doralice*, that I have fancy'd thee all the fine Women in the Town, to help me out. But now there's none left for me to think on, my Imagination is quite Jaded. Thou art a Wife, and thou wilt be a Wife, and I can make thee another no longer. [Exit *Rho.*

Dor. Well, since thou art a Husband, and wilt be a Husband, I'll try if I can find out another! 'Tis a pretty time we Women have on't, to be made Widows, while we are marry'd. Our Husbands think it reasonable to complain, that we are the same, and the same to them, when we have more reason to complain, that they are not the same to us. Because they cannot feed on one Dish, therefore we must be starv'd. 'Tis enough that they have a sufficient Ordinary provided, and a Table ready spread for 'em: If they cannot fall too and eat heartily, the Fault is theirs; and 'tis pity, methinks, that the good Creature should be lost, when many a poor Sinner would be glad on't.

Enter Melantha and Artemis to her.

Mel. Dear, my dear, pity me; I am so chagrin to-day, and have had the most signal Affront at Court! I went this Afternoon to do my Devoir to Princess *Amalthea*, found her, convers'd with her, and help'd to make her Court some half an Hour; after which, she went to take the Air, chose out two Ladies to go with her, that came in after me, and left me most barbarously behind her.

Arte. You are the less to be pity'd, *Melantha*, because you subject your self to these Affronts, by coming perpetually to Court, where you have no Business nor Employment.

Mel. I declare, I had rather of the two, be railly'd nay, *mal traittée* at Court, than be Deify'd in the Town.

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For, assuredly, nothing can be so *ridicule*, as a meer Town-Lady.

Dor. Especially at Court. How I have seen 'em crowd and sweat in the Drawing-room, on a Holiday-night! For that's their time to swarm, and invade the Presence. O, how they catch at a Bow, or any little Salute from a Courtier, to make show of their Acquaintance! and rather than be thought to be quite unknown, they court'sie to one another; but they take true Pains to come near the Circle, and press and peep upon the Princess, to write Letters into the Country how she was dress'd, while the Ladies that stand about make their Court to her with abusing them.

Arte. These are sad Truths, *Melantha*; and therefore I would e'en advise you to quit the Court, and live either wholly in the Town; or, if you like not that, in the Country.

Dor. In the Country! nay, that's to fall beneath the Town; for they live there upon our Offals here: Their entertainment of Wit, is only the Remembrance of what they had when they were last in Town; they live this Year upon the last Year's Knowledge, as their Cattel do all Night, by chewing the Cud of what they eat in the afternoon.

Mel. And they tell, for News, such unlikely Stories; Letter from one of us is such a Present to 'em, that the poor Souls wait for the Carriers-day with such Devotion, that they cannot sleep the Night before.

Arte. No more than I can, the Night before I am to go a Journey.

Dor. Or I, before I am to try on a new Gown.

Mel. A Song that's stale here, will be new there a twelve-month hence; and if a Man of the Town by chance come amongst 'em, he's revered for teaching in the Tune.

Dor. A Friend of mine, who makes Songs sometimes, came lately out of the West, and vow'd he was so put out of Count'nance with a Song of his; for at the first Count'nance with a Gentleman's he visited, he saw three Tailors cross-

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legg'd upon the Table in the Hall, who were tearing out as loud as ever they could sing,

—————*After the Pangs of a desperate Lover, &c.*

and all that Day he heard nothing else, but the Daughters of the House, and the Maids, humming it over in every Corner, and the Father whistling it.

Arte. Indeed I have observ'd of my self, that when I am out of Town but a Fortnight, I am so humble, that I would receive a Letter from my Tailor or Mercer for a Favour.

Mel. When I have been at Grass in the Summer, and am new come up again, methinks I'm to be turn'd into ridicule by all that see me; but when I have been once or twice at Court, I begin to value my self again, and to despise my Country Acquaintance.

Arte. There are Places where all People may be ador'd, and we ought to know our selves so well as to chuse them.

Dor. That's very true; your little Courtier's Wife, who speaks to the King but once a Month, need but go to a Town Lady; and there she may vapour, and cry, *The King and I*, at every word. Your Town Lady, who is laugh'd at in the Circle, takes her Coach into the City, and there she's call'd Your Honour, and has a Banquet from the Merchant's Wife, whom she laughs at for her Kindness. And, as for my finical Cit, she removes but to her Country House, and there insults over the Country Gentlewoman that never comes up; who treats her with Furmity and Custard, and opens her dear Bottle of *Mirabilis* beside, for a Jill-glass of it at parting.

Arte. At last, I see, we shall leave *Melantha* where we found her; for, by your Description of the Town and Country, they are become more dreadful to her, than the Court, where she was affronted. But you forget we are to wait on the Princess *Amalthæa*. Come, *Doralina*.

Dor. Farewel, *Melantha*.

Mel. Adieu, my Dear.

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Arte. You are out of Charity with her, and therefore I shall not give your Service.

Mel. Do not omit it, I beseech you; for I have such a tender for the Court, that I love it ev'n from the Drawing-room to the Lobby, and can never be *rebutée* by any usage. But, hark you, my Dears, one thing I had forgot of great Concernment.

Dor. Quickly then, we are in haste.

Mel. Do not call it my Service, that's too vulgar; but do my *baise mains* to the Princess *Amalthea*; that is *Spirituelle*!

Dor. To do you Service then, we will *prendre* the *Casse* to Court, and do your *Baise mains* to the Princess *Amalthea*, in your Phrase *Spirituelle*.

[*Exeunt Artemis and Doralice.*]

Enter Philotis, with a Paper in her Hand.

Mel. O, are you there, Minion? And, well, are not you a most precious Damsel, to retard all my Visits for want of Language, when you know you are paid so well for furnishing me with new Words for my daily Conversation? Let me die, if I have not run the risque already, to speak like one of the vulgar; and if I have one Phrase left in all my Store that is not thread-bare & use, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to Peasants.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I have been very diligent in my Vocation; but you have so drain'd all the *French* Plays and Romances, that they are not able to supply you with Words for your daily Expence.

Mel. Drain'd? What a Word's there! *Epuisée*, you Sot you. Come, produce your Morning's Work.

Phil. 'Tis here, Madam.

[*Shows the Paper.*]

Mel. O, my *Venus*! fourteen or fifteen Words to *survivre* a whole Day! Let me die, at this rate I cannot last all Night. Come, read your Works: Twenty to one half of 'em will not pass Muster neither.

Phil. *Sottises*.

[*Reads.*]

Mel. *Sottises*: *bon*. That's an excellent Word to begin withall: As for Example; he, or she said a thousand *Sottises* to me. Proceed.

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Phil. Figure: As what a figure of a Man is there! *Naive*, and *Naïveté*.

Mel. Naïve! as how?

Phil. Speaking of a thing that was naturally said; it was so *Naïve*: Or such an innocent piece of Simplicity; 'twas such a *Naïveté*.

Mel. Truce with your Interpretations: Make haste.

Phil. *Foible*, *Chagrin*, *Grimace*, *Embarrasse*, *Double entendre*, *Equivoque*, *Eclaircissement*, *Suittè*, *Bevenue*, *Facon*, *Panchant*, *Coup d'etourdy*, and *Ridicule*.

Mel. Hold, hold; how did they begin?

Phil. They began at *Sottises*, and ended *en Ridicule*.

Mel. Now give me your Paper in my Hand, and hold you my Glass, while I practise my Postures for the Day. [*Melantha laughs in the Glass.*] How does that Laugh become my Face?

Phil. Sovereignly well, Madam.

Mel. Sovereignly? Let me die, that's not amiss. That word shall not be yours; I'll invent it, and bring it up my self: My new Point Gorget shall be yours upon't: Not a word of the Word, I charge you.

Phil. I am dumb, Madam.

Mel. That Glance, how sutes it with my Face?

[*Looking in the Glass again.*]

Phil. 'Tis so *languissant*.

Mel. Languissant! that word shall be mine too, and my last *Indian* Gown thine for't. That Sigh? [*Looks again.*]

Phil. 'Twill make many a Man sigh, Madam. 'Tis a meer *Incendiary*.

Mel. Take my Guimp Petticoat for that Truth. If thou hast more of these Phrases, let me die but I could give away all my Wardrobe, and go naked for 'em.

Phil. Go naked? Then you would be a *Venus*, Madam. O *Jupiter*! what had I forgot? This Paper was given me by *Rhodophil's* Page.

Mel. [*Reading the Letter.*] — Beg the Favour from you. — Gratifie my Passion — so far — Assignation — in the Grotto — behind the Terras — Clock this Evening — Well, for the *Billets doux* there is no Man in *Sicily* must dispute with *Rhodophil*; they are so *French*.

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French, so gallant, and so *tendre*, that I cannot resist the Temptation of the Assignment. Now go you away, *Philotis*; it imports me to practise what I shall say to my Servant when I meet him. [Exit *Philotis*.

Rhodophil, you'll wonder at my Assurance to meet you here; let me die, I am so out of Breath with coming, that I can render you no reason of it. Then he will make this *repartee*; Madam, I have no reason to accuse you for that which is so great a Favour to me. Then I reply, But why have you drawn me to this solitary Place? Let me die, but I am apprehensive of some Violence from you. Then, says he; Solitude, Madam, is most fit for Lovers; but by this fair Hand——Nay, now I vow you're rude, Sir. O fie, fie, fie; I hope you'll be honourable?——You'd laugh at me if I should, Madam——What do you mean to throw me down thus? Ah me! ah, ah, ah.

Enter *Polydamas*, *Leonidas*, and *Guards*.

O *Venus*! the King and Court. Let me die, but I fear they have found my *foible*, and will turn me into *ridicule*.

[Exit running.

Leon. Sir, I beseech you.

Poly. ——Do not urge my Patience.

Leon. I'll not deny

But what your Spies inform'd you of, is true:

I love the fair *Palmyra*; but I lov'd her

Before I knew your Title to my Blood.

Enter *Palmyra*, guarded.

See, here she comes; and looks, amid'st her Guards,

Like a weak Dove under the Falcon's Gripe.

O Heav'n, I cannot bear it.

Poly. ——Maid, come hither.

Have you presum'd so far, as to receive

My Son's Affection?

Palm. Alas, what shall I answer? To confess it

Will raise a Blush upon a Virgin's Face;

Yet I was ever taught 'twas base to Lie.

Poly. You've been too bold, and you must love no more.

Palm. Indeed I must; I cannot help my Love;

I was so tender when I took the Bent,

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That now I grow that way.

Poly. He is a Prince; and you are meanly born.

Leon. Love either finds Equality, or makes it:
Like Death, he knows no difference in degrees,
But plains, and levels all.

Palm. Alas, I had not render'd up my Heart,
Had he not lov'd me first; but he preferr'd me
Above the Maidens of my Age and Rank;
Still shun'd their Company, and still sought mine;
I was not won by Gifts, yet still he gave;
And all his Gifts, tho' small, yet spoke his Love.
He pick'd the earliest Strawberries in Woods,
The cluster'd Filberds, and the purple Grapes:
He taught a prating Stare to speak my Name;
And when he found a Nest of Nightingales,
Or callow Linnets, he would show 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

Poly. This is a little Mistress, meanly Born,
Fit only for a Prince's vacant Hours,
And then, to laugh at her Simplicity,
Not fix a Passion there. Now hear my Sentence.

Leon. Remember, e'er you give it, 'tis pronounc'd
Against us both.

Poly. First, in her Hand
There shall be plac'd a Player's painted Sceptre,
And, on her Head, a gilded Pageant Crown;
Thus shall she go,
With all the Boys attending on her Triumph:
That done, be put alone into a Boat,
With Bread and Water only for three Days;
So on the Sea she shall be set adrift,
And who relieves her, dies.

Palm. I only beg that you would execute
The last part first: Let me be put to Sea;
The Bread and Water, for my three Days Life,
I give you back, I would not live so long;
But let me scape the Shame.

Leon. Look to me, Piety; and you, O Gods, look to
my Piety:

Keep me from saying that which misbecomes a Son;

But

But let me die before I see this done.

Poly. If you for ever will abjure her sight,
can be yet a Father; she shall live.

Leon. Hear, O you Pow'rs, is this to be a Father?

see 'tis all my Happiness and Quiet

you aim at, Sir; and take 'em:

will not save ev'n my *Palmyra's* Life

at that ignoble Price; but I'll die with her.

Palm. So had I done by you,

had Fate made me a Princess: Death, methinks,

is not a Terror now;

it is not fierce, or grim, but fawns, and sooths me,

and slides along, like *Cleopatra's* Aspick,

off'ring his Service to my troubled Breast.

Leon. Begin what you have purpos'd when you please,

lead her to Scorn, your Triumph shall be doubled.

As holy Priests

Pity go with dying Malefactors,

so will I share her Shame.

Poly. You shall not have your Will so much; first part

then execute your Office.

[em,

Leon. ———No; I'll die

for her Defence.

[Draws his Sword.

Palm. ———Ah, hold, and pull not on

Curse, to make me worthy of my Death:

do not by lawless Force oppose your Father,

whom you have too much disobey'd for me.

Leon. Here, take it, Sir, and with it, pierce my Heart:

[Presenting his Sword to his Father upon his Knees.

you have done more, in taking my *Palmyra*.

you are my Father, therefore I submit.

Poly. Keep him from any thing he may design

against his Life, whil'st the first Fury lasts;

and now perform what I commanded you.

Leon. In vain; if Sword and Poison be deny'd me,

I hold my Breath and die.

Palm. Farewel, my last *Leonidas*; yet live,

charge you, live, 'till you believe me dead.

I cannot die in Peace, if you die first.

Life's a Blessing, you shall have it last.

K 5

Poly.

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Poly. Go on with her, and lead him after me.

Enter Argaleon hastily with Hermogenes.

Arga. I bring you, Sir, such News as must amaze you,
And such as will prevent you from an Action
Which would have rendred all your Life unhappy.

[*Hermogenes kneels.*

Poly. *Hermogenes*, you bend your Knees in vain,
My Doom's already past.

Her. I kneel not for *Palmyra*, for I know
She will not need my Pray'rs; but for my self:
With a feign'd Tale I have abus'd your Ears,
And therefore merit Death; but since, unforc'd,
I first accuse my self, I hope your Mercy.

Poly. Haste to explain your Meaning.

Her. Then, in few words, *Palmyra* is your Daughter.

Poly. How can I give Belief to this Impostor?
He who has once abus'd me, often may.
I'll hear no more.

Arga. ——— For your own sake, you must.

Her. A Parent's Love (for I confess my Crime)
Mov'd me to say, *Leonidas* was yours;
But when I heard *Palmyra* was to die,
The fear of guiltless Blood so stung my Conscience,
That I resolv'd, ev'n with my Shame, to save
Your Daughter's Life.

Poly. But how can I be certain, but that Interest,
Which mov'd you first to say your Son was mine,
Does not now move you too, to save your Daughter?

Her. You had but then my Word; I bring you now
Authentick Testimonies. Sir, in short,

[*Delivers on his Knees a Jewel, and a Letter.*
If this will not convince you, let me suffer.

Poly. I know this Jewel well; 'twas once my Mother's,
[*Looking first on the Jewel.*

Which, marrying, I presented to my Wife.
And this, O this, is my *Eudocia's* Hand.
This was the Pledge of Love given to *Eudocia*,
Who, dying, to her young *Palmyra* leaves it:
And this when you, my dearest Lord, receive,
Own her, and think on me, dying *Eudocia*.

[*Reads*

Take

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Take it; 'tis well there is no more to read, [To Arga.
My Eyes grow full, and swim in their own Light.

[He embraces Palmyra,

Palm. I fear, Sir, this is your intended Pageant.
You sport your self at poor *Palmyra's* cost;
But if you think to make me proud,
Indeed I cannot be so: I was born
With humble Thoughts, and lowly, like my Birth.
A real Fortune could not make me haughty,
Much less a feign'd.

Poly. ——— This was her Mother's Temper.
I have too much deserv'd thou shouldst suspect
That I am not thy Father; but my Love
Shall henceforth show I am. Behold my Eyes,
And see a Father there begin to flow:
This is not feign'd, *Palmyra*.

Palm. I doubt no longer, Sir; you are a King,
And cannot lie: Falshood's a Vice too base
To find a Room in any Royal Breast;
I know, in spite of my Unworthiness,
I am your Child; for when you would have kill'd me,
Methought I lov'd you then.

Arga. Sir, we forget the Prince *Leonidas*,
His Greatness should not stand neglected thus.

Poly. Guards, you may now retire: Give him his Sword,
And leave him free.

Leon. Then the first Use I make of Liberty
Shall be, with your Permission, mighty Sir,
To pay that Reverence to which Nature binds me.

[Kneels to Hermogenes.

Arga. Sure you forget your Birth, thus to misplace
This Act of your Obedience; you should kneel
To nothing but to Heav'n, and to a King.

Leon. I never shall forget what Nature owes,
Nor be asham'd to pay it; though my Father
Be not a King, I know him brave and honest,
And well-deserving of a worthier Son.

Poly. He bears it gallantly.

Leon. Why would you not instruct me, Sir, before,

[To Herm.

Where I should place my Duty?

From

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From which, if Ignorance have made me swerve,
I beg your Pardon for an erring Son.

Palm. I almost grieve I am a Princess, since
It makes him lose a Crown.

Leon. And next, to you, my King, thus low I kneel,
T'implore your Mercy; if in that small time
I had the Honour to be thought your Son,
I paid not strict Obedience to your Will:
I thought, indeed, I should not be compell'd,
But thought it as your Son; so what I took
In Duty from you, I restor'd in Courage;
Because your Son should not be forc'd.

Poly. You have my Pardon for it.

Leon. To you, fair Princess, I congratulate
Your Birth; of which I ever thought you worthy:
And give me leave to add, that I am proud
The Gods have pick'd me out to be the Man
By whose dejected Fate yours is to rise;
Because no Man could more desire your Fortune,
Or franklier Part with his to make you great.

Palm. I know the King, tho' you are not his Son,
Will still regard you as my Foster-brother,
And so conduct you downward from a Throne,
By slow degrees, so unperceiv'd and soft,
That it may seem no Fall: Or, if it be,
May Fortune lay a Bed of Down beneath you.

Poly. He shall be rank'd with my Nobility,
And kept from Scorn by a large Pension giv'n him.

Leon. You are all Great and Royal in your Gifts;

[*Bowing.*]

But at the Donor's Feet I lay 'em down:
Should I take Riches from you, it would seem
As I did want a Soul to bear that Poverty
To which the Gods design'd my humble Birth:
And should I take your Honours without Merit,
It would appear, I wanted manly Courage
To hope 'em, in your Service, from my Sword.

Poly. Still brave, and like your self.
The Court shall shine this Night in its full Splendor,
And celebrate this new Discovery.

Argalmon

Argaleon, lead my Daughter: As we go
I shall have time to give her my Commands,
in which you are concern'd. [*Exeunt all but Leonidas.*]

Leon. Methinks I do not want
That huge long Train of fawning Followers,
That swept a Furlong after me.
Tis true, I am alone;
So was the Godhead e'er he made the World,
And better serv'd himself, than serv'd by Nature.
And yet I have a Soul
Above this humble Fate. I could command,
Love to do good; give largely to true Merit;
All that a King should do: But tho' these are not
My Province, I have Scene enough within
To exercise my Virtue.
All that a Heart, so fix'd as mine, can move,
That my niggard Fortune starves my Love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*Alameda and Doralice meet: She with a Book in her Hand,
seems to start at the sight of him.*

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing that no Warning will serve
our turn; and that no Retirement will secure me from
our impertinent Addresses! Did not I tell you, that I
was to be private here at my Devotions?

Pala. Yes; and you see I have observ'd my Cue ex-
actly: I am come to relieve you from them. Come,
sit up, shut up your Book; the Man's come who is to
supply all your Necessities.

Dor. Then, it seems, you are so impudent to think it
was an Assignment? This, I warrant, was your lewd
interpretation of my innocent meaning.

Pala. *Venus* forbid that I should harbour so unreasona-
ble a thought of a fair young Lady, that you should lead
me hither into Temptation. I confess I might think
it was a kind of honourable Challenge, to meet
privately without Seconds, and decide the difference be-
tixt the two Sexes; but Heav'n forgive me if I thought
differently.

Dor.

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Dor. You thought too, I'll lay my Life on't, that you might as well make love to me, as my Husband does to your Mistress.

Pala. I was so unreasonable to think so too.

Dor. And then you wickedly inferr'd, that there was some Justice in the Revenge of it: Or at least but little Injury; for a Man to endeavour to enjoy that, which he accounts a Blessing, and which is not valu'd as it ought by the dull Possessor. Confess your Wickedness did you not think so?

Pala. I confess I was thinking so, as fast as I could; but you think so much before me, that you will let me think nothing.

Dor. 'Tis the very thing that I design'd: I have forestall'd all your Arguments, and left you without a Word more, to plead for Mercy. If you have any thing farther to offer, e're Sentence pass——Poor Animal, I brought you hither only for my Diversion.

Pala. That you may have, if you'll make use of me the right Way; but I tell thee, Woman, I am now past talking.

Dor. But it may be, I came hither to hear what fine things you could say for your self.

Pala. You would be very angry, to my Knowledge if I should lose so much time to say many of 'em——By this Hand you would——

Dor. Fie, *Palamede*, I am a Woman of Honour.

Pala. I see you are; you have kept touch with your Assignment: And before we part, you shall find that I am a Man of Honour——yet I have one Scruple of Conscience——

Dor. I warrant you will not want some naughty Argument, or other to satisfy your self——I hope you are afraid of betraying your Friend?

Pala. Of betraying my Friend! I am more afraid of being betray'd by you to my Friend. You Women now are got into the way of telling first your selves: A Man who has any care of his Reputation, will be loath to mix it with you.

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Dor. O you charge your Faults upon our Sex: You Men are like Cocks, you never make love, but you clap your Wings, and crow when you have done.

Pala. Nay, rather you Women are like Hens; you never lay, but you cackle an Hour after, to discover your Nest——But I'll venture it for once.

Dor. To convince you that you are in the Wrong, I'll retire into the dark Grotto, to my Devotion, and make so little Noise, that it shall be impossible for you to find me.

Pala. But if I find you——

Dor. Ay, if you find me——But I'll put you to search in more Corners than you imagine.

[*She runs in, and he after her.*]

Enter Rhodophil and Melantha.

Mel. Let me die, but this Solitude, and that Grotto are scandalous; I'll go no further; besides, you have a sweet Lady of your own.

Rho. But a sweet Mistress, now and then, makes my sweet Lady so much more sweet.

Mel. I hope you will not force me?

Rho. But I will, if you desire it.

Pala. *Within.* Where the Devil are you, Madam? Death, I begin to be weary of this hide and seek: If you stay a little longer, till the Fit's over, I'll hide in my Turn, and put you to the finding me. [*He enters, and sees Rhodophil and Melantha.*] How! Rhodophil and my Mistress!

Mel. My Servant to apprehend me! this is *Surprenant au dernier*.

Rho. I must on; there's nothing but Impudence can help me out.

Pala. Rhodophil, how came you hither in so good Company?

Rho. As you see, *Palamede*; an effect of pure Friendship; I was not able to live without you.

Pala. But what makes my Mistress with you?

Rho. Why, I heard you were here alone, and could not in Civility but bring her to you.

Mel.

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Mel. You'll pardon the Effects of a Passion which I may now avow for you, if it transported me beyond the Rules of *bien seance*.

Pala. But, who told you I was here? they that told you that, may tell you more, for ought I know.

Rho. O, for that matter, we had Intelligence.

Pala. But let me tell you, we came hither so very privately, that you could not trace us.

Rho. Us? what us? you are alone.

Pala. Us! the Devil's in me for mistaking. me, I meant. Or us; that is, you are me, or I you, as we are Friends: That's us.

Dor. Palamede, Palamede.

[*Within.*]

Rho. I should know that Voice? who's within there, that calls you?

Pala. Faith I, can't imagine; I believe the Place is haunted.

Dor. Palamede, Palamede, All-cocks hidden. [*Within.*]

Pala. Lord, Lord, what shall I do? Well, dear Friend, to let you see I scorn to be jealous, and that I dare trust my Mistress with you, take her back, for I would not willingly have her frightened, and I am resolv'd to see who's there; I'll not be daunted with a Bug-bear, that's certain: Prethee dispute it not, it shall be so; nay, do not put me to swear, but go quickly: There's an Effect of pure Friendship for you now.

Enter Doralice, and looks amaz'd, seeing them.

Rho. Doralice! I am Thunder-struck to see you here.

Pala. So am I! quite Thunder-struck. Was it you that call'd me within? (I must be Impudent.)

Rho. How came you hither, Spouse?

Pala. Ay, how came you hither? And, which is more, how could you be here without my Knowledge?

Dor. to her Husband. O, Gentleman, have I caught you i' Faith! have I broke forth in ambush upon you! I thought my Suspicions would prove true.

Rho. Suspicions! this is very fine, Spouse! Prethee what Suspicions?

Dor. O, you feign Ignorance: Why, of you and *Melantha*; here have I staid these two Hours, waiting with

all

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the Rage of a passionate, loving Wife, but infinitely
alous, to take you two in the manner; for hither I
as certain you would come.

Rho. But you are mistaken, Spouse, in the Occasion;
we came hither on purpose to find *Palamede*, on In-
telligence he was gone before.

Pala. I'll be hang'd then, if the same Party who gave
you Intelligence, I was here, did not tell your Wife you
ould come hither: Now I smell the Malice on't on
th sides.

Dor. Was it so, think you? nay, then, I'll confess my
rt of the Malice too. As soon as ever I spy'd my Hus-
nd and *Melantha* come together, I had a strange Temp-
ion to make him jealous in revenge; and that made me
Palamede, Palamede, as though there had been an
trigue between us.

Mel. Nay, I avow, there was an Appearance of an
trigue between us too.

Pala. To see how things will come about!

Rho. And was it only thus, my dear *Doralice*?

[*Embraces.*

Dor. And did I wrong n'own *Rhodophil*, with a false
spicion?

[*Embracing him.*

Pala. aside. Now am I confident we had all four the
ne Design: 'Tis a pretty odd kind of Game this, where
ch of us Plays for double Stakes: This is just Thrust
d Parry with the same Motion; I am to get his Wife,
yet to guard my own Mistress. But I am vilely
spicious, that, while I conquer in the Right Wing, I
ll be routed in the Left: For both our Women will
tainly betray their Party, because they are each of
em for gaining of two, as well as we; and I much

If their Necessities and ours were known,

They have more need of two, than we of one.

[*Exeunt, embracing one another.*

ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Leonidas musing, Amalthea following him

Amal. **Y**onder he is, and I must speak, or die;
And yet 'tis Death to speak; yet he must know
I have a Passion for him, and may know it
With a less Blush; because to offer it
To his low Fortunes, shows I lov'd before,
His Person, not his Greatness.

Leon. First scorn'd, and now commanded from the Court
The King is good; but he is wrought to this
By proud *Argaleon's* Malice.

What more Disgrace can Love and Fortune join
T' inflict upon one Man? I cannot now
Behold my dear *Palmyra*: She, perhaps, too
Is grown ashamed of a mean ill-plac'd Love.

Amal. Assist me, *Venus*, for I tremble when [4]
I am to speak, but I must force my self.
Sir, I would crave but one short Minute with you,

And some few Words. [To him]

Leon. ——— The proud *Argaleon's* Sister! [4]

Amal. Alas, it will not out; shame stops my Mouth [4]

Pardon my Error, Sir, I was mistaken,
And took you for another.

Leon. In spite of all his Guards, I'll see *Palmyra*; [4]
Though meanly born, I have a Kingly Soul yet.

Amal. I stand upon a Precipice, where fain [4]
I would retire, but Love still thrusts me on:
Now I grow bolder, and will speak to him.
Sir, 'tis indeed to you that I would speak, [To him]
And if——

Leon. O, you are sent to scorn my Fortunes;
Your Sex and Beauty are your Priviledge;

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should your Brother——

Amal. Now he looks Angry, and I dare not speak.
and some Business with you, Sir,
'tis not worth your Knowledge.

Leon. Then 'twill be Charity to let me mourn
Griefs alone, for I am much disorder'd.

Amal. 'Twill be more Charity to mourn 'em with you:
I know I pity you.

Leon. Your Pity, Madam,
generous, but 'tis unavailable.

Amal. You know not till 'tis try'd.
Your Sorrows are no Secret; you have lost
Crown, and Mistress.

Leon. ——Are not these enough?
I lay two such Weights on any other Soul,
and see if it can bear 'em.

Amal. More; you are banish'd, by my Brother's means,
and ne'er must hope again to see your Princess;
except as Pris'ners view fair Walks and Streets,
and careless Passengers going by their Grates,
and make 'em feel the want of Liberty.

[*Aside.*] worse than all,
The King this Morning has injoin'd his Daughter
to accept my Brother's Love.

Leon. ——Is this your Pity?
It aggravate my Griefs, and print 'em deeper
new and heavier Stamps.

Amal. 'Tis as Physicians show the desperate Ill
and dear their Art, by mitigating Pains
they cannot wholly cure: When you despair
of all you wish, some part of it, because
hop'd for, may be grateful; and some other——

Leon. What other?

Amal. Some other may——

Shame again has seiz'd me, and I can go [Aside.
no farther——

Leon. These often failing Sighs, and Interruptions,
make me imagine you have Grief like mine:
do you ne'er lov'd?

Amal.

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Amal. ——— I? never: 'Tis in vain;
I must despair in Silence.

Leon. You come as I suspected then, to mock,
At least observe my Griefs: Take it not ill
That I must leave you.

Amal. You must not go with these unjust Opinions
Command my Life and Fortunes; you are wise,
Think, and think well, what I can do to serve you.

Leon. I have but one thing in my Thoughts and Wishes
If by your Means I can obtain the Sight
Of my ador'd *Palmyra*; or, what's harder,
One Minute's time, to tell her, I die hers. [*She starts back*]
I see I am not to expect it from you;
Nor could, indeed, with reason.

Amal. Name any other thing: Is *Amalthea*
So despicable, she can serve your Wishes
In this alone?

Leon. If I should ask of Heav'n,
I have no other Suit.

Amal. To show you, then, I can deny you nothing,
Though 'tis more hard to me than any other,
Yet I will do't for you.

Leon. Name quickly, name the Means, speak my good

Amal. Be not so much o'erjoy'd; for, if you are,
I'll rather die than do't. This Night the Court
Will be in Masquerade;
You shall attend on me; in that Disguise
You may both see and speak to her,
If you dare venture it.

Leon. Yes, were a God her Guardian,
And bore in each Hand Thunder, I would venture.

Amal. Farewel then; two Hours hence I will expect you
My Heart's so full, that I can stay no longer.

Leon. Already it grows dusky; I'll prepare
With haste for my Disguise. But who are these?

Enter Hermogenes and Eubulus.

Her. 'Tis he; we need not fear to speak to him.

Eub. *Leonidas.*

Leon. ——— Sure I have known that Voice.

Her. You have some reason, Sir; 'tis *Eubulus*,
who bred you with the Princess; and, departing,
queath'd you to my Care.

Leon. My Foster Father! let my Knees express [*Kneeling*.
Joys for your Return!

Eub. Rise, Sir, you must not kneel.

Leon. ——— E'er since you left me,
have been wandering in a maze of Fate,
led by false Fires of a fantastick Glory,
and the vain Lustre of imagin'd Crowns.

But, ah! why would you leave me? or how could you
desert your self so long?

Eub. I'll give you a most just Account of both:
and something more I have to tell you, which
you know must cause your Wonder; but this place,
though almost hid in Darkeness, is not safe.
I already discern some coming towards us [*Torches appear*.

With lights, who may discover me. *Hermogenes*,
our Lodgings are hard by, and much more private.

Her. There you may freely speak.

Leon. ——— Let us make haste;
for some Affairs, and of no small Importance,
call me another way.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter *Palamede and Rhodophil*, with *Vizor Masques in*
their Hands, and Torches before 'em.

Pala. We shall have noble Sport to Night, *Rhodophil*;
his Masquerading is a most glorious Invention.

Rho. I believe it was invented first by some jealous
lover, to discover the Haunts of his Jilting Mistress; or,
perhaps, by some distressed Servant, to gain an Oppor-
tunity with a jealous Man's Wife.

Pala. No, it must be the Invention of a Woman, it
is so much of Subtilty and Love in it.

Rho. I am sure 'tis extremely pleasant; for to go un-
known, is the next Degree to going invisible.

Pala. What with our antick Habits, and feign'd Voices,
do you know me? and I know you? Methinks we
love and talk just like so many over-grown Puppets.

Rho. Masquerade is only Vizor-mask improv'd, a
lightning of the same Fashion.

Pala.

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Pala. No; Masquerade is Vizor-mask in debauch; I like it the better for't: For, with a Vizor-mask, we fool our selves into Courtship, for the sake of an Eye that glanc'd; or a Hand that stole it self out of the Glove sometimes, to give us a Sample of the Skin: But in Masquerade there is nothing to be known, she's all *Zem incognita*, and the bold Discoverer leaps Ashoar, and takes his Lot among the wild *Indians* and *Salvages*, without the vile Consideration of Safety to his Person, or of Beauty, or Wholesomeness in his Mistress.

Enter Beliza.

Rho. *Beliza*, what make you here?

Bel. Sir, my Lady sent me after you, to let you know she finds her self a little indispos'd, so that she cannot be at Court, but is retir'd to rest, in her own Apartment where she shall want the Happiness of your dear Embraces to Night.

Rho. A very fine Phrase, *Beliza*, to let me know my Wife desires to lye alone.

Pala. I doubt, *Rhodophil*, you take the Pains sometimes to instruct your Wife's Woman in these Elegancies.

Rho. Tell my dear Lady, that since I must be so unhappy as not to wait on her to Night, I will lament bitterly for her Absence. 'Tis true, I shall be at Court, but I will take no divertisement there; and when I return to my solitary Bed, if I am so forgetful of my Passion as to sleep, I will dream of her; and between sleep and waking, put out my Foot towards her side for Mid-night consolation; and not finding her, I will sigh, and imagine my self a most desolate Widower.

Bel. I shall do your Commands, Sir. [Exit]

Rho. [*Aside.*] She's sick as aptly for my Purpose, if she had contriv'd it so: Well, if ever Woman was Help-meet for Man, my Spouse is so; for within the Hour I receiv'd a Note from *Melantha*, that she would meet me this Evening in Masquerade in Boys habit, to rejoice with me before she entred into Fetters; For I find she Loves me better than *Palamede*, only because he is to be her Husband. There's something of Antipathy in the

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word Marriage to the Nature of Love; Marriage is
meer Ladle of Affection, that cools it when 'tis never
fiercely boiling over.

Pala. Dear *Rhodophil*, I must needs beg your Pardon;
there is an Occasion fall'n out which I had forgot: I
cannot be at Court to Night.

Rho. Dear *Palamede*, I am sorry we shall not have one
course together at the Herd; but I find your Game
single: Good Fortune to you with your Mistress.

[Exit.

Pala. He has wish'd me good Fortune with his Wife:
there's no Sin in this then, there's fair Leave given.
Well, I must go visit the Sick; I cannot resist the
temptations of my Charity. O what a Difference will
I find betwixt a dull resty Husband, and a quick vigo-
rous Lover! he sets out like a Carrier's Horse, plodding
because he knows he must, with the Bells of Matri-
mony chiming so melancholy about his Neck, in pain
he's at his Journey's End, and despairing to get thi-
er, he is fain to fortifie Imagination with the Thoughts
of another Woman: I take heat after heat, like a well-
bath'd Courser, and——But hark, what Noise is that?
Swords! [*Clashing of Swords within.*] Nay, then have
I shou'd you.

[Exit *Pala.*

*Re-enter Palamede, with Rhodophil: And Doralice in
Man's Habit.*

Rho. Friend, your Relief was very timely, otherwise
I had been oppress'd.

Pala. What was the Quarrel?

Rho. What I did, was in rescue of this Youth.

Pala. What cause could he give 'em?

Dor. The Cause was nothing but only the common
cause of fighting in Masquerades: They were drunk,
I was sober.

Rho. Have they not hurt you?

Dor. No; but I am exceeding Ill, with the fright
of it.

Pala. Let's lead him to some place where he may re-
fresh himself.

Rho. Do you conduct him then.

Pala.

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Pala. [*Aside.*] How cross this happens to my Design of going to *Doralice*! for I am confident she was sick of purpose that I should visit her. Hark you, *Rhodophil*, could not you take care of the Stripling? I am partly engag'd to Night.

Rho. You know I have Business: But come, Youth, it must be so.

Dor. to Rhodophil. No, good Sir, do not give your Friend that trouble; I shall be safer, and better pleas'd with your Friend here.

Rho. Farewell then; once more I wish you a good Adventure.

Pala. Damn this Kindness! now must I be troubled with this young Rogue, and miss my Opportunity with *Doralice*.

[*Exit Rhodophil alone, Palamede with Doralice*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Polydamas.

Poly. *Argaleon* counsel'd well to banish him, He has, I know not what, Of Greatness in his Looks, and of high Fate, That almost awes me; but I fear my Daughter, Who hourly moves me for him, and I mark'd She sigh'd when I but nam'd *Argaleon* to her. But see, the Maskers: Hence my Cares, this Night, At least take Truce, and find me on my Pillow.

Enter the Princess in Masquerade, with Ladies: At the other end, Argaleon and Gentlemen in Masquerade: Then Leonidas leading Amalthea. The King sits. A Dance. After the Dance,

Amal. to Leonidas. That's the Princess; I saw the Habit e'er she put it on.

Leon. I know her by a thousand other Signs, She cannot hide so much Divinity. Disguis'd, and silent, yet some graceful Motion Breaks from her, and shines round her like a Glory.

[*Goes to Palmyra*]

Amal. Thus she reveals her self, and knows it not: Like Love's Dark-lantern I direct his Steps,

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and yet he sees not that which gives him Light.

Palm. I know you; but, alas, *Leonidas*, [To *Leonidas*.]
Why should you tempt this Danger on your self?

Leon. Madam, you know me not, if you believe
would not hazard greater for your sake.
But you, I fear, are chang'd.

Palm. No, I am still the same;
But there are many things became *Palmyra*,
Which ill become the Princess.

Leon. ——— I ask nothing
Which Honour will not give you Leave to grant:
The Hour's short Audience, at my Father's House,
You cannot sure refuse me.

Palm. Perhaps I should, did I consult strict Virtue;
But something must be given to Love and you.
When would you I should come?

Leon. This Evening, with the speediest Opportunity.
I have a Secret to discover to you,
Which will surprize, and please you.

Palm. ——— 'Tis enough.
I know; for we may be observ'd and known.
Trust your Honour; give me not occasion
To blame my self, or you.

Leon. You never shall repent your good Opinion.
[Kisses her Hand, and Exit.

Arga. I cannot be deceiv'd; that is the Princess:
One of her Maids betray'd the Habit to me;
Who was he with whom she held discourse?
None she favours, for he kiss'd her Hand.
Their Shapes are like, our Habits near the same:
I may mistake, and speak to me for him.
I am resolv'd, I'll satisfy my Doubts,
Though to be more tormented.

[Exit.

S O N G.

Whilst Alexis lay prest
In her Arms he lov'd best,
With his Hands round her Neck,
And his Head on her Breast,
L. III. L

And

*He found the fierce Pleasure too hastily to stay,
And his Soul in the Tempest just flying away.*

II.

*When Cælia saw this,
With a Sigh, and a Kiss,
She cry'd, Oh my Dear, I am robb'd of my Bliss;
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.*

III.

*The Youth, though in haste,
And breathing his last,
In pity dy'd slowly, while she dy'd more fast;
'Till at length she cry'd, Now, my Dear, now let us
Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too,*

IV.

*Thus intranc'd they did lie,
'Till Alexis did try
To recover new Breath, that again he might die:
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did so,
The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more*

*Another Dance. After it, Argaleon re-enters, and stands
the Princess.*

Palm. Leonidas, what means this quick return? [To Alexis]

Arga. O Heav'n! 'tis what I fear'd.

Palm. Is ought of Moment happen'd since you were

Arga. No. Madam, but I understood not fully

Your last Commands.

Palm. ——— And yet you answer'd to 'em.

Retire; you are too indiscreet a Lover:

I'll meet you where I promis'd.

*Arga. O my curst Fortune! what have I discover'd
But I will be reveng'd.* [Whispers to the Princess]

Poly. But are you certain you are not deceiv'd?

Arga. Upon my Life.

Poly. ——— Her Honour is concern'd.

*Somewhat I'll do; but I am yet distracted,
And know not where to fix. I wish'd a Child,
And Heav'n, in Anger, granted my Request.*

o blind we are, our Wishes are so vain,
That what we most desire, proves most our Pain.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

*An Eating-house. Bottles of Wine on the Table. Palamede;
and Doralice in Man's Habit.*

Dor. [*Aside.*] Now cannot I find in my Heart to disco-
ver my self, though I long he should know me.

Pala. I tell thee, Boy, now I have seen thee safe, I
must be gone: I have no leisure to throw away on thy
aw Conversation: I am a Person that understands better
things, I.

Dor. Were I a Woman, Oh how you'd admire me!
ry up every Word I said, and scruce your Face into a
submissive Smile; as I have seen a dull Gallant act Wit,
and counterfeit Pleasantness, when he Whispers to a great
Person in a Play-house; smile, and look briskly, when
he other answers, as if something of Extraordinary had
past betwixt 'em, when, Heav'n knows, there was no-
thing else but, What a Clock does your Lordship think
it is? And my Lord's *repartee* is, 'Tis almost Park-time:
or, at most, Shall we out of the Pit, and go behind the
scenes for an Act or two? And yet such fine things as
these, would be Wit in a Mistress's Mouth.

Pala. Ay, Boy; there's Dame Nature in the Case: He
who cannot find Wit in a Mistress, deserves to find no-
thing else, Boy. But these are Riddles to thee, Child,
and I have not leisure to instruct thee; I have Affairs to
dispatch, great Affairs; I am a Man of Business.

Dor. Come, you shall not go: You have no Affairs but
that you may dispatch here, to my Knowledge.

Pala. I find now, thou art a Boy of more understand-
ing than I thought thee; a very lewd wicked Boy: O'
my Conscience thou wouldst debauch me, and hast some
ill Designs upon my Person.

Dor. You are mistaken, Sir; I would only have you
show me a more lawful Reason why you would leave me,

L 2

than

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than I can why you should not, and I'll not stay you; for I am not so young, but I understand the Necessities of Flesh and Blood, and the pressing Occasions of Mankind, as well as you.

Pala. A very forward and understanding Boy! thou art in great danger of a Page's Wit, to be brisk at fourteen, and dull at twenty. But I'll give thee no further account; I must, and will go.

Dor. My Life on't, your Mistress is not at home.

Pala. This Imp will make me very angry. I tell thee, young Sir, she is at home; and at home for me; and which is more, she is a-bed for me, and sick for me.

Dor. For you only?

Pala. Ay, for me only.

Dor. But how do you know she's sick a-bed?

Pala. She sent her Husband word so.

Dor. And are you such a Novice in Love, to believe a Wife's Message to her Husband?

Pala. Why, what the Devil should be her Meaning else?

Dor. It may be, to go in Masquerades as well as you; to observe your Haunts, and keep you Company without your Knowledge.

Pala. Nay, I'll trust her for that: She loves me too well, to disguise her self from me.

Dor. If I were she, I would disguise on purpose to try your Wit; and come to my Servant like a Riddle. Read me, and take me.

Pala. I could know her in any Shape: My good Genius would prompt me to find out a handsome Woman. There's something that would attract me to her without my Knowledge.

Dor. Then you make a Load-stone of your Mistress?

Pala. Yes, and I carry Steel about me, which has been so often touch'd, that it never fails to point to the North Pole.

Dor. Yet still my Mind gives me, that you have made her disguis'd to Night, and have not known her.

Pala. This is the most pragmatistical conceited little Fellow, he will needs understand my Business better than

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my self. I tell thee, once more, thou dost not know my Mistress.

Dor. And I tell you, once more, that I know her better than you do.

Pala. The Boy's resolv'd to have the last word. I find I must go without reply. [Exit.]

Dor. Ah Mischiefe, I have lost him with my fooling. *Palamede, Palamede.*

He returns. She plucks off her Perruke, and puts it on again when he knows her.

Pala. O Heav'ns! is it you, Madam?

Dor. Now, where was your good Genius, that would prompt you to find me out?

Pala. Why, you see I was not deceiv'd; you, your self, were my good Genius.

Dor. But where was the Steel, that knew the Loadstone? Ha?

Pala. The truth is, Madam, the Steel has lost its Virtue; and therefore, if you please, we'll new touch it.

Enter Rhodophil; and Melantha in Boy's Habit. Rhodophil sees Palamede kissing Doralice's Hand.

Rho. *Palamede* again! am I fall'n into your Quarters? What? Ingaging with a Boy? Is all Honourable?

Pala. O, very Honourable on my side. I was just chastising this young Villain; he was running away, without paying his share of the Reckoning.

Rho. Then I find I was deceiv'd in him.

Pala. Yes, you are deceiv'd in him: 'Tis the archest Rogue, if you did but know him.

Mel. Good *Rhodophil*, let us get off *al-a derobbée*, for fear I should be discover'd.

Rho. There's no retiring now; I warrant you for discovery: Now have I the oddest thought, to entertain you before your Servant's Face, and he never the wiser; will be the prettiest juggling Trick to cheat him when he looks upon us.

Mel. This is the strangest *Caprice* in you.

Pala. [To Doralice.] This *Rhodophil's* the unluckiest Fellow to me! this is now the second time he has barr'd

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the Dice when we were just ready to have nick'd him; but if ever I get the Box again——

Dor. Do you think he will not know me? Am I like my self?

Pala. No more than a Picture in the Hangings.

Dor. Nay, then he can never discover me, now the wrong side of the Arras is turn'd towards him.

Pala. At least, 'twill be some pleasure to me, to enjoy what freedom I can while he looks on; I will storm the Out-works of Matrimony even before his Face.

Rho. What Wine have you there, *Palamede*?

Pala. Old *Chios*, or the Rogue's damn'd that drew it.

Rho. Come, To the most constant of Mistresses, that I believe is yours, *Palamede*.

Dor. Pray spare your Seconds; for my part I am but a weak Brother.

Pala. Now, to the truest of Turtles; that is your Wife *Rhodophil*, that lies sick at Home in the Bed of Honour.

Rho. Now let's have one common Health, and so have done.

Dor. Then, for once, I'll begin it. Here's to him that has the fairest Lady of *Sicily* in Masquerade to Night.

Pala. This is such an obliging Health, I'll kiss thee, dear Rogue, for thy Invention. [Kisses her]

Rho. He who has this Lady, is a happy Man, without dispute,——I'm most concern'd in this, I am sure. [Aside]

Pala. Was it not well found out, *Rhodophil*?

Mel. Ay, this was *bien trouvée* indeed.

Dor. [to *Melantha*.] I suppose I shall do you a Kindness, to enquire if you have not been in *France*, Sir?

Mel. To do you service, Sir.

Dor. O, Monsieur, *voire valet bien humble*. [Sa'uting her]

Mel. *Votre esclave, Monsieur, de tout mon Cœur*. [Returning the Salute]

Dor. I suppose, sweet Sir, you are the hope and joy of some thriving Citizen, who has pinch'd himself at home to breed you abroad, where you have learn'd your Exercises, as it appears most awkwardly, and are returned with the Addition of a new-lac'd Bosom and a Clap, to you

our good old Father, who looks at you with his Mouth while you spout *French* with your *Man Monsieur*.

Pala. Let me kiss thee again for that, dear Rogue.

Mel. And you, I imagine, are my young Master, whom your Mother durst not trust upon Salt-water, but left you to be your own Tutor at fourteen, to be very brisk and *entreprenant*, to endeavour to be debauch'd ere you have learn'd the knack on't, to value your self upon a Clap before you can get it, and to make it the height of your Ambition to get a Player for your Mistress.

Rho. [embracing Melantha.] O dear young Bully, thou hast tickled him with a *repartee* i'faith.

Mel. You are one of those that applaud our Country Plays, where Drums, and Trumpets, and Blood, and Wounds, are Wit.

Rho. Again, my Boy? Let me kiss thee most abundantly.

Dor. You are an Admirer of the dull *French* Poetry, which is so thin, that it is the very Leaf-gold of Wit, the very Wafers and whip'd Cream of Sense, for which a Man opens his Mouth and gapes to swallow nothing: And to be an Admirer of such profound Dulness, one must be endow'd with a great Perfection of Impudence and Ignorance.

Pala. Let me embrace thee most vehemently.

Mel. I'll sacrifice my Life for *French* Poetry. [Advancing.]

Dor. I'll die upon the Spot for our Country Wit.

Rho. [to Melantha.] Hold, hold, young *Mars*: *Palamede*, draw back your *Hero*.

Pala. 'Tis time; I shall be drawn in for a Second else at the wrong Weapon.

Mel. O that I were a Man for thy sake!

Dor. You'll be a Man as soon as I shall.

Enter a Messenger to Rhodophil.

Mess. Sir, the King has instant Business with you. I saw the Guard drawn up by your Lieutenant Before the Palace-gate, ready to march.

Rho. 'Tis somewhat sudden; say that I am coming.

[Exit Messenger.]

Now,

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Now, *Palamede*, what think you of this Sport?
This is some sudden Tumult: Will you along?

Pala. Yes, yes, I will go; but the Devil take me if ever I was less in Humour. Why, the Pox, could they not have staid their Tumult 'till to Morrow? Then I had done my Business, and been ready for 'em. Truth is, I had a little transitory Crime to have committed first; and I am the worst Man in the World at repenting, 'till a Sin be thoroughly done: But what shall we do with the two Boys?

Rho. Let them take a Lodging in the House, 'till the Business be over.

Dor. What, lie with a Boy? For my part, I own it, I cannot endure to lie with a Boy.

Pala. The more's my Sorrow, I cannot accommodate you with a better Bed-Fellow.

Mel. Let me die, if I enter into a Pair of Sheets with him that hates the *French*.

Dor. Pish, take no care for us, but leave us in the Streets; I warrant you, as late as it is, I'll find my Lodging as well as any drunken Bully of 'em all.

Rho. I'll fight in meer Revenge, and wreak my Passion On all that spoil this hopeful Assignment. [*Aside.*]

Pala. I'm sure we fight in a good Quarrel: Rogues may pretend Religion, and the Laws; But a kind Mistress is the *Good old Cause*. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Palmyra, Eubulus, and Hermogenes.

Palm. You tell me Wonders; that *Leonidas* Is Prince *Theagenes*, the late King's Son.

Eub. It seem'd as strange to him, as now to you, Before I had convinc'd him; but, besides His great Resemblance to the King his Father, The Queen his Mother lives, secur'd by me In a Religious House; to whom each Year I brought the News of his increasing Virtues. My last long Absence from you both, was caus'd

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By Wounds which, in my Journey, I receiv'd,
When set upon by Thievés; I lost those Jewels
And Letters, which your dying Mother left.

Herm. The same he means, which, since, brought to the
Made him first know he had a Child alive: [King,

'Twas then my care of Prince *Leonidas*
Caus'd me to say he was th' Usurper's Son;
Till, after forc'd by your apparent Danger,
I made the true Discovery of your Birth,
And once more hid my Prince's.

Enter Leonidas.

Leon. *Hermogenes*, and *Eubulus*, retire;
Those of our Party, whom I left without,
Expect your Aid and Counsel.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

Palm. I should, *Leonidas*, congratulate
This happy Change of your exalted Fate;
But, as my Joy, so you my Wonder move;
Your Looks have more of Business, than of Love:
And your last Words some great Design did show.

Leon. I frame not any to be hid from you.
You, in my Love, all my Designs may see;
But what have Love and you design'd for me?
Fortune, once more, has set the Ballance right:
First, equal'd us, in Lowness; then, in Height.
Both of us have so long, like Gamesters, thrown,
Till Fate comes round, and gives to each his own.
As Fate is equal, so may Love appear;
Tell me, at least, what I must hope, or fear.

Palm. After so many Proofs, how can you call
My Love in Doubt? Fear nothing; and Hope all.
Think what a Prince, with Honour, may receive,
Or I may give, without a Parent's Leave.

Leon. You give, and then restrain the Grace you show;
As ostentatious Priests, when Souls they woo,
Promise their Heav'n to all, but grant to few.
But do for me, what I have dar'd for you.
I did no Argument from Duty bring:
Duty's a Name; and Love's a real thing.

Palm. Man's Love may, like wild Torrents, over-flow;
Woman's as deep, but in its Banks must go.

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My Love is mine; and that I can impart;
But cannot give my Person, with my Heart.

Leon. Your Love is then no Gift:

For when the Person it does not convey,
'Tis to give Gold, and not to give the Key.

Palm. Then ask my Father.

Leon. ——— He detains my Throne:

Who holds back mine, will hardly give his own.

Palm. What then remains?

Leon. ——— That I must have recourse

To Arms; and take my Love and Crown, by force.

Hermogenes is forming the Design;

And with him, all the Brave and Loyal join.

Palm. And is it thus you court *Palmyra's* Bed?

Can she the Murd'rer of her Parent wed?

Desist from Force: So much you well may give

To Love, and Me, to let my Father live.

Leon. Each Act of mine my Love to you has shown;
But you, who tax my want of it, have none.

You bid me part with you, and let him live;

But they should nothing ask, who nothing give.

Palm. I give what Virtue and what Duty can,
In vowing ne'er to wed another Man.

Leon. You will be forc'd to be *Angaleon's* Wife.

Palm. I'll keep my Promise, tho' I lose my Life.

Leon. Then you lose Love, for which we both contend;
For Life is but the Means, but Love's the End.

Palm. Our Souls shall Love hereafter.

Leon. ——— I much fear,

That Soul which could deny the Body here

To taste of Love, would be a Niggard there.

Palm. Then 'tis past Hope: Our cruel Fate, I see,
Will make a sad Divorce 'twixt you and me.

For, if you Force employ, by Heav'n I swear,

And all bless'd Beings, ———

Leon. ——— Your rash Oath forbear.

Palm. I never ———

Leon. ——— Hold once more. But, yet, as he
Who scapes a dang'rous Leap, looks back to see;

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So I desire, now I am past my Fear,
To know what was that Oath you meant to swear.

Palm. I meant that if you hazarded your Life,
Or fought my Father's, ne'er to be your Wife.

Leon. See now, *Palmyra*, how unkind you prove!
Could you, with so much ease, forswear my Love?

Palm. You force me with your ruinous Design.

Leon. Your Father's Life is more your Care, than mine.

Palm. You wrong me: 'Tis not; tho' it ought to be;
You are my Care, Heav'n knows, as well as he.

Leon. If now the Execution I delay,
My Honour, and my Subjects, I betray.
All is prepar'd for the just Enterprize;
And the whole City will to Morrow rise.
The Leaders of the Party are within,
And *Eubulus* has sworn that he will bring,
To head their Arms, the Person of their King.

Palm. In telling this, you make me guilty too;
Therefore must discover what I know:
What Honour bids you do, Nature bids me prevent;
But kill me first, and then pursue your black Intent.

Leon. *Palmyra*, no; you shall not need to die;
Yet I'll not trust so strict a Piety.
Within there.

Enter Eubulus.

— *Eubulus*, a Guard prepare;
Here, I commit this Pris'ner to your Care.

[*Kisses Palmyra's Hand; then gives it to Eubulus.*]

Palm. *Leonidas*, I never thought these Bands
Should e'er be giv'n me by a Lover's Hands.

Leon. *Palmyra*, thus your Judge himself arraigns;

[*Knee'ing.*]

He who impos'd these Bands, still wears your Chains:
When you to Love or Duty false must be,
Or to your Father guilty, or to me,
These Chains, alone, remain to set you free.

[*Noise of Swords clashing.*]

Poly. [*within.*] Secure these, first; then search the inner
Room.

Leon. From whence do these tumultuous Clamours come?

Enter

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Enter Hermogenes, hastily.

Herm. We are betray'd; and there remains alone
This Comfort, that your Person is not known.

*Enter the King, Argaleon, Rhodophil, Palamede, Guards;
some like Citizens as Prisoners.*

Poly. What mean these Midnight-consultations here,
Where I, like an unsummon'd Guest, appear?

Leon. Sir——

Arga. —— There needs no excuse; 'tis understood;
You were all watching, for your Prince's good.

Poly. My reverend City-Friends, you are well met!
On what great Work were your grave Wisdoms set?
Which of my Actions were you scanning here?
What *French* Invasion have you found to fear?

Leon. They are my Friends; and come, Sir, with intent
To take their Leaves before my Banishment.

Poly. Your Exile, in both Sexes, Friends can find:
I see the Ladies, like the Men, are kind. [*Seeing Palmyra*

Palm. Alas, I came but——

[*Kneeling.*

Poly. —— Add not to your Crime
A Lie: I'll hear you speak some other time.
How? *Eubulus*! nor Time, nor thy Disguise,
Can keep thee, undiscover'd, from my Eyes.
A Guard there; seize 'em all.

Rho. Yield, Sir; what use of Valour can be shown?

Pala. One, and unarm'd, against a Multitude!
Oh for a Sword!

[*He reaches at one of the Guards Halberds,
and is seiz'd behind.*

——I wo't not lose my Breath
In fruitless Pray'rs; but beg a speedy Death.

Palm. O spare *Leonidas*, and punish me.

Poly. Mean Girl, thou want'st an Advocate for thee.
Now the mysterious knot will be unt'y'd;
Whether the young King lives, or where he dy'd:
To Morrow's dawn shall the dark Riddle clear;
Crown all my Joys; and dissipate my Fear.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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ACT V. SCENE I.

Palamede, Straton. *Palamede with a Letter in his Hand.*

Pal. THIS Evening, say'st thou? will they both be here?

Stra. Yes, Sir; both my old Master, and your Mistress's Father: The old Gentlemen ride hard this Journey; they say, it shall be the last time they will see the Town; and both of 'em are so pleas'd with this Marriage, which they have concluded for you, that I am afraid they will live some Years longer to trouble you, with the Joy of it.

Pal. But this is such an unreasonable Thing, to impose upon me to be marry'd to morrow; 'tis hurrying a Man to Execution, without giving him time to say his Pray'rs.

Stra. Yet, if I might advise you, Sir, you should not delay it: for your younger Brother comes up with 'em, and is got already into their Favours. He has gain'd much upon my old Master, by finding Fault with Inn-keepers Bills, and by starving us, and our Horses, to show his Frugality; and he is very well with your Mistress's Father, by giving him Receipts for the Spleen, Gout and Scurvy, and other Infirmities of old Age.

Pal. I'll rout him, and his Country Education: Pox on him, I remember him before I travell'd, he had nothing in him but meer Jocky; us'd to talk loud, and make Matches, and was all for the Crack of the Field: Sense and Wit were as much banish'd from his Discourse, as they are when the Court goes out of Town to a Horse-race. Go now and provide your Master's Lodgings.

Stra. I go, Sir.

[Exit.]

Pal.

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Pal. It vexes me to the Heart, to leave all my Designs with *Doralice* unfinish'd; to have flown her so often to a Mark, and still to be bobb'd at retrieve: If I had but once enjoy'd her, though I could not have satisfy'd my Stomach with the Feast, at least I should have relish'd my Mouth a little; but now——

Enter Philotis,

Phil. Oh, Sir, you are happily met; I was coming to find you.

Pal. From your Lady, I hope.

Phil. Partly from her; but more especially from my self: She has just now receiv'd a Letter from her Father, with an absolute Command to dispose her self to marry you to morrow.

Pal. And she takes it to the Death?

Phil. Quite contrary: The Letter could never have come in a more lucky Minute; for it found her in an ill Humour with a Rival of yours, that shall be nameless, about the Pronunciation of a *French* word.

Pal. Count *Rhodophil*; never Disguise it, I know the *Amour*: But I hope you took the Occasion to strike in for me?

Phil. It was my good Fortune to do you some small Service in it; for your sake I discommended him all over: Cloaths, Person, Humour, Behaviour, every thing; and to sum up all, told her, it was impossible to find a marry'd Man that was otherwise; for they were all so mortify'd at home with their Wives ill Humours, that they could never recover themselves to be Company a-broad.

Pal. Most divinely urg'd!

Phil. Then I took occasion to commend your good Qualities: As, the sweetness of your Humour, the comeliness of your Person, your good Mein, your Valour; but, above all, your Liberality.

Pal. I vow to Gad I had like to have forgot that good Quality in my self, if thou had'st not remember'd me on't: Here are five Pieces for thee.

Phil. Lord, you have the softest Hand, Sir! it would do a Woman good to touch it: Count *Rhodophil*'s is not half

half so soft; for I remember I felt it once, when he gave me ten Pieces for my New-years-gift.

Pal. O, I understand you, Madam; you shall find my Hand as soft again as Count *Rhodophil's*: There are twenty Pieces for you. The former was but a Retaining Fee; now I hope you'll plead for me.

Phil. Your own Merits speak enough. Be sure only to ply her with *French* words, and I'll warrant you'll do your Business. Here are a List of her Phrases for this Day: Use 'em to her upon all Occasions, and foil her at her own Weapon; for she's like one of the old *Amazons*, she'll never marry, except it be the Man who has first conquer'd her.

Pal. I'll be sure to follow your Advice: But you'll forget to further my Design.

Phil. What, do you think I'll be ungrateful?—
But, however, if you distrust my Memory, put some Token on my Finger to remember it by: That Diamond here would do admirably.

Pal. There 'tis; and I ask your Pardon heartily for calling your Memory into Question: I assure you I'll trust it another time, without putting you to the trouble of another Token.

Enter Palmyra and Artemis.

Art. Madam, this way the Prisoners are to pass; here you may see *Leonidas*.

Palm. Then here I'll stay, and follow him to death.

Enter Melantha hastily.

Mela. O, here's her Highness! Now is my Time to introduce my self, and to make my Court to her, in my new *French* Phrases. Stay, let me read my Catalogue—
Suite, Figure, Chagrin, Nairvete, and let me die for the parenthesis of all.

Pal. [*Aside.*] Do, Persecute her; and I'll Persecute thee fast in thy own Dialect.

Mel. Madam, the Princess! let me die, but this is a most horrid Spectacle, to see a Person who makes so grand a Figure in the Court, without the *Suite* of a Princess, and entertaining your *Chagrin* all alone; (*Nairvete*)

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vete should have been there, but the dis-obedient World would not come in.)

Palm. What is she, *Artemis*?

Art. An impertinent Lady, Madam; very ambitious of being known to your Highness.

Pala. [To *Melantha*.] Let me dye, Madam; if I have not waited you here these two long Hours, without so much as the *Suite* of a single Servant to attend me; entertaining my self with my own *Chagrin*, till I had the Honour to see your Ladyship, who are a Person that makes so considerable a Figure in the Court.

Mel. Truce with your *Donceurs*, good Servant; you see I am addressing to the Princess; pray do not *Embarra*ss me——*Embarra*ss me! what a delicious French word do you make me lose upon you too!——[To the Princess] Your Highness, Madam, will please to pardon the *Bevenue* which I made, in not sooner finding you out to be a Princess: But let me die if this *Eclaircissement* which is made this Day of your Quality, does not ravish me; and give me leave to tell you——

Pala. But first give me leave to tell you, Madam, that I have so great a Tender for your Person, and such a *Panchant* to do you Service, that——

Mel. What, must I still be troubled with your *Sottises*? (There's another word lost, that I meant for the Princess, with a Mischief to you) But your Highness, Madam——

Pala. But your Ladyship, Madam——

Enter Leonidas guarded, and led over the Stage.

Mel. Out upon him, how he looks, Madam! now he's found no Prince, he is the strangest Figure of a Man; how could I make that *Coup d'Etourdy* to think him one?

Palm. Away, Impertinent——My dear *Leonidas*!

Leon. My dear *Palmyra*!

Palm. Death shall never part us; my Destiny is yours.

[He is led off; she follows]

Mel. Impertinent! Oh I am the most unfortunate Person this Day breathing: That the Princess should thus *Romp*re en *Visiere*, without Occasion. Let me die but I'll follow her to Death, till I make my Peace.

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Pal. [*Holding her.*] And let me die, but I'll follow you the Infernals till you pity me.

Mel. [*Turning towards him angrily.*] Ay, 'tis long of you that this *Malheur* is fall'n upon me; your Impertinence has put me out of the good Graces of the Princess, and all that, which has ruin'd me and all that, and therefore let me die, but I'll be reveng'd, and all that.

Pal. *Façon, Façon*, you must and shall love me, and all that; for my old Man is coming up, and all that; and I *désespérer au dernier*, and will not be disinherited, and all that.

Mel. How durst you interrupt me so *mal à propos*, when you knew I was addressing to the Princess?

Pal. But why would you address your self so much *à contretemps* then?

Mel. Ah *mal peste!*

Pal. Ah *fenrage!*

Phil. *Radoucissez vous, de grace, Madame; vous êtes bien colere pour peu de chose. Vous n'entendez pas la raillerie blante.*

Mel. *Ad' autres, ad' autres:* He mocks himself of me, Abuses me: Ah me Unfortunate! [*Cries:*

Phil. You mistake him, Madam, he does but accommodate his Phrase to your refin'd Language. *Ah, qu'il est un Cavalier accomply!* pursue your Point, Sir—

[*To him.*

Pal. *Ah qu'il fait beau dans ces bocages;* [*Singing.*] *Ah le ciel donne un beau jour!* There I was with you, with a *Minonét.*

Mel. Let me die now, but this singing is fine, and sweetly French in him: [*Laughs.*] But then, that he would use my own Words, as it were in contempt of me, I cannot bear it. [*Crying.*

Pal. *Ces beaux sejours, ces doux ramages—* [*Singing.*

Mel. *Ces beaux sejours, ces doux ramages,* [*Singing after him.*] *Ces beaux sejours, nous invitent à l'amour!* Let me die, but he sings *en Cavalier*; and so humours the Princess. [*Laughing.*

Pal. *Voy, ma Clymene, voy sous ce chesne,* [*Singing after him.*] *S'entrebaïser ces Oiseaux amoureux!* Let me die now, but

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but that was fine. Ah, now, for three or four bright Frenchmen, to be put into Masking Habits, and to find it on a Theater, how witty it would be! and then to dance helter Skelter to a *Chanson a boire*: *Toute la Terre toute la terre est a moy!* what's matter though it was made and sung, two or three Years ago in *Cabarets*, how it would attract the Admiration, especially of every one that's an *Eveille!*

Mel. Well; I begin to have a tender for you; but yet upon Condition, that——when we are marry'd, you——

[Pal. sings, while she speaks]

Phil. You must drown her Voice: If she makes her French Conditions, you are a Slave for ever.

Mel. First, will you engage——that

Pal. Fa, la, la, la, &c.

[Loudly]

Mel. Will you hear the Conditions?

Pal. No; I will hear no Conditions; I am resolv'd to win you *en François*: To be very Aiery, with abundance of Noise, and no Sense: Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Mel. Hold, hold: I am vanquish'd with your gay *d'esprit*. I am yours, and will be yours, *sans nulle reserve, ny condition*: And let me die, if I do not think myself the happiest Nymph in *Sicily*——My dear French Dear, stay but a *minuete*, till I *rac-commode* my self with the Princess; and then I am yours, *justq' a la mort*. *Allons donc.*

[Exeunt Mel. Phil.]

Pal. [Solus, fanning himself with his Hat.] I never thought before that wooing was so laborious an Exercise; if she were worth a Million, I have deserv'd her; and now, methinks too, with-taking all this Pains for her, I begin to like her. 'Tis so; I have known many who never car'd for Hare nor Partridge, but those that caught themselves, would eat heartily: The Pains, and the Story a Man tells of the taking of 'em, makes the Meat go down more pleasantly. Besides, last Night I had a sweet Dream of her, and, Gad, she I have now dream'd of, I am stark mad till I enjoy her, let her never so ugly.

Enter Doralice.

Dor. Who's that you are so mad to enjoy, Palamides?

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Pal. You may easily imagine that, sweet *Doralice*.

Dor. More easily than you think I can: I met just now with a certain Man, who came to you with Letters, from a certain old Gentleman, y^ecleped your Father; whereby I am given to understand, that to morrow you are to take an Oath in the Church to be grave and sober, to go ill-dress'd and slovenly, to get Heirs of your Estate, and to dandle 'em for your Diversion; and, in short, that Love and Courtship are to be no more.

Pal. Now have I so much shame to be thus apprehended in the Manner, that I can neither speak nor look upon you; I have abundance of Grace in me, that I need not: But if you have any Spark of true Friendship in you, retire a little with me to the next Room, that has a Couch or Bed in't, and bestow your Charity upon a poor dying Man: A little Comfort from a Mistress, before a Man is going to give himself in Marriage, is as good as a lusty Dose of Strong-water to a dying Malefactor; it takes away the Sense of Hell, and hanging from him.

Dor. No, good *Palamede*, I must not be so injurious to your Bride: 'Tis ill drawing from the Bank to Day, when all your ready Money is payable to morrow.

Pal. A Wife is only to have the ripe Fruit, that falls of it self; but a wise Man will always preserve a Reserve for a Mistress.

Dor. But a Wife for the first Quarter is a Mistress.

Pal. But when the second comes.

Dor. When it does come, you are so given to Variety, that you would make a Wife of me in another Quarter.

Pal. No, never, except I were married to you: Marry'd People can never oblige one another; for all they owe is Duty, and consequently there can be no Thanks: But Love is more frank and generous than he is honest; he's a liberal Giver, but a curled Pay-master.

Dor. I declare I will have no Gallant; but, if I would, I should never be a marry'd Man; a marry'd Man is but a Mistress's half-servant, as a Clergy-man is but the King's half-subject: For a Man to come to me that

smells

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smells o'th' Wife! 's life, I would as soon wear her old Gown after her, as her Husband,

Pal. Yet 'tis a kind of Fashion to wear a Princess's Shoes, you see the Country Ladies buy 'em to be fine in them.

Dor. Yes, a Princess's Shooes may be worn after her because they keep their Fashion, by being so very little us'd; but generally a marry'd Man is the Creature of the World the most out of Fashion; his Behaviour is dumpeish, his Discourse, his Wife and Family; his Habit is much neglected, it looks as if that were marry'd too; his Hat is marry'd, his Perruke is marry'd, his Breeches are marry'd, and if we could look within his Breeches we should find him marry'd there too.

Pal. Am I then to be discarded for ever? pray do but mark how terrible that word sounds; for ever! it has a very damn'd sound, *Doralice.*

Dor. Ay, for ever! it sounds as hellishly to me, as I can do to you, but there's no help for't.

Pal. Yet if we had but once enjoy'd one another; but then once only, is worse than not at all: It leaves a Man with such a lingering after it.

Dor. For ought I know 'tis better that we have not we might upon tryal have lik'd each other less, as many a Man and Woman, that have lov'd as desperately as we and yet when they came to Possession, have sigh'd and cry'd to themselves, Is this all?

Pal. That is only, if the Servant were not found. A Man of this World; but if, upon tryal, we had not lik'd each other, we had certainly left loving; and faith, that's the greater Happiness of the two.

Dor. 'Tis better as 'tis; we have drawn off already as much of our Love as would run clear; after possessing the rest is but Jealousies, and Disquiets, and Quarrelling and Piecing.

Pal. Nay, after one great Quarrel, there's never any sound Piecing; the Love is apt to break in the same place again.

Dor. I declare I would never renew a Love; that's like him, who trims an old Coach for ten Years together, he might buy a new one better cheap.

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Pal. Well, Madam, I am convinc'd, that 'tis best for not to have enjoy'd; but Gad, the strongest Reason because I can't help it.

Dor. The only way to keep us new to one another, never to enjoy, as they keep Grapes; by hanging 'em on a Line, they must touch nothing, if you would preserve 'em fresh.

Pal. But then they wither, and grow dry in the very spring; however I shall have a Warmth for you, and Eagerness, every time I see you; and if I chance to out-live *Melantha*——

Dor. And if I chance to out-live *Rhodophil*——

Pal. Well, I'll cherish my Body as much as I can upon that hope. 'Tis true, I would not directly murder my Wife of my Bosom; but to kill her civilly, by the way of kindness, I'll put as fair as another Man: I'll be to morrow Night, and be very wrathful with her, it's resolv'd on.

Dor. Well, *Palamede*, here's my Hand, I'll venture to your second Wife, for all your Threatnings.

Pal. In the mean time I'll watch you hourly, as I would the Ripeness of a Melon, and I hope you'll give leave now and then to look on you, and to see if you are not ready to be cut yet.

Dor. No, no, that must not be, *Palamede*, for fear the Gardener should come and catch you taking up the Glass.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. [*Aside.*] Billing so sweetly! now I am confirm'd my Suspicions; I must put an end to this, e'er it go further——[*To Doralice.*] Cry you Mercy, Spouse; I fear I have interrupted your Recreations.

Dor. What Recreations?

Rho. Nay, no Excuses, good Spouse; I saw fair Hand convey'd to Lip, and prest, as though you had been squeezing soft Wax together for an Indenture. *Palamede*, you must clear this Reckoning; why would you have seduc'd my Wife?

Pal. Why would you have debauch'd my Mistress?

Rho. What do you think of that civil Couple, that play'd at a Game call'd, *Hide and Seek*, last Evening, in the Grotto?

Pal.

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Pala. What do you think of that innocent Pair, who made it their Pretence to seek for others, but came, indeed, to hide themselves there?

Rho. All things consider'd, I begin vehemently to suspect, that the young Gentleman I found in your Company last Night, was a certain Youth of my Acquaintance.

Pala. And I have an odd Imagination, that you could never have suspected my small Gallant, if your little villainous *Frenchman* had not been a false Brother.

Rho. Farther Arguments are needless; draw off; I shall speak to you now by the way of *Bilbo*.

[Claps his Hand to his Sword]

Pala. And I shall answer you by the way of Danger-field.

[Claps his Hand on his Sword]

Dor. Hold, hold; are not you two a couple of fighting Foels, to cut one another's Throats for nothing?

Pala. How for nothing? He courts the Woman I must marry.

Rho. And he courts you whom I have marry'd.

Dor. But you can neither of you be jealous of what you Love not.

Rho. Faith I am jealous, and that makes me partly suspect that I Love you better than I thought.

Dor. Pish! a meer Jealousie of Honour.

Rho. Gad I am afraid there's something else in't; for *Palamede* has Wit, and if he Loves you, there's something more in ye than I have found: Some rich Mine, for ought I know, that I have not yet discover'd.

Pala. 'S life, what's this? Here's an Argument for me to love *Melantha*; for he has lov'd her, and he has won too, and, for ought I know, there may be a Mine: But if there be, I am resolv'd I'll dig for't.

Dor. [to *Rhodophil*.] Then I have found my account in raising your Jealousie: O! 'tis the most delicate sharp Sawce to a cloy'd Stomach; it will give you a new edge *Rhodophil*.

Rho. And a new Point too, *Doralice*, if I could be sure thou art honest.

Dor. If you are wise, believe me for your own sake : Love and Religion have but one thing to trust to ; that's good sound Faith. Consider, if I have play'd false, you can never find it out by any Experiment you can make upon me.

Rho. No ? Why, suppose I had a delicate screw'd Gun, I left her clean, and found her foul, I should discover, to my cost, she had been shot in.

Dor. But if you left her clean, and found her only rusty, you would discover to your shame, she was only so for want of shooting.

Pala. *Rhodophil*, you know me too well, to imagine I speak for fear ; and therefore in Consideration of our past Friendship, I will tell you, and bind it by all things holy, that *Doralice* is innocent.

Rho. Friend, I will believe you, and vow the same for your *Melantha* ; but the Devil on't is, how we shall keep them so.

Pala. What dost think of a blessed Community betwixt us four, for the Solace of the Women, and Relief of the Men ? Methinks it would be a pleasant kind of Life : Wife and Husband for the standing Dish, and Mistress and Gallant for the Desert.

Rho. But suppose the Wife and the Mistress should both long for the standing Dish, how should they be satisfy'd together ?

Pala. In such a case they must draw Lots : And yet that would not do neither ; for they would both be wishing for the longest out.

Rho. Then I think, *Palamede*, we had as good make a firm League, not to invade each other's Propriety.

Pala. Content, say I. From henceforth let all Acts of Hostility cease betwixt us ; and that in the usual Form of Treaties, as well by Sea as by Land, and in all fresh Waters.

Dor. I will add but one *Proviso*, That who ever breaks the League, either by War abroad, or by Neglect at home, both the Women shall revenge themselves, by the help of the other Party.

Rho.

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Rho. That's but reasonable. Come away, *Doralice*, have a great Temptation to be sealing Articles in private.

Pala. Hast thou so?

[Claps him on the Shoulder]

'Fall on, *Macduff*,

And curst be he that first cries, Hold, enough."

Enter Polydamas, Palmyra, Artemis, Argaleon: *After them, Eubulus, and Hermogenes, guarded.*

Palm. Sir, on my Knees I beg you.

Poly. Away, I'll hear no more.

Palm. For my dead Mother's sake; you say you lov'd her And tell me I resemble her. Thus she Had begg'd.

Poly. — And thus had I deny'd her.

Palm. You must be merciful.

Arga. ——— You must be constant.

Poly. Go, bear 'em to the Torture; you have boasted You have a King to head you: I would know To whom I must resign.

Eub. — This is our Recompence For serving thy dead Queen.

Herm. — And Education Of thy Daughter.

Arga. You are too modest, in not naming all His Obligations to you: Why did you Omit his Son, the Prince *Leonidas*?

Poly. That Imposture I had forgot; their Tortures shall be doubled.

Herm. You please me, I shall die the sooner.

Eub. No; could I live an Age, and still be rack'd, I still would keep the Secret. [As they are going off]

Enter Leonidas, guarded.

Leon. Oh whither do you hurry Innocence! If you have any Justice, spare their Lives; Or if I cannot make you just, at least I'll teach you to more Purpose to be cruel.

Palm. Alas, what does he seek!

Leon. Make me the Object of your Hate and Vengeance! Are these decrepid Bodies worn to Ruin, Just ready, of themselves, to fall asunder, And to let drop the Soul,

Are

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these fit Subjects for a Rack, and Tortures?
 here would you fasten any Hold upon 'em?
 Pains on me; united fix 'em here;
 have both Youth, and Strength, and Soul to bear 'em:
 and if they merit Death, then I much more;
 since 'tis for me they suffer.

Herm. — Heav'n forbid
 we should redeem our Pains, or worthless Lives,
 our exposing yours.

Eub. Away with us: Farewel, Sir.
 only suffer in my Fears for you.

Arga. So much concern'd for him? Then my *[Aside.*
 suspicion's true. *[Whispers the King.]*

Palm. Hear yet my last Request, for poor Leonidas;
 take my Life with his.

Arga. Rest satisfy'd; Leonidas is he. *[To the King.]*

Poly. I am amaz'd: What must be done?

Arga. Command his Execution instantly;
 give him not leisure to discover it;
 he may corrupt the Soldiers.

Poly. Hence with that Traitor; bear him to his Death:
 see there, and see my Will perform'd.

Leon. Nay, then I'll die like him the Gods have made me.

old, Gentlemen; I am—— *[Argaleon stops his Mouth.]*

Arga. Thou art a Traitor; 'tis not fit to hear thee.

Leon. I say I am the—— *[Getting loose a little.]*

Arga. So; gag him, and lead him off.

[Again stopping his Mouth.]

[Leonidas, Hermogenes, Eubulus, led off.]

[Polydamas and Argaleon follow.]

Palm. Duty and Love, by turns, possess my Soul,

and struggle for a fatal Victory:

will discover he's the King; Ah, no:

that will perhaps save him;

then I am guilty of a Father's Ruin.

what shall I do, or not do? Either way

must destroy a Parent, or a Lover.

break Heart; for that's the least of Ills to me,

Death the only Cure.

[Swoons.]

Art. Help, help the Princess.

ACT III.

M

Rho.

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Rho. Bear her gently hence, where she may
Have more Succour. [*She is born off, Arte. follows her.*
[*Shouts within, and clashing of Swords.*

Pala. What Noise is that?

Enter Amalthea, running.

Amal. Oh, Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,
Or Courage, show it now: *Leonidas*
Broke on the sudden from his Guards, and snatching
A Sword from one, his Back against the Scaffold,
Bravely defends himself; and owns aloud
He is our long lost King, found for this Moment;
But, if your Valours help not, lost for ever.
Two of his Guards, mov'd by the Sense of Virtue,
Are turn'd for him, and there they stand at Bay
Against an Host of Foes.

Rho. ——— Madam, no more;
We lose time: My Command, or my Example,
May move the Soldiers to the better Cause.
You'll second me?

Pala. Or die with you: No Subject e'er can meet
A nobler Fate, than at his Sovereign's Feet. [*To Pala*
[*Exeunt*

[*Clashing of Swords within, and Shouts*
Enter Leonidas, Rhodophil, Palamede, Eubulus, Hermo-
genes, and their Party, victorious. Polydamas and As-
galeon, disarm'd.

Leon. That I survive the Dangers of this Day,
Next to the Gods, brave Friends, be yours the Honour.
And let Heav'n witness for me, that my Joy
Is not more great for this my Right restor'd,
Than 'tis, that I have Power to recompence
Your Loyalty and Valour. Let mean Princes
Of abject Souls, fear to reward great Actions;
I mean to show,
That whatsoe'er Subjects, like you, dare merit,
A King, like me, dares give——

Rho. You make us blush, we have deserv'd so little.

Pala. And yet instruct us how to merit more.

Leon. And as I would be just in my Rewards,
So should I in my Punishments; these two,
This the Usurper of my Crown, the other

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Of my *Palmyra's* Love, deserve that Death
Which both design'd for me.

Poly. — And we expect it.

Arga. I have too long been happy to live wretched.

Poly. And I too long have govern'd, to desire
A Life without an Empire.

Leon. You are *Palmyra's* Father; and as such,
Tho' not a King, shall have Obedience paid
From him who is one. Father, in that Name
All Injuries forgot, and Duty own'd. [*Embraces him.*]

Poly. O, had I known you could have been this King,
Thus God-like, great and good, I should have wish'd
I have been dethron'd before. 'Tis now I live,
And more than reign; now all my Joys flow pure,
Unmix'd with Cares, and undisturb'd by Conscience.

Enter *Palmyra*, *Amalthea*, *Artemis*, *Doralice*, and
Melantha.

Leon. See, my *Palmyra* comes! the frighted Blood
Scarce yet recall'd to her pale Cheeks,
Like the first streaks of Light broke loose from Darknefs,
And dawning into Blushes.—Sir, you said, [*To Poly.*]
Your Joys were full; Oh, would you make mine so!
I am but half-restor'd without this Blessing.

Poly. The Gods, and my *Palmyra*, make you happy,
As you make me. [*Gives her Hand to Leonidas.*]

Palm. — Now all my Prayers are heard:
They may be dutiful, and yet may love.

Virtue, and Patience, have at length unravell'd
The Knots which Fortune ty'd.

Mel. Let me die, but I'll congratulate his Majesty: How
Amirably well his Royalty becomes him! Becomes!
That is *say'd*, but our damn'd Language expresses no-
thing.

Pala. How? Does it become him already? 'Twas but
Just now you said, he was such a Figure of a Man.

Mel. True, my Dear, when he was a private Man he
Was a Figure; but since he is a King, methinks he has
Sum'd another Figure: He looks so Grand, and so Au-
gust.

[*Going to the King.*]

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Pala. Stay, stay; I'll present you when it is more convenient. I find I must get her a Place at Court; and when she is once there, she can be no longer ridiculous; for she is young enough, and pretty enough, and Fool enough, and *French* enough, to bring up a Fashion there to be affected.

Leon. [*To Rhodophil.*] Did she then lead you to this brave Attempt?

[*To Amalthea.*] To you, fair *Amalthea*, what I am, And what all these, from me, we jointly owe: First, therefore, to your great Desert, we give Your Brother's Life; but keep him under Guard, 'Till our new Power be settled. What more Grace He may receive, shall from his future Carriage Be given, as he deserves,

Arga. I neither now desire, nor will deserve it; My Loss is such as cannot be repair'd, And to the Wretched, Life can be no Mercy.

Leon. Then be a Prisoner always: Thy ill Fate And Pride will have it so: But since, in this, I cannot, Instruct me, generous *Amalthea*, how A King may serve you.

Amal. ———I have all I hope, And all I now must wish; I see you happy. Those Hours I have to live, which Heav'n in Pity Will make but few, I vow to spend with Vestals: The greatest Part, in Pray'rs for you; the rest In mourning my Unworthiness.

Press me not farther to explain my self; 'Twill not become me, and may cause your Trouble.

Leon. Too well I understand her secret Grief, [*Aside.* But dare not seem to know it.—Come [*To Palmyra.* my fairest,

Beyond my Crown, I have one Joy in store; To give that Crown to her whom I adore.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



EP I L O G U E.

THUS have my Spouse and I inform'd the Nation,
And led you all the way to Reformation.
Not with dull Morals, gravely writ, like those,
Which Men of easie Phlegme, with Care compose;
Your Poets of stiff Words, and limber Sense,
Born on the Confinnes of Indifference.
But by Examples drawn, I dare to say,
From most of you, who hear, and see the Play.
There are more Rhodophils in this Theatre,
More Palamedes, and some few Wives, I fear.
But yet too far our Poet would not run,
Tho' 'twas well offer'd, there was nothing done.
He would not quite the Woman's Frailty bare,
But stript 'em to the waist, and left 'em there.
And the Men's Faults are less severely shown,
For he considers that himself is one.
Some stabbing Wits, to bloody Satyr bent,
Would treat both Sexes with less Compliment:
Would lay the Scene at home; of Husbands tell,
For Wenches, taking up their Wives i'th' Mell;
And a brisk Bout, which each of them did want,
Made by mistake of Mistres and Gallant.
Our modest Author, thought it was enough
To cut you off a Sample of the Stuff:
He spar'd my Shame, which you, I'm sure, would not,
For you were all for driving on the Plot:
You sigh'd when I came in to break the Sport,
And set your Teeth when each Design fell short.
To Wives and Servants all good Wishes lend,
But the poor Cuckold seldom finds a Friend.
Since therefore Court and Town will take no Pity,
I humbly cast my self upon the City.



THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

BY [illegible]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

T H E
ASSIGNATION:

O R,

Love in a Nunnery.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T E R - R O Y A L,

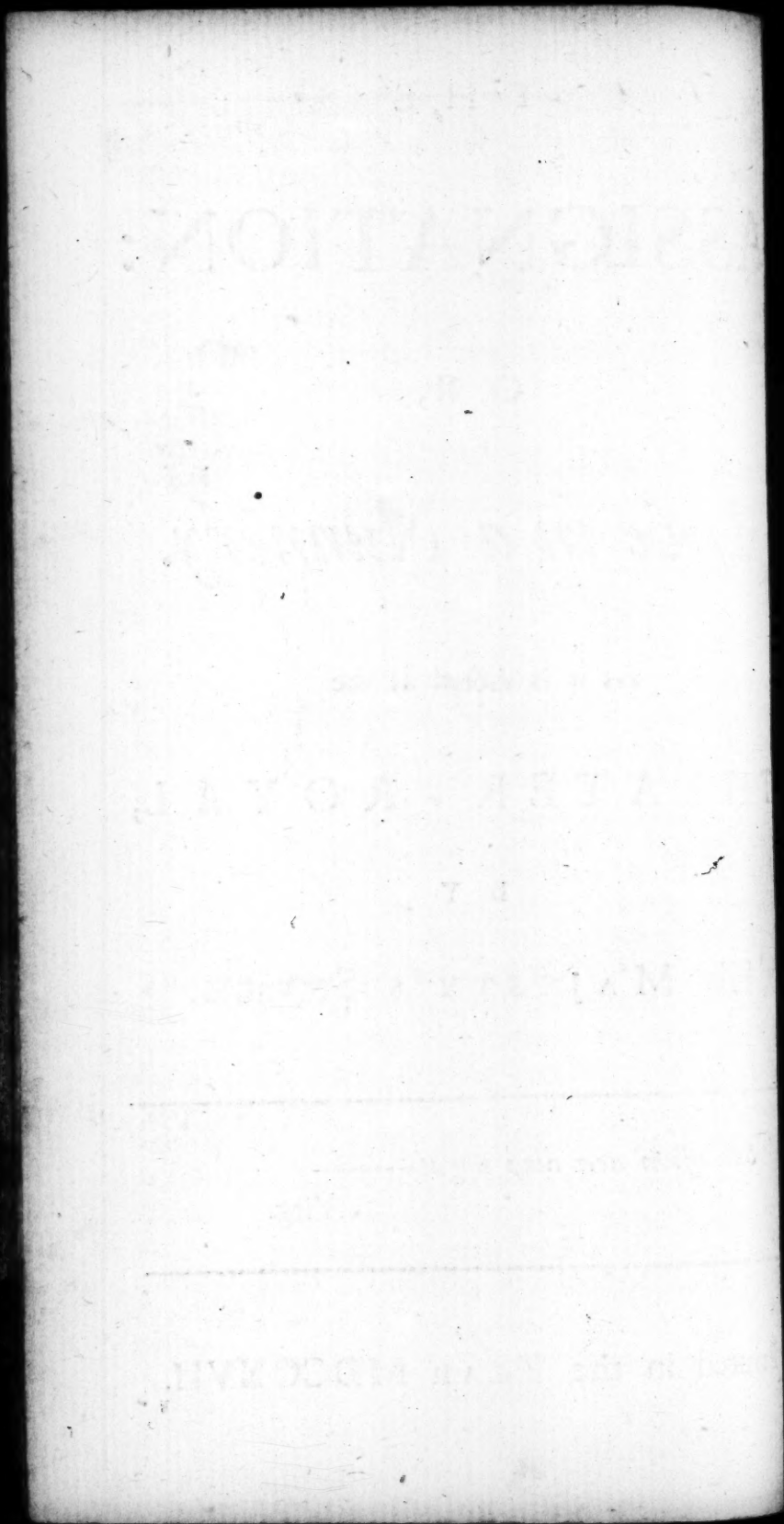
B Y

His M A J E S T Y 's Servants.

Successum deæ dira negat-----

Virg.

Printed in the Y E A R M D C C X V I I .





To my Most Honour'd Friend,

Sir Charles Sedley, Bar^t.

S I R,

THE Design of *Dedicating Plays*, is as common and unjust, as that of desiring Seconds in a *Duel*. 'Tis engaging our Friends (it may be) in a senseless Quarrel, where they have much to venture, without any Concernment of their own. I have declar'd thus much before-hand, to prevent You from Suspicion, that I intend to Interest either your Judgment or your Kindness, in defending the Errors of this *Comedy*. It succeeded ill in the Representation, against the Opinion of many the best Judges of our Age, to whom you know I read, e're it was presented publickly. Whether the Fault was in the Play it self, or in the Lameness

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of the Action, or in the Number of its Enemies who came resolv'd to damn it for the Title, will not now dispute: That wou'd be too like the little Satisfaction which an unlucky Gamester finds in the Relation of every Cast by which he came to lose his Money. I have had formerly so much Success, that the Miscarriage of this Play was only my giving Fortune her Revenge: I ow'd it her; and she was indulgent that she exacted not the Payment long before. I will therefore deal more reasonably with you, than any Poet has ever done with any Patron: I do not so much as oblige you for my sake to pass two ill Hours in reading of my Play. Think, if you please, that this Dedication is only an Occasion I have taken to do my self the greatest Honour imaginable with Posterity; that is, to be recorded in the Number of those Men whom you have favoured with your Friendship and Esteem. For, I am well assur'd, that besides the present Satisfaction I have, it will gain me the greatest part of my Reputation with After-ages, when they shall find me valuing my self on your Kindness to me. I may have Reason to suspect my own Credit with them, but I have none to doubt of yours. And they who, perhaps, wou'd forget me in my Poems, wou'd remember me in this *Epistle*.

This was the course which has formerly been practis'd by the Poets of that Nation who were Masters of the Universe. *Horace* and *Ovid*, who had little Reason to distrust their Immortality; yet took occasion to speak with Honour of *Virgil*, *Varus*, *Tibullus*, and *Propertius*, their Contemporaries: As if they sought in the Testimony of their Friendship a farther Evidence of their Fame.

For

The Epistle Dedicatory.

For my own part, I, who am the least amongst the Poets, have yet the Fortune to be honour'd with the best Patron, and the best Friend. For, to omit some great Persons of our Court, to whom I am many ways oblig'd, and who have taken care of me, even amidst the Exigences of a War.) I can make my boast to have found a better *Mæneas* in the Person of my Lord Treasurer *Clifford*, and a more Elegant *Tibullus* in that of Sir *Charles Sedley*. I have chosen that Poet to whom I would resemble you, not only because I think him at least equal, if not superior to *Ovid* in his *Elegies*: Nor because of his Quality, for he was (you know) a *Roman Knight*, as well as *Ovid*: But for his Candor, his Wealth, his way of Living, and particularly because of this Testimony which is given him by *Horace*, which I have a thousand times in my Mind apply'd to you.

*Non tu Corpus eras sine pectore; Dii tibi formam,
Dii tibi divitias dederunt, artemq; fruendi.
Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus Alumno,
Quam sapere, & farint possit quæ sentiat, & cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde;
Ut mundus victus, non deficiente crumena?*

certainly the Poets of that Age enjoy'd much happiness in the Conversation and Friendship of one another. They imitated the best way of Living, which was to pursue an innocent and inoffensive Pleasure; that which one of the Ancients called *Eruditam voluptatem*. We have, like them, our Genial Nights; where our Discourse is neither too serious, nor too light; but always pleasant,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

pleasant, and, for the most part, instructive: The Raillery neither too sharp upon the Present, nor too censorious on the Absent; and the Cups only such as will raise the Conversation of the Night, without disturbing the Business of the Morrow. And thus far not only the Philosophers, but the Fathers of the Church have gone, without lessening their Reputation of good Manners, or of Piety. For this reason I have often laugh'd at the ignorant and ridiculous Descriptions which some Pedants have given of the Wits (as they are pleas'd to call them:) Which are a Generation of Men as unknown to them, as the People of *Tartary*, or the *terra Australis* are to us. And therefore as we draw *Giants* and *Anthropophagi* in those Vacancies of our *Maps*, where we have not travell'd to discover better; so those Wretches paint Lewdness, Atheism, Folly, ill-Reasoning, and all manner of Extravagances amongst us, for want of Understanding what we are. Oftentimes it so falls out, that they have a particular Picque to some one amongst us; and then they immediately interest Heaven in their Quarrel: As 'tis an usual Trick in Courts; when one designs the Ruin of his Enemy, to disguise his Malice with some Concernment of the King's: And to revenge his own Cause, with Pretence of vindicating the Honour of his Master. Such Wits as they describe, I have never been so unfortunate to meet in your Company: But have often heard much better Reasoning at your Table, than I have encounter'd in their Books. The Wits they describe, are the Fops we banish: For Blasphemy and Atheism, if they were neither Sin nor ill Manners, are Subjects so very common, and worn so thread-bare,

that

The Epistle Dedicatory.

That People who have Sense avoid them, for fear of being suspected to have none. It calls the good Name of their Wit in Question, as it does the Credit of a Citizen when his Shop is fill'd with Trumperies, and painted Titles, instead of Wares: We conclude them Bankrupt to all manner of Understanding; and, that to use Blasphemy, is a kind of applying Pigeons to the Soles of the Feet: It proclaims their Fancy, as well as Judgment, to be in a desperate Condition. I am sure, for your own particular, if any of these Judges had once the Happiness to converse with you, to hear the Candor of your Opinions; how freely you commend that Wit in others, of which you have so large a Portion your self; how unapt you are to be censorious; with how much Eagerness you speak so many things, and those so pointed, that no other Man is able to excel, or perhaps to reach by Study; they wou'd, instead of your Accusers, become your Profelytes. They wou'd reverence so much Sense, and so much good Nature in the same Person: And come, like the Satyr, to warm themselves at that Fire, of which they were ignorantly afraid, when they stood at distance. But, you have too great a Reputation to be wholly free from Censure: 'Tis a fine which Fortune sets upon all extraordinary persons, and from which you should not wish to be deliver'd 'till you are dead. I have been us'd by my Criticks much more severely, and have more Reason to complain, because I am deeper tax'd for a less Estate. I am, ridiculously enough, accus'd to be a Contemner of Universities, that is, in other Words, an Enemy of Learning: Without the Foundation of which I am sure no Man can

The Epistle Dedicatory.

can pretend to be a Poet. And if this be not enough, I am made a Detractor from my Predecessors, whom I confess to have been my Masters in the Art. But this latter was the Accusation of the best Judge, and almost the best Poet, in the *Latin* Tongue. You find *Horace* complaining, that for taxing some Verses in *Lucilius*, he himself was blam'd by others, though his Design was no other than mine now, to improve the Knowledge of Poetry: And it was no Defence to him, amongst his Enemies, any more than it is for me, that he prais'd *Lucilius* where he deserv'd it; *Paginatâ laudatur eâdem*. 'Tis for this reason I will be no more mistaken for my good Meaning: I know I Honour *Ben. Johnson* more than my little Criticks, because, without Vanity I may own, I understand him better. As for the Errors they pretend to find in me, I could easily show them that the greatest part of them are Beauties: And for the rest, I could recriminate upon the best Poets of our Nation, if I could resolve to accuse another of little Faults, whom at the same time I admire for greater Excellencies. But I have neither Concernment enough upon me to write any thing in my own Defence, neither will I gratifie the Ambition of two wretched Scriblers, who desire nothing more than to be answer'd. I have not wanted Friends, even amongst Strangers, who have defended me more strongly, than my contemptible Pedant cou'd attack me. For the other; he is only like *Fungoso* in the Play, who follows the Fashion at a distance, and adores the *Fastidius Brisk* of *Oxford*. You can bear me witness, that I have not Consideration enough for either of them to be angry: Let *Mævius* and

Bavius

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Should I admire each other, I wish to be hated by them and their Fellows, by the same Reason for which I desire to be lov'd by you. And I leave it to the World, whether their Judgment of my Poetry ought to be preferr'd to yours; though they are as much prejudic'd by their Malice, as I desire you should be led by your Kindness, to be impartial to,

S I R,

Your most Humble and

most Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PRO-

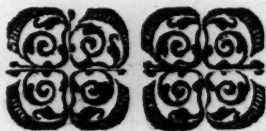


PROLOGUE

Prologues, like Bells to Churches, toul you in
With Chiming Verse; till the dull Plays begin:
With this sad difference though, of Pit and Pew;
You damn the Poet, but the Priest damns you.
But Priests can treat you at your own Expence:
And, gravely, call you Fools, without Offence.
Poets, poor Devils, have ne'er your Folly shown,
But, to their Cost, you prov'd it was their own.
For, when a Fop's presented on the Stage,
Straight all the Coxcombs in the Town ingage:
For his Deliverance, and Revenge they join:
And grunt, like Hogs, about their Captive Swine.
Your Poets daily split upon this Shelf:
You must have Fools, yet none will have himself.
Or if, in kindness, you that Leave would give,
No Man could write you at that rate you live:
For some of you grow Fops with so much haste,
Riot in Nonsense, and commit such waste,
'Twould ruin Poets should they spend so fast.
He who made this, observ'd what Farces hit,
And durst not disoblige you now with Wit.
But, Gentlemen, you over-do the Mode:
You must have Fools out of the common Road.
Th' unnatural strain'd Buffoon is only taking:
No Fop can please you now of God's own making.

PROLOGUE.

When our Poet, if he speaks his Mind;
 Come to Plays with your own Follies lin'd:
 Small Fools fall on you, like small Showers, in vain:
 Your own oil'd Coats keep out all common Rain.
 You must have Mamamouchi, such a Fop
 Would appear a Monster, in a Shop:
 We'll fill your Pit and Boxes to the Brim,
 Where, ram'd in Crowds, you see your selves in him.
 Ere there's some Spell our Poet never knew,
 Hullibabilah de, and Chu, chu, chu.
 That Marabarah fahem most did touch you,
 That is: Oh how we love the Mamamouchi!
 Grimace and Habit sent you pleas'd away:
 You damn'd the Poet, and cry'd up the Play.
 This Thought had made our Author more uneasy,
 That that he hopes I'm Fool enough to please ye:
 But here's my Grief; though Nature, join'd with Art,
 Have cut me out to act a Fooling Part;
 Yet, to your Praise, the few Wits here will say,
 'Twas imitating you taught Haynes to Play.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Duke of <i>Mantua</i> .	Major <i>Mobley</i> .
Prince <i>Frederick</i> , his Son.	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Aurelian</i> , a Roman Gentleman.	Mr. <i>Hart</i> .
<i>Camillo</i> , his Friend.	Mr. <i>Burt</i> .
<i>Mario</i> , Governor of <i>Rome</i> .	Mr. <i>Cartwright</i> .
<i>Ascanio</i> , Page of Honour to the Prince.	Mrs. <i>Reene</i> .
<i>Benito</i> , Servant to <i>Aurelian</i> .	Mr. <i>Haynes</i> .
<i>Valerio</i> , Confident to the Duke.	
<i>Fabio</i> , Servant to <i>Mario</i> .	

W O M E N.

<i>Sophronia</i> , Abbess of the <i>Torr'di Specchi</i> .	Mrs. <i>James</i> .
<i>Lucretia</i> , a Lady design'd to be a Nun.	Mrs. <i>Marshall</i> .
<i>Hippolita</i> , a Nun.	Mrs. <i>Knepp</i> .
<i>Laura</i> and <i>Violetta</i> } Sisters, Neices to <i>Mario</i>	Mrs. <i>Bowtell</i> .
	Mrs. <i>Cox</i> .

SCENE, R O M E.

THE



THE
ASSIGNATION:
OR,
Love in a Nunnery.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE *a Room, a great Glass plac'd.*

Enter Benito, with a Guittar in his Hand.

BENITO, *bowing to the Glass.*

SAVE you, sweet Signior Benito; by my Faith I am glad to see you look so bonily to Day: Gad, Sir, every thing becomes you to a Miracle! your Peruke, your Cloaths, your Hat, your Shoe-ties; and, Gad, Sir, let me tell you, you become every thing; you walk with such a Grace, and you bow pliantly—

Aur. [Within.] Benito, where are you, Sirrah?

Ben.

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Ben. Sirrah! That my damn'd Master should call a Man of my extraordinary Indowments, Sirrah! A Man of Indowments? Gad, I ask my own Pardon, I mean a Person of my Indowments; for a Man of my Parts and Talents, though he be but a *Valet de Chambre*, is a Person; and let me tell my Master——Gad, I frown as like a Person as any Jack-Gentleman of 'em all; Gad, when I do not frown, I am an absolute Beauty; whatever this Glass says to the contrary: And, if the Glass deny it, 'tis a base lying Glass, so I'll tell it to his Face, and kick it down into the Bargain.

Aur. [*Within.*] Why *Benito*, how long shall we wait for you?

Ben. I come, Sir. What the Devil would he have? But, by his Favour, I'll first survey my Dancing, and my Singing. [*He plays on the Guittar, and Dances and Sings to the Glass.*] I think that was not amiss: I think Gad, I can dance, [*Lays down the Guittar.*] and play no longer, I am in such a Rapture with my self. What villanous base Fate have I? With all these Excellencies and a profound Wit, and yet to be a Serving-man!

Enter Aurelian and Camillo.

Aur. Why, you Slave, you Dog, you Son of twenty Fathers, am I to be serv'd at this rate eternally? A Poet o'your conceited Coxcomb.

Cam. Nay, prithee, *Aurelian*, be not angry.

Aur. You do not know this Rogue, as I do, *Camillo*. Now, by this Guittar, and that great Looking-glass, I am certain how he has spent his Time. He courts himself every Morning in that Glass, at least an Hour: There he admires his own Person, and his Parts, and studies Postures and Grimaces, to make himself yet more ridiculous, than he was born to be.

Cam. You wrong him sure.

Aur. I do; for he is yet more Fool than I can speak of him: I never sent him on a Message, but he runs first to that Glass, to practise how he may become his own Grand. Speak, is this a Lye, Sirrah?

Ben. I confess, I have some Kindness for the Mirror.

Mr. The Mirrour! there's a touch of his Poetry too, could not call it a Glafs. Then the Rogue has the Audence, to make Sonnets, as he calls 'em; and, which is a greater Impudence, he sings 'em too: There's a Street in all Rome which he does not nightly diffringe with his villanous Serenades: With that Guittar, the younger Brother of a Cittern, he frights a- the Watch; and for his Violin, it squeaks so lewd- that Sir Tibert in the Gutter mistakes him for his self. 'Tis a meer Cat-call.

Cam. Is this true, Benito?

Cam. to Cam. [*Aside.*] My Master, Sir, may say his share; I divert my self sometimes with hearing him: a good Gentleman, 'tis not given to all Persons to intrude into Mens Parts and Qualities; but I look on Sir, as a Man of Judgment, and therefore you shall see me play and sing. [*He takes up the Guittar and begins.*]

Mr. Why, you invincible Sot you, will nothing do you? Lay't down, or ———

Cam. to Cam. Do ye see, Sir, this Enemy to the Muses? will not let me hold forth to you. [*Lays down the Guittar.*] O Envy, and Ignorance, whither will you!— Gad, before I'll suffer my Parts to be kept in ob- scurity ———

Mr. What will you do, Rascal?

Cam. I'll take up the Guittar, and suffer heroically.

[*He plays, Aur. kicks.*]

Mr. What? do you Mutiny?

Cam. Ay, do, kick till your Toes ake; I'll be baff'd in Musick by ne'er a Foot in Christendom.

Mr. I'll put you out of your Tune, with a Vengeance to you. [*As Aurelian kicks harder, Benito sings faster, and sometimes crys out.*]

Cam. holding Aur. Nay, then 'tis time to stickle. Hold, Aurelian, prithee spare Benito, you know we have occasion for him.

Mr. I think that was well kick'd.

Cam. And I think that was well sung too.

Mr. Enough, Aurelian.

Ben. No, Sir; let him proceed to discourage Virtue and see what will come on't.

Cam. Now to our Business: But we must first inform *Benito*.

Aur. Be rul'd by me, and do not trust him: I prophesie he'll spoil the whole Affair; he has a Worm in his Head as long as a Conger, a Brain so barren of all Sense and yet so fruitful of foolish Plots, that if he does not do things his own way, yet at least he'll ever be mingling his Designs with yours, and go halves with you, so that what with his Ignorance, what with his Plotting, he will be sure to ruin you, with an Intention to serve you. For my Part, I had turn'd him off long since, but that my wise Father commanded me the contrary.

Cam. Still you speak, as if what we did were Choice and not Necessity: You know their Uncle is suspicious of me, and consequently jealous of all my Servants; but if we imploy yours, who is not suspected, because you are a Stranger, I doubt not to get an Assignment with the younger Sister.

Aur. Well, use your own way, *Camillo*: But if it ever succeed, with his Management——

Cam. You must understand then, *Benito*, that this Signior *Mario* has two Neices, with one of which I am desperately in Love, and——

Ben. [*Aside to him.*] I understand you already, Sir, and you desire Love reciprocal: Leave your Business in my Hands, and, if it succeed not, think me no wiser than my Master.

Cam. Pray take me with you. These Sisters are great Beauties, and vast Fortunes; but, by a Clause in their Father's Will, if they marry without their Uncle's Consent, are to forfeit all. Their Uncle, who is Covetous and base to the last Degree, takes Advantage of this Clause, and, under pretence of not finding fit Matches for them, denies his Consent to all who love 'em.

Ben. Denies 'em Marriage: Very good, Sir.

Cam. More than this, he refuses Access to any Suitors and immures 'em in a mean Apartment on the Garden side, where he barbarously debars 'em from all humane Society.

LOVE in a NUNNERY. 287

Ben. Uses them most barbarously : Still better and
er.

Cam. The younger of these Sisters, *Violetta*, I have
often in the Garden, from the Balcony in this
chamber, which looks into it; have divers times shot
Arrows on the Point of an Arrow, which she has taken;
and, by the Signs she made me, I find they were not ill
receiv'd.

Ben. I'll tell you now, just such an Amour as this had
once with a young Lady, that——

Aur. Quote your self again, you Rogue, and my Feet
shall renew their Acquaintance with your Buttocks.

Cam. Dear *Benito*, take care to convey this Ticket to
Violetta: I saw her just now go by to the next Chappel;
be sure to stand ready to give her Holy-water, and slip
the Ticket into the Hand of her Woman *Beatrix*; and
take care the elder Sister *Laura* sees you not, for she
knows nothing of our Amour.

Ben. A Word to the Wise. Have you no Service to
Laura?

[To *Aur.*

Aur. None that I shall trouble you withal: I'll see first
what returns you make from this Voyage, before I put
my Venture with you. Away; be gone, Mr. Mer-
cury.

Ben. I fly, Mr. *Jupiter*.

[Exit.

Aur. This Lady *Laura* I have seen from your Balcony,
and was seen by her: Methought, too, she lookt with a
ravishing Eye upon me, as who should say, Are you a
Man, and have no Pity for a poor distressed Virgin? For
my Part, I never found so much Disposition in my self
to love any Woman at first Sight: Handsome she is,
that I am certain.

Cam. And has Wit, I dare assure you; but I have not
heard she has admitted of any Gallantry.

Aur. Her Hour is not come yet; she has not met
with a Man to love: When that happens (as I am re-
solv'd to push my Fortune) you shall see that, as her
Love warms, her Virtue will melt down, and dissolve in
it, for there's no such Bawd to a Woman, as her own
Virtue is.

Cam.

Cam. I look upon the Assignment, as certain: Will you promise me to go? You and *Benito* shall walk in the Garden, while I search the Nymph within the Shade: one thing I had forgot to tell you, that our General of the Church, the Duke of *Mantua*, and the Prince his Son, are just approaching the Gates of *Rome*: Will you go see the Ceremony of their Entrance?

Aur. With all my Heart. They say he has behaved himself gallantly against the *French*, at their return from *Naples*: Besides, I have a particular Knowledge of young Prince *Frederick*, ever since he was last at our *Venetian* Carnivals.

Cam. Away, then, quickly; least we miss the Solemnity. [Exit *Camilla*]

Enter Laura and Violetta striving about a Letter, which
Laura holds.

Vio. Let it go, I say.

Lau. I say, let you go.

Vio. Nay, sweet Sister *Laura*.

Lau. Nay, dear *Violetta*, 'tis in vain to contend, I am resolv'd I'll see it. [Plucks the Paper from *Violetta*]

Vio. But I am resolv'd you shall not read it. I know not what Authority this is which you assume, or what Privilege a Year or two can give you, to use this Sovereignty over me.

Lau. Do you rebel, young Gentlewoman? I'll make you know I have a double Right over you: One, as I have more Years; and the other, as I have more Wit.

Vio. Though I am not all Air and Fire, as you are, yet that little Wit I have, will serve to conduct my Affairs, without a Governess.

Lau. No, Gentlewoman, but it shall not: Are you fit at Fifteen to be trusted with a Maidenhead? 'Tis as much as your Betters can manage at full twenty.

*For 'tis of a Nature so subtil,
That, if 'tis not Luted with Care,
The Spirit will work through the Bottel,
And vanish away into Air.*

To keep it, there nothing so hard is,
 'Twill go betwixt waking and sleeping;
 The Simple too weak for a Guard is,
 And no Wit would be plagu'd with the keeping.

Vio. For ought I see, you are as little to be trusted with
 your Madness, as I with my Simplicity; and therefore
 I restore my Letter.

Lau. [Reading it.] What's here? An humble Petition
 for a private Meeting? Are you twittering at that Sport
 ready, Mistress Novice?

Vio. How! I a Novice, at ripe Fifteen? I would have
 you to know, that I have kill'd my Man before I was
 fourteen, and now am ready for another Execution.

Lau. A very forward Rose-Bud: You open apace,
 gentlewoman. I find indeed your Desires are quick e-
 nough; but where will you have Cunning to carry on
 your Business with Decency and Secrecy? Secrecy, I say,
 which is a main Part of Chastity in our Sex. Where
 will you be sensible of the Delicacies of Love? the Ten-
 derness of a Farewel-sigh for an Absence? the Joy of a
 return? the Zeal of a pressing Hand? the Sweetness of
 the Quarrels, caus'd, and cur'd, by the Excess of Love?
 In short, the pleasing Disquiets of the Soul, always
 in the air, and wandering up and down in a Paradise of
 thought, of its own making?

Vio. If I understood not thus much before, I find you
 an excellent Instructor, and that argues you have had
 a long time of the Cause in your Time too, Sister.

Lau. What have I confess'd before I was aware! She'll
 find out my Inclination to that Stranger, whom I have
 never seen, and to whom I have never spoken—[Aside.
 good Violetta, I never was in Love; all my Experi-
 ence is from Plays and Romances: But who is this Man,
 whom you have promis'd an Assignment?

Vio. You'll tell my Uncle.

Lau. I hate my Uncle more than you do.

Vio. You know the Man, 'tis Signior Camillo: His
 Merits and Fortunes are equal to what I can expect; and
 I am sure his Intentions are Honourable.

L. III.

N

Lau,

Lau. Have I not seen him lately in his Balcony, which looks into our Garden, with another handsome Gentleman in his Company, who seems a Stranger?

Vio. They are the same. Do you think it a reasonable thing, dear *Laura*, that my Uncle should keep us up so strictly, that we must be beholden to hearsay, to know a young Gallant is in the next House to us?

Lau. 'Tis hard, indeed, to be mew'd like Hawks, and never mann'd: To be lock'd in like Nuns here.

Vio. They that look for Nuns Flesh in me shall be mistaken.

Lau. Well, what Answer have you return'd to this Letter?

Vio. That I would meet him at eight this Evening, in the close Walk in the Garden, attended only by *Beatrix*, my Woman,

Lau. Who comes with him?

Vio. Only his Friend's Man, *Benito*; the same who brought me the Letter which you took from me.

Lau. Stay, let me think a little. Do *Camillo*, or this *Benito*, know your Maid *Beatrix*?

Vio. They have never talk'd with her; but only seen her.

Lau. 'Tis concluded then; you shall meet your Servant, but I'll be your *Beatrix*: I'll go instead of her, and Counterfeit your Waiting-woman: In the Dark I may easily pass for her: By this means I shall be present to instruct you, for you are yet a Callow Maid: I must teach you to Peck a little, you may come to Prey for your self in time.

Vio. A little teaching will serve my turn: If the old one left me to my self, I could go near to get my Living.

Lau. I find you are eager, and baiting to be gone already, and I'll not hinder you when your Hour approaches. In the mean time go in, and sigh, and think fondly, and ignorantly of your approaching Pleasures:

Love, in young Hearts, is like the Must of Wine;
'Tis sweetest then; but elder 'tis more fine. [Exit]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Front of a Nunnery.*

Prince Frederick, Aurelian, Camillo, and Ascanio the Prince's Page.

Ed. MY Father's ancient, and may repose himself, if he pleases, after the Ceremony of his Entrance; but we, who are younger, should think it a Sin, to spend any part of Day-light in a Chamber. What are our ways of living here?

Cam. Why Sir, we pass our time, either in Conversation alone, or in Love alone, or in Love and Conversation together.

Fred. Come, explain, explain, my Counsel learned in Laws of Living.

Cam. For Conversation alone; that's either in going Court, with a Face of Business, and there discoursing the Affairs of *Europe*, of which *Rome*, you know, is a publick Mart; or, at best, meeting the *Vertuosi*, and wearying one another with rehearsing our own Works, in Prose and Poetry.

Fred. Away with that dry Method, I will have none of it. To the next.

Cam. Love alone, is either plain Wenching, where every Curtizan is your Mistress, and every Man your Rival; or else, what's worse, plain whining after one Woman: That is, walking before her Door by Day, and waiting her Street by Night, with Guittars, Dark-Lanterns, and Rondaches.

Fred. Which, I take it, is, or will be our Case, Cas-

Ed. Neither of these will fit my Humour: If your Wine prove not more pleasant, I shall stick to the old *Alibi* Recreation; the Divine Bottle, and the bounteous that tun'd up old *Horace* to his *Odes*.

Aur. You shall need to have no recourse to that; for Love, and Conversation will do your Business: That is, Sir, a most delicious Curtizan, I do not mean down-right Punk, but Punk of more than ordinary Sense in Conversation: Punk in Ragou, Punk who plays on the Lute, and Sings; and, to sum up all, Punk who Cooks and Dresses up her self, with Poynant Sawce, to become a new Dish every time she is serv'd up to you.

Fred. This I believe, *Aurelian*, is your method of living, you talk of it so favorily.

Aur. There is yet another more insipid sort of Love and Conversation: As for Example, look you there, Sir, the Courtship of our Nuns. [*Pointing to the Nunner*] They talk prettily; but, a Pox on 'em, they raise our Appetites, and then starve us. They are as dangerous as cold Fruits without Wine, and are never to be us'd but where there are abundance of Wenches in readines, to qualifie 'em.

Cam. But yet they are ever at hand, and easie to come by; and if you'll believe an experienc'd Sinner, easiness in Love is more than half the Pleasure of it.

Fred. This way of chatting pleases me; for Debauchery, I hate it; and, to Love, is not in my Nature, except it be my Friends. Pray, what do you call that Nunnerery.

Cam. 'Tis a House of *Benedictines*, call'd the *Torre Specchi*, where only Ladies of the best Quality are professed. [*Lucretia and Hippolita appear at the Grate*]

Aur. Look you yonder, Sir, are two of the prettiest Magpies, in white and black: If you will lull your self into a Platonick Dream you may: But, consider your Sport will be dull, when you play without Stakes.

Fred. No matter; I'll fool away an Hour of Courtship for I never was engag'd in a serious Love, nor I believe can be. Farewel, Gentlemen; at this time I shall dispence with your Attendance: Nay, without Ceremony because I would be Incognito.

Cam. Come then, *Aurelian*, to our own Affairs.

[*Exeunt Aurelian and Camilla*]

The Prince and Ascanio approach.

Fred. [to *Lucretia*.] For what Crime, fair Creature, were you condemn'd to this perpetual Prison?

Luc. For Chastity and Devotion, and two or three such melancholy Virtues: They first brought me hither, and now must keep me Company.

Fred. I should rather have guess'd it had been Murder, and that you are veil'd, for fear of doing more Mischief with those Eyes: For, indeed, they are too sharp to be trusted out of the Scabbard.

Luc. Cease, I beseech you, to accuse my Eyes, 'till they have done some Execution on your Heart.

Fred. But I am out of reach, perhaps.

Luc. Trust not to that; they may shoot at a distance, tho' they cannot strike you near at hand.

Fred. But if they should kill, you are ne'er the better: There's a Grate betwixt us, and you cannot fetch in the dead Quarry.

Luc. Provided we destroy the Enemy, we do not value their dead Bodies: But you, perhaps, are in your first Error, and think we are rather Captives than Warriors; that we come like Prisoners to the Grate, to beg the Charity of Passengers for their Love.

Fred. [to *Ascanio*.] Inquire as dext'rously as you can what is the Name and Quality of this charming Creature.

Luc. to Hippolita. Be sure, if the Page approaches you, to get out of him his Master's Name,

[*The Prince and Lucretia seem to talk.*]

Hip. to Ascanio. By that short Whisper which I observed you took with your Master, I imagine, Mr. Page, you come to ask a certain Question of me.

Asca. By this thy Question, and by that Whisper with thy Lady, (O thou Nymph of Devotion!) I find I am to impart a Secret, and not to ask one: Therefore, either confess thou art yet a meer Woman under that Veil, and, by Consequence, most horribly inquisitive, or thou shalt lose thy longing, and know nothing of my Master.

Hip. By my Virginity, you shall tell first.

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Asca. You'll break your Oath, on purpose to make the Forfeit.

Hip. Your Master is call'd——

Asca. Your Lady is yclip'd——

Hip. For Decency, in all Matters of Love, the Man should offer first, you know.

Asca. That needs not, when the Damsel is so willing.

Hip. But I have sworn not to discover first, that her Name is Madam *Lucretia*; fair, as you see, to a Miracle, and of a most charming Conversation; of Royal Blood, and Niece to his Holiness; and, if she were not espous'd to Heav'n, a Mistress for a Sovereign Prince.

Asca. After these Encomiums, 'twere vain for me to praise my Master: He is only poor Prince *Frederick*, otherwise call'd the Prince of *Mantua*; liberal, and valiant, discreet and handsome, and, in my simple Judgment, a fitter Servant for your Lady, than his old Father, who is a Sovereign.

Hip. Dare you make all this good you have said of your Master?

Asca. Yes, and as much more of my self to you.

Hip. I defie you upon't, as my Lady's Second.

Asca. As my Master's, I accept it. The Time?

Hip. Six this Evening.

Asca. The Place?

Hip. At this Grate.

Asca. The Weapons?

Hip. Hands, and it may be Lips.

Asca. 'Tis enough: Expect to hear from me.

[*They withdraw and whisper to their Principals.*

After the Whisper,

Fred. to Lucretia. Madam, I am glad I know my Enemy; for since it is impossible to see, and not admire you, the Name of *Lucretia* is the best Excuse for my defeat.

Luc. Persons, like Prince *Frederick*, ought not to assault Religious Houses; or to pursue Chastity and Virtue to their last Retreat.

Fred. A Monastery is no Retreat for Chastity; 'tis only a hiding Place for bad Faces, where they are thrust in
Crowds

Crowds together, like heaps of Rubbish out of the way, that the World may not be peopl'd with deform'd Persons: And that such who are out of Play themselves, may pray for a Blessing on their Endeavours, who are getting handsome Children, and carrying on the Work for publick Benefit.

Luc. Then you would put off Heav'n with your Leavings, and use it like them who play at Cards alone, take the Courts for your selves, and give the Refuse to the Gentleman.

Fred. You mistake me, Madam; I would so contrive it, that Heav'n and we might be serv'd at once: We have occasion for Wit and Beauty; now Piety and Ugliness will do as well for Heav'n; that plays at one Game, and we at another; and therefore Heav'n may make its Hand with the same Cards that we put out.

Luc. I could easily convince you if the Argument concern'd me; but I am one of those, whom, for want of Wit and Beauty, you have condemn'd to Religion: And therefore am your humble Servant to pray for your handsome Wife and Children.

Fred. Heav'n forbid, Madam, that I should condemn you, or indeed any handsome Woman, to be Religious. No, Madam; the occasions of the World are great and urgent for such as you: And, for my part, I am of Opinion, that it is as great a Sin for a Beauty to enter into a Nunnery, as for an ugly Woman to stay out of it.

Luc. The Cares of the World are not yet upon you; but as soon as ever you come to be afflicted with Sickness, or visited with a Wife, you'll be content I should pray for you.

Fred. Any where, rather than in a Cloyster; for, truly I suppose, all your Prayers there will be how to get out of it; and, upon that Supposition, Madam, I am come to offer you my Service for your Redemption. Come, Faith, be persuaded, the Church shall lose nothing by it: I'll take you out, and put in two or three crooked Apostles in your place.

[Bell rings within.]

Luc. Hark, the Bell rings, I must leave you: 'Tis a Summons to our Devotion.

Fred. Will you leave me for your Prayers, Madam? You may have enough of them at any time, but remember you cannot have a Man so easily.

Luc. Well, I'll say my Beads for you, and that's but Charity; for I believe I leave you in a most deplorable Condition. [Exeunt Women.]

Fred. Not deplorable neither, but a little alter'd: If I could be in Love, as I am sure I cannot, it should be with her, for I like her Conversation strangely.

Asca. Then, as young as I am, Sir, I am before-hand with you; for I am in Love already: I would fain make the first proof of my Manhood upon a Nun: I find I have a mighty grudging to Holy Flesh.

Fred. I'll ply *Lucretia* again, as soon as ever her Devotion's over. Methinks these Nuns divide their time most admirably: From Love to Prayers; from Prayers to Love: That is, just so much Sin, just so much Godliness.

Asca. Then I can claim that Sister's Love by Merit, Half Man, half Boy; for her half Flesh, half Spirit.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. A Street.

Aurelian and Camillo.

Aur. I'll proceed no farther, if *Benito* goes: I know his Folly will produce some Mischief.

Cam. But *Violetta* desir'd me, in her Note, to bring him, on purpose to pass the time with her Woman *Benitrix*.

Aur. That Objection's easily remov'd: I'll supply *Benito*'s place; the Darkness will prevent Discovery; and, for my Discourse, I'll imitate the half Wit, and patch'd breeding of a *Valet de Chambre*.

Cam. But how shall we get rid of him?

Aur. Let me alone for that.

Enter Benito.

Ben. Come, are we ready, Gallants? The Clock's up on the stroke of Eight.

Aur. But we have alter'd our Resolution: We go another way to Night.

Ben.

Ben. I hope you have not broke my Affignation.

Aur. Why do you hope so?

Ben. Because my Reputation is engag'd in't: I've stitulated upon my Honour that you shall come.

Aur. I shall beat you if you follow me. Go, Sirrah, and adjourn to the great Looking-glass, and let me hear no more from you 'till to Morrow Morning.

Ben. Sir, my Fidelity, and, if I may be so vain, my Discretion may stand you in some stead.

Aur. Well, come along then, they are brave Fellows who have challeng'd us, you shall have fighting enough, Sir.

Ben. How, Sir, Fighting?

Aur. You may scape with the loss of a Leg, or an arm, or some such transitory Limb.

Ben. No, Sir; I have that absolute Obedience to your commands, that I will bridle my Courage, and stay at home. [Exit.

Cam. You took the only way to be rid of him. There's the Wall: Behind yond Pane of it we'll set up the Ladder. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Night-piece of a Garden.*

Enter Laura and Violetta.

Vio. Remember your Waiting-woman's Part, *Laura*.

Lau. I warrant you, I'll wait on you by Night, as well as I govern'd you by Day.

Vio. Hark, I hear Foot-steps; and now, methinks, I see something approaching us.

Lau. They are certainly the Men whom we expect.

Enter Aurelian and Camillo.

Cam. I hear Womens Voices.

Aur. We are right, I warrant you.

Cam. *Violetta*, my Love!

Vio. My dear *Camillo*!

Cam. Speak those Words again; my own Name never sounded so sweetly to me, as when you spoke it, and made me happy by adding Dear to it.

Vio. Speak softly then, I have stol'n these few Minutes from my watchful Uncle and my Sister; and they are as full of Danger as they are of Love. Something within me checks me too, and says, I was too forward in venturing thus to meet you.

Cam. You are too fearful rather, and Fear's the greatest Enemy to Love.

Vio. But Night will hide my Blushes, when I tell you I love you much, or I had never trusted my Virtue and my Person in your Hands.

Cam. The one is sacred, and the other safe; but this suspicious Minute is our first of near Converse. May I not hope that Favour, which Strangers, in Civility may claim even from the most reserv'd? [*Kisses her Hand*]

Vio. I fear you'll censure me.

Cam. Yes, as the blest above tax Heav'n for making them so happy. [*They walk farther off*]

Aur. [*Stepping towards Laura.*] Damsel of Darknells, advance, and meet my Flames.

Lau. [*Stepping forward.*] Right trusty Valet, heard, but yet unseen, I have advanc'd one Step on Reputation.

Aur. Now, by laudable Custom, I am to love thee vehemently.

Lau. We should do well to see each other first: You know 'tis ill taking Money without Light.

Aur. O, but the Coin of Love is known by the weight only, and you may feel it in the dark: Besides, you know 'tis Prince-like to Love without seeing.

Lau. But then you may be serv'd as Princes are sometimes.

Aur. Let us make haste however, and dispatch a little Love out of the way: We may do it now with Ease and save our selves a great deal of Trouble, if we take it in time, before it grows too fast upon our Hands.

Lau. Fie, no; let us Love discreetly, we must manage our Passion, and not Love all our Love out at one Meeting, but leave some for another time.

Aur. I am for applying the Plaister whilst the Wound is green, 'twill heal the better. [*Takes her by her Hand*]

Law. Let go my Hand: What Crime has the poor Wretch committed that you press it thus? I remember no Mischief it has done you.

Aur. O 'tis a heinous Malefactor, and is press'd by Law, because it will confess nothing. Come, withdraw a little farther, we have urgent Business with one another.

Law. 'Twere a Shame to quit my Ground upon the first Charge; yet if you please to take Truce a little, I will consent to go behind the Lovers, and listen with you.

Aur. I wonder you deferr'd the Proposition so long. were neither true Valet, nor you true Woman if we could not Eves-drop.

[They retire behind the other two, who come forward upon the Stage.]

Cam. *[Kissing Violetta's Hand.]* Give me another yet, and then—

Vio. And then will you be satisfy'd?

Cam. And then I'll ask a thousand more, and ne'er be satisfy'd. Kisses are but thin Nourishment, they are too soon digested, and hungry Love craves more.

Vio. You feed a Wolf within you.

Cam. Then feast my Love with a more solid Diet. He makes us now a Miser's Feast, and we forbear to take our fill. The silent Night, and all these downy Hour were made for Lovers: Gently they tread, and softly measure Time, that no rude Noise may fright the tender Maid, from giving all her Soul to melting Joys.

Vio. You do not love me; if you did, you would not Thus urge your Satisfaction in my Shame; At best, I see you would not Love me long, For they who plunder do not mean to stay.

Cam. I haste to take Possession of my own.

Vio. E're Heav'n and holy Vows have made it so?

Cam. Then witness Heav'n, and all these twinkling Stars—

Vio. Hold, hold; you are distemper'd with your Love: Time, Place, and strong Desires now swear, not you.

Cam. Is not Love Love, without a Priest and Altars? The Temples are inanimate, and know not

What

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What Vows are made in them; the Priest stands ready
For his Hire, and cares not what Hearts he couples,
Love alone is Marriage.

Vio. I never will receive these Mid-night Vows;
But when I come hereafter to your Arms,
I'll bring you a sincere, full, perfect Bliss,
Then you will thank me that I kept it so,
And trust my Faith hereafter.

Lau. There's your Destiny, Lover mine: I am to be
honest by Infection; my Lady will none you, see.

Aur. Truth is, they are a lost Couple, unless they
learn Grace by our Example. Come, shall we begin first,
and shame them both? [*Takes her by the Hand again.*]

Lau. You'll never be warn'd of this Hand, *Benito*.

Aur. Oh, 'tis so soft, as 'twere made on purpose to
take Hearts, and handle them without hurting. These
taper Fingers too, and even Joints, so supple, that me-
thinks I mould 'em as they pass through mine: Nay, in
my Conscience, tho' it be Nonsense to say it, your Hand
feels white too.

Lau. Methinks yours is not very hard, for a Serving-
man's: But where, in the name of Wonder, have you
learn'd to talk so courtly? You are a strange *Valet de
Chambre*.

Aur. And you are as strange a Waiting-woman: You
have so stabb'd me with your Repartees to Night, that I
should be glad to change the Weapon to be reveng'd on
you.

Lau. These, I suppose, are Fragments which you learn'd
from your wild Master *Aurelian*: Many a poor Wo-
man has pass'd thro' his Hands, with these very Words.
You treat me just like a Serving-man, with the cold
Meat which comes from your Master's Table.

Aur. You could never have suspected me for using my
Master's Wit, if you had not been guilty of purloining
from your Lady. I am told, that *Laura*, your Mistress's
Sister, has Wit enough to confound a hundred *Aurelians*.

Lau. I shall do your Commendations to *Laura* for
your Compliment.

Aur.

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Aur. And I shall not fail to revenge my self by informing *Aurelian* of yours.

Enter Benito with a Guittar.

Ben. The poor Souls shall not lose by the Bargain, tho' my foolish gadding Masters have disappointed them. That Ladder of Ropes was doubtless left there by the young Lady in hope of them.

Vio. Hark, I hear a Noise in the Garden.

Lau. I fear we are betray'd.

Cam. Fear nothing, Madam, but stand close.

Ben. Now, *Benito*, is the time to hold forth thy Talent, and to set up for thy self. Yes, Ladies, you shall be serenaded, and when I have display'd my Gifts, I'll retire in Triumph over the Wall, and hug my self for the Adventure.

[*He sums on the Guittar.*]

Vio. Let us make haste, Sister, and get into Covert, this Musick will raise the House upon us immediately.

Lau. Alas, we cannot, the damn'd Musician stands just in the Door where we should pass.

Ben. Singing. *Eveillez vous, Belles endormies;
Eveillez vous: car il est jour:
Mettez la tete a la fenestre
Vous entendrez parler d'amour.*

Aur. [*Aside to Cam.*] *Camillo*, this is my incorrigible Rogue; and I dare not call him *Benito*, for fear of discovering my self not to be *Benito*.

Cam. The Alarm's already given thro' the House. Ladies, you must be quick: Secure your selves, and leave us to shift.

[*Exeunt Women.*]

Within. This way, this way.

Aur. I hear 'em coming; and, as ill Luck will have it, must by that Quarter where our Ladder is plac'd.

Cam. Let us hide in the dark walk, 'till they are past.

Aur. But then *Benito* will be caught, and being known to be my Man, will betray us.

Ben. I hear some in the Garden: Sure they are the Ladies, that are taken with my Melody. To't again *Benito*; this time I will absolutely enchant 'em.

[*Exeunt again.*]

Aur.

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Aur. He's at it again. Why *Benito*, are you mad?

Ben. Ah, Madam! are you there? This is such a Favour to your poor unworthy Servant. [Sings]

*But still between kissing Amintas did say,
Fair Phillis look up, and you'll turn Night to Day.*

Aur. Come away, you unfufferable Rascal, the House is up, and will be upon us immediately.

Ben. O Gemini, is it you, Sir?

Within. This way; follow, follow.

Aur. Leave your scraping and croaking, and step with us into this Arbour.

Ben. Scraping and croaking! 'Sfoot, Sir, either grant I sing and play, to a Miracle, or I'll justify my Musick, though I am caught, and hang'd for t.

Enter Mario and Servants.

Mar. Where is this serenading Rascal? If I find him, I'll make him an Example to all Midnight Caterwaulers, of which this Fiddler is the lewdest.

Ben. O that I durst but Play my Tune out to convince him! Soul of Harmony! Is this lewd?

[Plays and sings softly.]

Cam. Peace, dear *Benito*: We must flatter him.

Ben. [Singing softly.] *Mettez le tete*: The Notes which follow are so sweet, Sir, I must sing 'em, though it be my ruin—*Parler d'amour*.

[Laura and Violetta in the Balcony.]

Lau. Yes, we are safe, Sister; but they are yet in Danger.

Vio. They are just upon 'em.

Lau. We must do something: Help, help; Thieves, Thieves; we shall be murder'd.

Mar. Where? Where are they?

Lau. Here, Sir, at our Chamber-door, and we are run into the Balcony for shelter: Dear Uncle, come and help us.

Mar. Back again quickly: I durst have sworn they had been in the Garden. 'Tis an *Ignis fatuus* I think that leads us from one place to another. [Exe. Mar. and Servants.]

Vio. They are gone. My dear *Camillo*, make haste, and reserve your self.

Cam. May our next Meeting prove more propitious.

Aur. to Benio. Come, Sirrah, I shall make you sing another Note when you are at home.

Ben. Such another Word, and I'll sing again.

Aur. Set the Ladder, and mount first, you Rogue.

Ben. Mount first your self, and fear not my delaying: If I am caught, they'll spare me for my playing.

[Sings as he goes off.]

Vous entendrez parler d'amour.

[Exeunt omnes.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Front of the Nunnery.*

Ascanio, and Hippolita at the Grate.

Hip. I See you have kept touch, Brother.

Asca. As a Man of Honour ought, Sister, when he is challeng'd: And, now, according to the Laws of Duel, the next thing is to strip, and, instead of Seconds, to search one another.

Hip. We'll strip our Hands, if you please, Brother; for they are the only Weapons we must use.

Asca. That were to invite me to my loss, Sister; I could have made a full Meal in the World, and you would have me take up with hungry Commons in the Cloyster. Pray mend my Fare, or I am gone.

Hip. O, Brother, a Hand in a Cloyster, is Fare like Flesh in *Spain*, 'tis delicate, because 'tis scarce. You may be satisfy'd with a Hand, as well as I am pleas'd with the Courtship of a Boy.

Asca. You may begin with me, Sister, as *Milo* did; by carrying a Calf first, you may learn to carry an Ox hereafter: In the mean time produce your Hand, I understand Nuns Flesh better than you imagine: Give it me, you shall see how I will worry it. [She gives her Hand.] Now could

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could not we thrust out our Lips, and contrive a Kiss too?

Hip. Yes, we may; but I have had the experience of it: It will be but half Flesh, half Iron.

Asca. Let's try however.

Hip. Hold, *Lucretia's* here.

Asca. Nay, if you come with Odds upon me, 'tis time to call Seconds. [Ascanio Hears]

The Prince and Lucretia appear.

Luc. Sir, though your Song was pleasant, yet there was one thing amiss in it, that was your rallying of Religion.

Fred. Do you speak well of my Friend Love, and I'll try to speak well of your Friend Devotion.

Luc. I can never speak well of Love: 'Twas to avoid it that I enter'd here.

Fred. Then, Madam, you have met your Man: For, to confess the truth to you, I have but counterfeited Love to try you; for I never yet could love any Woman: And, since I have seen you, and do not, I am certain now I shall scape for ever.

Luc. You are the best Man in the World, if you continue this Resolution. Pray, then, let us vow solemnly these two things: The first, to esteem each other better than we do all the World besides; the next, never to change our Amity to Love.

Fred. Agreed, Madam: Shall I kiss your Hand on't?

Luc. That's too like a Lover: Or if it were not, the narrowness of the Grate will excuse the Ceremony.

Hip. No, but it will not, to my Knowledge: I have try'd every Bar many a fair time over, and, at last, have found out one where a Hand may get through, and be gallanted.

Luc. [Giving her Hand.] There, Sir; 'tis a true one.

Fred. [Kissing it.] This, then, is a Seal to our perpetual Friendship; and a defiance to all Love.

Luc. That Seducer of Virtue.

Fred. That Disturber of Quiet.

Luc. That Madness of Youth.

Fred. That Dotage of old Age.

Luc.

Luc. That Enemy to good Humour.

Fred. And, to conclude all, that Reason of all unreason-
ACTIONS.

Asca. This Doctrine is abominable, do not believe it,
er.

Hip. No, if I do, Brother, may I never have Comfort
in sweet Youth, at my Extremity.

Luc. But remember one Article of our Friendship, that
ough we banish Love, we do not Mirth, nor Gallan-
; for I declare, I am for all Extravagancies, but just
ing.

Fred. Just my own Humour; for I hate Gravity and
blancholy next to Love.

Asca. Now it comes into my Head, the Duke of *Man-*
makes an Entertainment to Night in Masquerade:
you love Extravagancy so well, Madam, I'll put you
to the Head of one; lay by your Nun-ship for an Hour
two, and come amongst us in Disguise.

Fred. My Boy is in the right, Madam. Will you ven-
e? I'll furnish you with Masking-habits.

Hip. O my dear Sister, never refuse it: I keep the
eyes, you know: I'll warrant you we'll return before
e are miss'd. I do so long to have one fling into the
weet World again before I die. Hang't, at worst 'tis
t one Sin more, and then we'll repent for all together.

Asca. But if I catch you in the World, Sister, I'll make
u have a better Opinion of the Flesh and the Devil for
er after.

Luc. If it were known, I were lost for ever.

Fred. How should it be known? You have her on
ur side, there, that keeps the Keys: And, put the
pist, that you are taken in the World; the World's a
od World to stay in; and there are certain Occasions
waking in a Morning, that may be more pleasant to
u than your *Matins*.

Luc. Fie, Friend, these Extravagancies are a Breach of
articles in our Friendship. But well, for once, I'll ven-
re to go out: Dancing and Singing are but petty
transgressions.

Asca.

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Asca My Lord, here's Company approaching: I shall be discover'd.

Fred. Adieu then, *jusqu'a revoir*; *Ascanio* shall be with you immediately, to conduct you.

Asca. How will you Disguise, Sister? Will you be Man, or a Woman?

Hip. A Woman, Brother *Page*, for Life: I should have the strangest Thoughts if I once wore Breeches.

Asca. A Woman, say you? Here's my Hand, if I meet you in place convenient, I'll do my best to make you one. [Exit]

Enter Aurelian and Camillo.

Cam. But why thus Melancholy, with Hat pull'd down and the Hand on the Region of the Heart, just the reverse of my Friend *Aurelian*, of happy Memory?

Aur. Faith, *Camillo* I am ashamed on't, but cannot help it.

Cam. But to be in Love with a Waiting-Woman with an Eater of Fragments, a Simperer at lower end of a Table, with mighty Golls, rough-grain'd, and red with Starching, those Discouragers and Abettors of elevated Love!

Aur. I could love Deformity it self, with that good Humour. She who's arm'd with Gayety and Wit, needs no other Weapon to conquer me.

Cam. We Lovers are the great Creators of Wit in our Mistresses. For *Beatrix*, she's a meer Utterer of Yes and No, and has no more Sense than what will just dignify her to be an arrant Waiting-Woman: That is, to look for her Lady, and take your Money.

Aur. It may be then I found her in the Exaltation of her Wit; for certainly, Women have their good and bad Days of Talking, as they have of Looking.

Cam. But, however, she has done you the Courtesy to drive out *Laura*: And so one Poison has expell'd the other.

Aur. Troth, not absolutely neither; for I dote on *Laura*'s Beauty, and on *Beatrix*'s Wit: I am wounded with a forked Arrow, which will not easily be got out.

Sam. Not to lose time in fruitless Complaints, let us sue our new Contrivance, that you may see your Mistresses, and I my one.

Aur. That will not now be difficult: This Plot's so that I defy the Devil to make it miss. The Women of the House, by which they are to pass to Church, is forbid; the Ladies are, by her, acquainted with the sign; and we need only to be there before them, and catch the Prey, which will undoubtedly fall into the

Sam. Your Man is made safe, I hope, from doing us Mischief.

Aur. He has dispos'd of himself, I thank him, for an hour or two: The Fop would make me believe that an unknown Lady is in Love with him, and has made him an Affignation.

Sam. If he should succeed now, I should have the worse Opinion of the Sex for his sake.

Aur. Never doubt but he'll succeed: Your brisk Fool can make a Leg, is ever a fine Gentleman among Ladies, because he's just of their Talent, and they understand him better than a Wit.

Sam. Peace, the Ladies are coming this way to the Chapel, and their Jaylor with 'em: Let 'em go by without saluting, to avoid Suspicion; and let us go off to prepare our Engine.

Enter Mario, Laura, and Violetta.

Aur. I must have a Look before we go. Ah, you divine Rogue! I'll be with you immediately.

[Exeunt Aurelian and Camillo.]

Vio. Look you, Sister, there are our Friends, but take Notice.

Lau. I saw them. Was not that *Aurelian* with *Camillo*?

Vio. Yes.

Lau. I like him strangely. If his Person were join'd with *Benito's* Wit, I know not what would become of poor Heart.

Enter Fabio, and whispers with Mario.

Mar. Stay, Neices, I'll but speak a Word with *Fabio*, go with you immediately.

Vio.

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Vio. I see, Sister, you are infinitely taken with Benito; but I have heard he is a very conceited Coxcomb.

Lau. They who told you so, were horribly mistaken. You shall be judge your self, *Violetta*; for, to confide frankly to you, I have made him a kind of an Appointment.

Vio. How! have you made an Assignment to Benito? Serving-man! a Trencher-carrying Rascal!

Lau. Good Words, *Violetta*! I only sent to him from an unknown Lady near this Chapel, that I might visit him in passing by, and see if his Person were answerable to his Conversation.

Vio. But how will you get rid of my Uncle?

Lau. You see my Project; his Man *Fabio* is brib'd by me, to hold him in Discourse.

Enter Benito, looking about him.

Vio. In my Conscience this is he. Lord, what a Monster of a Man is there! with such a Workiday rough hewn Face too! for, Faith, Heav'n has not bestow'd the finishing upon't.

Lau. 'Tis impossible this should be *Benito*; yet he speaks this way: From such a Piece of animated Timber, sweet Heav'n deliver me.

Ben. [*Aside.*] This must of necessity be the Lady who is in Love with me. See, how she surveys my Person. Certainly one Wit knows another by Instinct. By the old Gentleman, it should be the Lady *Laura* too. Hum! *Benito*, thou art made for ever.

Lau. He has the most unpromising Face, for a Wit, ever saw; and yet he had need have a very good one, to make amends for his Face. I am half cur'd of him already.

Ben. What means all this Surveying, Madam? You bristle up to me, and wheel about me, like a Turkey-cock that is making Love: Faith, how do you like my Person, ha?

Lau. I dare not praise it, for fear of the old Complement, that you should tell me, 'Tis at my Service. But pray, Is your Name *Benito*?

Ben. Signior *Benito*, at your Service, Madam.

Lau. And have you no Brother, or any other of your
ne, one that is a Wit, attending on Signior *Aurelian*?
Ben. No, I can assure your Ladyship; I my self am
only Wit who does him the Honour, not to attend
e, but to bear him Company.

Lau. But sure it was another You, that waited on *Ca-*
in the Garden, last Night.

Ben. It was no other Me, but Me Signior *Benito*.

Lau. 'Tis impossible.

Ben. 'Tis most certain.

Lau. Then I would advise you to go thither again,
I look for the Wit which you have left there, for you
ve brought very little along with you: Your Voice,
thinks, too, is much alter'd.

Ben. Only a little over-strain'd, or so, with Singing.

Lau. How slept you, after your Adventure?

Ben. Faith, Lady, I could not sleep one wink, for
reaming of you.

Lau. Not sleep for Dreaming? When the Place falls,
u shall be Bull-master-General at Court.

Ben. *Et tu Brute!* Do you mistake me for a Fool too?
en, I find there's one more of that Opinion besides
y Master.

Vio. Sister, look to your self, my Uncle's returning.

Lau. I am glad on't; he has done my Business: He
s absolutely cur'd me. Lord, that I could be so mi-
ken!

Vio. I told you what he was.

Lau. He was quite another thing last Night: Never
as Man so alter'd in four and twenty Hours. A pure
down, meer elementary Earth, without the least Spark
Soul in him!

Ben. But, tell me truly, are not you in Love with me?
onfess the truth: I love Plain-dealing: You shall not
d me Refractory.

Lau. Away, thou Animal; I have found thee out for
high and mighty Fool, and so I leave thee.

Mar. Come, now I am ready for you; as little Devo-
on, and as much good Huswifry as you please: Take
Example

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Example by me; I assure you no Body debauches me
Church, except it be in your Company. [Exit

Manet Benito.

Ben. I am undone for ever: What shall I do with myself? I'll run into some Desert, and there I'll hide my opprobrious Head. No hang't, I won't neither; all Women have their Failings sometimes, and have the Fortune to be thought Fools once in their Lives. Sure this is but a Copy of her Countenance; for my Heart's true to me, and whispers to me, she loves me still: Well, I'll trust in my own Merits, and be confident.

[A noise of throwing down Water within]

Enter Mario, Fabio, Laura, and Violetta.

Lau. *[Shaking her Cloaths.]* Oh Sir, I am wet quite through my Cloaths, and am not able to endure it.

Vio. Was there ever such an Insolence?

Mar. Send in to see who lives there: I'll make an Example of 'em.

Enter Frontona.

Fab. Here's the Woman of the House her self, Sir.

Fron. Sir, I submit, most willingly, to any Punishment you shall inflict upon me: For, though I intended nothing of an Affront to these sweet Ladies, yet I can never forgive my self the Misfortune of which I was the innocent Occasion.

Vio. O I am ready to faint away.

Fron. Alas, poor sweet Lady, she's young and tender, Sir: I beseech you, give me Leave to repair my Offence, with offering my self, and poor House, for her Accommodation

Ben. I know that Woman: There's some villainous Plot in this, I'll lay my Life on't. Now *Benito*, cast about for thy Credit, and recover all again.

Mar. Go into the Coach, Neices, and bid the Coachman drive apace. As for you, Mistress, your smooth Tongue shall not excuse you.

Lau. By your Favour, Sir, I'll accept of the Gentlewoman's Civility; I cannot stir a step farther.

Fron. Come in, sweet Buds of Beauty, you shall have a Fire in an inner Chamber; and if you please to repose your

self a while, Sir, in another Room, they shall come and wait on you immediately.

Car. Well, if it must be so.

Mon. [*Whispering the Ladies.*] Your Friends are ready in the Garden, and will be with you as soon as we have sent off your Uncle.

Mon. A Cheat, a Cheat, a rank one; I smell it, old I smell it.

Car. What's the matter with the Fellow? Is he distracted?

Mon. No, 'tis you are more likely to be distracted; but there goes some Wit to the being mad, and you not the least Grain of Wit to be gull'd thus grossly.

Mon. What does the Fellow mean?

Mon. The Fellow means to detect your Villany, and recover his lost Reputation of a Wit.

Mon. Why, Friend, what Villany? I hope my House civil House.

Mon. Yes, a very civil one; for my Master lay in of last Clap there, and was treated very civilly to my knowledge.

Car. How's this, how's this?

Mon. Come, you are a dirty Fellow, and I am known to be a Person that——

Mon. Yes, you are known to be a Person that——

Mon. Speak your worst of me, what Person am I known to be?

Mon. Why, if you will have it, you are little better than a Procure's: You carry Messages betwixt Party and Party: And, in one word, Sir, she's as arrant a Fruit-woman as any is about Rome.

Car. Nay, if she be a Fruit-woman, my Neices shall enter into her Doors.

Mon. You had best let them enter, you do not know how they may fructifie in her House: For I heard her with these Ears whisper to 'em, that their Friends were within Call.

Car. This is palpable, this is manifest; I shall remember you, Lady Fruiterer, I shall have your Baskets search'd when

when you bring Oranges again. Come away, Neices
and thanks honest Fellow for thy discovery.

[*Exeunt Mario and Women*]

Ben. *Hah couragio! Il Diavolo e morto:* Now I think
have tickl'd it; this Discovery has re-inflated me into
the Empire of my Wit again. Now in the pomp of this
Atchievement, will I present my self before Madam Laura
with a Behold, Madam, the happy Restauration of Ben.
Enter Aurelian, Camillo, and Frontona, over-hearing him.

Oh, now, that I had the Mirror, to behold my self
in the Fulness of my Glory! and, oh, that the dominating
Fop my Master were in Presence, that I might triumph
over him! that I might even condemn the wretched
Wight, the Mortal of a groveling Soul, and of a debas'd
Understanding. [*He looks about him and sees his Master.*]
How the Devil came these three together? Nothing
vexes me but that I must stand bare to him, after such
an Enterprize as this is.

Aur. Nay, put on, put on again, sweet Sir; why
should you be uncover'd before the Fop your Master?
the wretched Wight, the Mortal of a groveling Soul?

Ben. Ay, Sir, you may make bold with your self at
your own Pleasure: But for all that, a little bidding
would make me take your Counsel and be cover'd, as
Affairs go now.

Aur. If it be lawful for a Man of a debas'd Under-
standing to confer with such an exalted Wit, pray what
was that glorious Atchievement which rapt you into
such an Ecstasie?

Ben. 'Tis a sign you know well how Matters go, by
your asking me so impertinent a Question.

Aur. [*Putting off his Hat to him.*] Sir, I beg of you,
as your most humble Master, to be satisfy'd.

Ben. Your Servant, Sir; at present I am not at leisure
for Conference. But hark you, Sir, by the way of
friendly Advice, one Word: Henceforward tell me no
more of the Adventure of the Garden, nor of the great
Looking-Glass—

Aur. You mean the Mirror.

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Ben. Yes, the Mirror; tell me no more of that, except you could behold in it a better, a more discreet, or a more able Face for Stratagem, than I can, when I look ere.

Aur. But, to the Business; What is this famous Enterprize?

Ben. Be satisfy'd, without troubling me farther, the Business is done, the Rogues are defeated, and your Mistress is secur'd: If you would know more, demand it of that Criminal, [*Pointing to Frontona.*] and ask her how she dares appear before you, after such a signal Treachery or before me, after such an Overthrow?

Front. I know nothing, but only that, by your Master's Order, I was to receive the two Ladies into my House, you prevented it.

Ben. By my Master's Order? I'll ne'er believe it. This is your Stratagem, to free your self, and defraud me of my Reward.

Cam. I'll witness what she says is true.

Ben. I am deaf to all Asseverations that make against my Honour.

Aur. I'll swear it then. We two were the two Rogues, you the Discoverer of our Villany.

Ben. Then, Woe, Woe, to poor *Benito*! I find my Abundance of Wit has ruin'd me.

Aur. But come a little nearer: I would not receive a Reward Office from a Servant, but I would reward him for his Diligence.

Ben. Virtue, Sir, is its own Reward: I expect none from you.

Aur. Since it is so, Sir, you shall lose no further time in my Service: Henceforward pray know me for your faithful Servant; for your Master I am resolv'd to be no more.

Ben. Nay, rather than so, Sir, I beseech you let a good, sufficient Beating atone the difference.

Aur. 'Tis in vain.

Ben. I am loath to leave you without a Guide.

Aur. He's at it again, do you hear, *Camilio*?

Cam. Prethee, *Aurelian*, be mollify'd, and beat him.

ACT III.

Q

Front.

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Fron. Pray, Sir, hear reason, and lay't on, for my sake.

Aur. I am obdurate.

Cam. But, what will your Father say, if you part with him?

Aur. I care not.

Ben. Well, Sir, since you are so peremptory, remember I have offer'd you Satisfaction, and so long my Conscience is at Ease: What a Devil, before I'll offer my self twice to be beaten, by any Master in Christendom, I'll starve, and that's my Resolution, and so your Servant that was, Sir.

Aur. I am glad I am rid of him; he was my Enemy, Genius, and was always appearing to me, to blast my Undertakings: Let me send him never so far off, the Devil would be sure to put him in my way, when I had any thing to execute. Come, *Camillo*, now we have chang'd the Dice, it may be we shall have better Fortune.

S C E N E II.

Enter the Duke of Mantua in Masquerade, Frederick, Valerio, and others. On the other side, enter Lucretia, Hippolita, and Ascanio.

Luc. to Asca. The Prince I know already, by your Description of his Masking-habit; but, which is the Duke, his Father?

Asca. He whom you see talking with the Prince, and looking this way. I believe he has observ'd us.

Luc. If he has not, I am resolv'd we'll make our self as remarkable as we can: I'll exercise my Talent in Dancing.

Hip. And I mine of Singing.

Duke. to Frederick. Do you know the Company who came in last?

Fred. I cannot possibly imagine who they are: At present I will not tell you——

Duke. There's something very uncommon in the behaviour of one of them.

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Fred. Please you, Sir, I'll discourse with her, and see if
can satisfie your Highness.

Duke. Stay, there's a Dance beginning, and she seems
if she wou'd make one.

SONG and DANCE.

*Long betwixt Love and Fear Phyllis tormented,
Shun'd her own Wish, yet at last she consented:
But loath that Day shou'd her Blushes discover,
Come gentle Night she said,
Come quickly to my Aid,
And a poor shamefac'd Maid
Hide from her Lover.*

*Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire,
I dare not tell my self my own Desire;
But let Day fly away, and let Night haste her!
Grant ye kind Powers above,
Slow Hours to parting Love,
But when to Bliss we move,
Bid 'em fly faster.*

*How sweet it is to Love, when I discover
That Fire which burns my Heart, warming my Lover;
'Tis pity Love so true should be mistaken:
But if this Night he be
False or unkind to me,
Let me die, e'er I see
That I'm forsaken.*

After the Dance. My Curiosity redoubles, I must needs
see that unknown Vessel, and enquire whither she's
bound, and what Freight she carries.

Fred. She's not worth your trouble, Sir: She'll either
be some common Courtizan in disguise, or at best,
some homely Person of Honour, that only dances well
enough to invite a Sight of her self, and would look ill
enough to fright you.

Duke. That's maliciously said; all I see of her is charming, and I have reason to think her Face is of the same piece, at least I'll try my Fortune.

Fred. What an unlucky Accident is this! If my Father should discover her, she's ruin'd: If he does not, yet I have lost her Conversation to Night.

Duke approaches Lucretia.

Asca. 'Tis the Duke himself who comes to court you.

Luc. Peace, I'll fit him; for I have been inform'd to the least tittle of his Actions since he came to Town.

Duke to Lucretia. Madam, the Duke of Mantua, whom you must needs imagine to be in this Company, has sent me to you, to know what kind of Face there is belonging to that excellent Shape, and to those charming Motions which he observ'd so lately in your Dancing.

Luc. Tell his Highness, if you please, that there is a Face within the Mask, so very deform'd, that if it were discover'd, it would prove the worst Vizor of the two; and that, of all Men, he ought not to desire it should be expos'd, because then something would be found amiss in an Entertainment which he has made so splendid and magnificent.

Duke. The Duke I am sure would be very proud of your compliment, but it would leave him more unsatisfy'd than before: For he will find in it so much of Gallantry, as, being added to your other Graces, will move him to a strange Temptation of knowing you.

Luc. I should still have the more reason to refuse him, for 'twere a madness, when I had charm'd him by my Motion and Converse, to hazard the loss of that Conquest by my Eyes.

Duke. I am on Fire 'till I discover her. [Aside.]
At least, Madam, tell me of what Family you are.

Luc. Will you be satisfy'd if I tell you I am of the *Calvernie*? You have seen *Julia* of that House.

Duke. Then you are she.

Luc. Have I not her Stature most exactly?

Duke. As near as I remember.

Luc. But, by your Favour, I have nothing of her Shape; for, if I may be so vain to praise my self, she

little thicker in the Shoulders, and, besides, she moves gracefully.

Duke. Then you are not she again.

Luc. No, not she: But you have forgotten *Emilia* of *Ursini*, whom the Duke saluted Yesterday at her Balcony, when he enter'd. Her Air and Motion——

Duke. Are the very same with yours. Now I am sure I know you.

Luc. But there's too little of her to make a Beauty: My Stature is much more advantageous.

Duke. You have cozen'd me again.

Luc. Well I find at last I must confess my self. What think you of *Eugenia Beata*? The Duke seem'd to be infinitely pleas'd last Night, when my Brother presented me to him at the *Belvedere*.

Duke. Now I am certain you are she; for you have both her Stature, and her Motion.

Luc. But, if you remember your self a little better, there's some small difference in our Wit: For she has inherit'd the Air and Beauty of a *Roman* Lady, but all the dulness of a *Dutch*-woman.

Duke. I see, Madam, you are resolv'd to conceal yourself, and I am as fully resolv'd to know you.

Luc. See which of our Resolutions will take place.

Duke. I come from the Duke, and can assure you he is of an Humour to be obey'd.

Luc. And I am of an Humour not to obey him. But, why should he be so curious?

Duke. If you would have my Opinion, I believe he is in love with you.

Luc. Without seeing me?

Duke. Without seeing all of you: Love is Love, let it bound us from what Part it please; and if he have enough of your Shape and Conversation, his Business is done, the more compendiously, without the Face.

Luc. But the Duke cannot be taken with my Conversation, for he never heard me speak.

Duke. [*Aside.*] 'Slife, I shall discover my self. Yes, Madam, he stood by, incognito, and heard me speak with you: But——

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Luc. I wish he had trusted to his own Courtship, and spoke himself; for it gives us a bad Impression of a Prince's Wit, when we see Fools in favour about his Person.

Duke. What ever I am, I have it in Commission from him to tell you, he's in Love with you.

Luc. The good old Gentleman may dote, if he so pleases; but Love, and fifty Years old, are stark Nonsense.

Duke. But some Men, you know, are green at fifty.

Luc. Yes, in their Understandings.

Duke. You speak with great Contempt of a Prince who has some Reputation in the World.

Luc. No; 'tis you that speak with Contempt of him, by saying he is in Love at such an Age.

Duke. Then, Madam, 'tis necessary you should know him better for his Reputation: And, that shall be, though he violate the Laws of Masquerade, and force you.

Fred. I suspected this, from his violent Temper. [*Aside.*] Sir, the Emperor's Ambassador is here, in Masquerade, and I believe this to be his Lady: It were well if you inquir'd of him, before you forc'd her to discover.

Duke. Which is the Ambassador?

Fred. That farthermost. [*Duke retires farther*]

Fred. to Luc. Take your Opportunity to escape, while his Back is turn'd, or you are ruin'd. *Ascanio*, wait on her.

Luc. I am so frighted, I cannot stay to thank you.

[*Exeunt Luc. Asca. and Hippolita*]

Duke to Fred. 'Tis a Mistake, the Ambassador knows nothing of her: I'm resolv'd I'll know it of her self, else she shall depart. Ha! Where is she? I left her here.

Fred. [*Aside.*] Out of your reach, Father mine, I hope.

Duke. She has either shifted Places, or else slipt out of the Assembly.

Fred. I have look'd round: She must be gone, Sir.

Duke. She must not be gone, Sir. Search for her every where: I will have her.

Fred. Has she offended your Highness?

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Duke. Peace, with your impertinent Questions. Come hither, *Valerio*.

Val. Sir?

Duke. O, *Valerio*, I am desperately in Love: That Lady, with whom you saw me talking, has — But I lose time; she's gone; haste after her; find her; bring her back to me.

Val. If it be possible.

Duke. It must be possible; the quiet of my Life depends upon it.

Val. Which way took she?

Duke. Go any way, every way; ask no Questions: I know no more, but that she must, must be had.

[Exit *Valerio*.]

Fred. Sir, the Assembly will observe, that —

Duke. Damn the Assembly, 'tis a dull insignificant Crowd, now she is not here: Break it up, I'll stay no longer.

Fred. [Aside.] I hope she's safe, and then this fantastick Love of my Father's will make us sport to morrow.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter *Lucretia*, *Afcanio* and *Hippolita*.

Luc. Now, that we are safe at the Gate of our Convent, methinks the Adventure was not unpleasant.

Hip. And now that I am out of danger, Brother, I may tell you what a Novice you are in Love, to tempt a young Sister into the wide World, and not to show her the difference betwixt that and her Cloyster: I find I may venture safely with you another time.

Afca. O, Sister, you play the Brazen-head with me; you give me warning when Time's past: But that was no fit Opportunity: I hate to snatch a morsel of Love, and so away: I am for a Ser-meal, where I may enjoy my full Gust; but when I once fall on, you shall find me a brave Man upon Occasion.

Luc. 'Tis time we were in our Cells. Quick, *Hippolita*, where's the Key?

Hip. Here, in my Pocket — No, 'tis in my other Pocket:—Ha——'tis not there, neither. I am sure I put it in one of them.

Luc. What should we do, if it should be lost now?

Hip. I have search'd my self all over, and cannot find it.

Asca. A Woman can never search her self all over; let me search you, Sister.

Luc. Is this a time for Raillery? Oh, sweet Heaven! speak comfort quickly; have you found it?

[*Here Ascanio slips away.*]

Hip. Speak you comfort, Madam, and tell me you have it, for I am too sure that I have none on't.

Luc. O unfortunate that we are! Day's breaking; the Handicrafts-shops begin to open. [Clock strikes.

Hip. The Clock strikes two: Within this half Hour we shall be call'd up to our Devotions. Now, good *Ascanio*—Alas he's gone too! we are left miserable and forlorn.

Luc. We have not so much as one Place in the Town for a Retreat.

Hip. O, for a Miracle in our time of need! that some kind good-natur'd Saint would take us up, and heave us over the Wall into our Cells.

Luc. Dear Sister, Pray; for I cannot: I have been so sinful, in leaving my Cloyster for the World, that I am ashamed to trouble my Friends above to help me.

Hip. Alas, Sister, with what face can I Pray then! Yours were but little Vanities; but I have sin'd swingingly, against my Vow; yes, indeed, Sister, I have been very wicked; for I wish'd the Ball might be kept perpetually in our Cloyster, and that half the handsome Nuns in it might be turn'd to Men, for the sake of the other.

Luc. Well, if I were free from this disgrace, I would never more set foot beyond the Cloyster, for the sake of any Man.

Hip. And here I vow, if I get safe within my Cell, I will not think of Man again these seven Years.

Ascanio Re-enters.

Asca. Hold, *Hippolita*, and make no more rash Vows: If you do, as I live, you shall not have the Key.

Hip.

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Hip. The Key! why, have it you, Brother?

Luc. He does but mock us: I know you have it not, Ascanio.

Asca. Ecce signum; Here it is for you.

Hip. O, sweet Brother let me kiss you.

Asca. Hands off, sweet Sister, you must not be forsworn: You vow'd you would not think of a Man these ten Years.

Hip. Ay, Brother, but I was not so hasty, but I had it enough to cozen the Saint to whom I vow'd; for you are but a Boy, Brother, and will not be a Man these ten Years,

Luc. But, where did you find the Key, Ascanio?

Asca. To confess the Truth, Madam, I stole it out of Hippolita's Pocket, to take the Print of it in Wax; for I suppose, you'll give my Master leave to wait on you in the Nunnery-garden, after your Abbess has walk'd the rounds.

Luc. Well, well, good-morrow: When you have slept, come to the Grate for a Letter to your Lord. Now will I have the Head-ach, or the Meagrim, or some excuse, or I am resolv'd I'll not rise to Prayers.

Hip. Pray, Brother, take care of our Masking-Habits, that they may be forth-coming another time.

Asca. Sleep, sleep, and dream of me, Sister: I'll make good, if you dream not too unreasonably.

Luc. Thus dangers in our Love make Joys more dear; and Pleasure's sweetest, when 'tis mixt with Fear. [Exeunt.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE A Dressing-Chamber.

The Masking-habits of Lucretia and Hippolita laid in a Chair.

Enter Frederick and Ascanio.

ed. I Never thought I should have lov'd her. Is't come to this, after all my Boastings and Declarations

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rations against it? Sure I lov'd her before, and did not know it, till I fear'd to lose her: There's the Reason. I had never desir'd her, if my Father had not. This is just the longing of a Woman: She never finds the Appetite in her self, till she sees the Meat on another's Plate. I'm glad however, you took the Impression of the Key; but 'twas not well to fright them.

Asca. Sir, I could not help it; but here's the Effect on't: The Workman sat up all Night to make it.

[Gives a Key]
Fred. This Key will admit me into the *Seraglio* of the Godly. The Monastery has begun the War, in Sallying out upon the World, and therefore 'tis but just that the World should make Reprizals on the Monastery.

Asca. Alas, Sir, you and *Lucretia* do but skirmish; 'tis I and *Hippolita* that make the War: 'Tis true, Opportunity has been wanting for a Battel, but the Forces have been stoutly drawn up on both Sides. As for your Concernment, I come just now from the Monastery, and have Orders from your Platonick Mistress to tell you she expects you this Evening in the Garden of the Nunnery; withal, she deliver'd me this Letter for you.

Fred. Give it me.

Asca. O, Sir, the Duke your Father!

[The Prince takes the Letter, and thinking to put it up hastily, drops it.]

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now *Frederick*! not abroad yet?

Fred. Your last Night's Entertainment left me so weary, Sir, that I over-slept my self this Morning.

Duke. I rather envy you, than blame you: Our Sleep is certainly the most pleasant Portion of our Lives. For my own Part, I spent the Night waking and restless.

Fred. Has any thing of moment happen'd to discompose your Highness?

Duke. I'll confess my Follies to you: I am in love with a Lady I saw last Night in Masquerade.

Fred. 'Tis strange she should conceal her self.

Duke. She has, from my best Search; yet I took exact Notice of her Masking-habit, and describ'd it to those whom I employ'd to find her.

Fred.

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Fred. [Aside.] 'Sdeath, it lies there unremov'd; and, if he turns himself, full in his Eye. Now, now 'twill be discover'd.

Duke. For 'twas extreamly remarkable. I remember very well 'twas a loose long Robe, streak'd black and white, girt with a large Silver Ribband, and the Vizor was a Moor's Face.

Fred. [Running to the Chair where the Habits are, sits down.] Sir, I beg pardon of your Highness for this Rudeness, I am——O, Oh——

Duke. What's the Matter?

Fred. I am taken so extreamly ill o'the sudden, that I am forc'd to sit before you.

Duke. Alas, what's your Distemper?

Fred. A most violent Griping, which pulls me together on a heap.

Duke. Some Cold, I fear, you took last Night. [*Runs to the Door.*] Who waits there? Call Physicians to the Prince.

Fred. Ascanio, remove these quickly.

[*Ascanio takes away the Habits, and Exit.*]

Duke. [Returning.] How do you find your self?

Fred. [Arising.] Much better, Sir: That which pain'd me is remov'd: As it came unexpectedly, so it went as suddenly.

Enter Valerio.

Duke. The Air, perhaps, will do you good. If you have Health, you may see those Troops drawn out, which I design for Millan.

Fred. Shall I wait your Highness?

Duke. No, leave me here with *Valerio*; I have a little Business, which dispatch'd, I'll follow you immediately. Well, what Success, *Valerio*? [*Exit Frederick.*]

Val. Our Endeavours are in vain, Sir: There has been inquiry made about all the Palaces in *Rome*, and neither of the Masking-habits can be discover'd.

Duke. Yet, it must be a Woman of Quality. What Paper's that at my Foot?

Val. [Taking up the Letter.] 'Tis seal'd, Sir, and directed to the Prince.

-Duke.

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Duke. [Taking the Letter.] 'Tis a Woman's Hand. Has he got a Mistress in Town so soon? I am resolv'd to open it, though I do not approve my own Curiosity.
[Opens and reads it.]

NOW my Fear is over, I can laugh at my last Night's Adventure: I find that at Fifty all Men grow incorrigible, and Lovers especially, for, certainly, never any Creature could be worse treated than your Father, (How's this, Valerio? I am amaz'd.) and yet the good, old, out-of-fashion Gentleman heard himself rallied, and bore it with all the Patience of a Christian Prince. (Now 'tis plain, the Lady in Maskerade is a Mistress of my Son's, and the undutiful Wretch was in the Plot to abuse me.) Ascanio will tell you the latter part of our Misfortune, how hardly we got into the Cloyster. (A Nun too! Oh, the Devil!) when we meet next, pray provide to laugh heartily, for there is Subject sufficient for a plentiful fit, and Fop enough to spare for another time.

Lucretia.

Val. Lucretia! now the Mystery is unfolded.

Duke. Do you know her?

Val. When I was last at Rome, I saw her often; she is near Kinswoman to the present Pope; and, before he plac'd her in this Nunnery of *Benedictines*, was the most celebrated Beauty of the Town.

Duke. I know I ought to hate this Woman, because she has affronted me thus grossly; but yet I cannot help it, I must love her.

Val. But, Sir, you come on too much disadvantage to be your Son's Rival.

Duke. I am deaf to all Considerations: Prethee do not think of giving a Mad-man Counsel: Pity me, and cure me, if thou canst; but remember there's but one infallible Medicine, that's Enjoyment.

Val. I had forgot to tell you, Sir, that the Governor Don Mario is without, to wait on you.

Duke. Desire him to come in.

Exit

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Enter Don Mario.

Mar. I am come, Sir, to beg a Favour from your Highness, and 'tis on the Behalf of my Sister *Sophronia*, Abbess of the *Torr' di Specchi*.

Val. Sir, she's Abbess of that very Monastery where your Mistress is inclos'd. [*Aside, to the Duke.*]

Duke. I should be glad to serve any Relation of yours, *Don Mario*.

Mar. Her Request is, That you would be pleas'd to grace her Chapel this Afternoon. There will be Musick, and some little Ceremony, in the Reception of my two Neices, who are to be plac'd in Pension there.

Duke. Your Neices, I hear, are fair, and great Fortunes.

Mar. Great Vexations I'm sure they are; being daily haunted by a Company of wild Fellows, who buz about my House like Flies.

Duke. Your Design seems reasonable; Women in hot Countries are like Oranges in cold: To preserve them, they must be perpetually hous'd. I'll bear you Company to the Monastery. Come, *Valerio*; this Opportunity is happy beyond our Expectation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Camillo, Aurelian.

Cam. Hé has smarted sufficiently for this Offence: Prethee, dear *Aurelian*, forgive him: He waits without, and appears penitent; I'll be responsible for his future Carriage.

Aur. For your sake then I receive him into Grace.

Cam. [*At the Door.*] *Benito*, you may appear, your Peace is made.

Enter Benito.

Aur. But, it must be upon Conditions.

Ben. Any Conditions that are reasonable; for, as I am Wit, Sir, I have not eaten——

Aur. You are in the Path of Perdition already; that's the Principal of our Conditions, you are to be a Wit no more.

Ben.

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Ben. Pray, Sir, if it be possible, let me be a little Wit still.

Aur. No, Sir: You can make a Leg, and Dance, those are no Talents of a Wit: You are cut out for a brisk Fool, and can be no other.

Ben. Pray, Sir, let me think I am a Wit, or my Heart will break.

Cam. That you will naturally do, as you are a Fool.

Aur. Then, no farther meddling with Adventures, or Contrivances of your own: They are all belonging to the Territories of Wit, from whence you are banish'd.

Ben. But what if my Imagination should really furnish me with some——

Aur. Not a Plot, I hope?

Ben. No, Sir; no Plot, but some Expedient then, to mollifie the Word, when your Invention has fail'd you.

Aur. Think it a Temptation of the Devil, and believe it not.

Ben. Then farewell all the Happiness of my Life.

Cam. You know your Doom, *Benito*; and now you may take your Choice, whether you will renounce Wit, or Eating.

Ben. Well, Sir, I must continue my Body at what rate soever: And the rather, because now there's no farther need of me in your Adventures; for I was assur'd, by *Beatrix*, this Morning, that her two Mistresses are to be put in Pension in the Nunnery of *Benedictines*, this Afternoon.

Cam. Then I am miserable.

Aur. And you have deferr'd the telling it till it is past time to study for Prevention.

Cam. Let us run thither immediately, and either perish in't or free them. You'll assist me with your Sword?

Aur. Yes, if I cannot do't to more purpose, with my Counsel. Let us first play the fairest of our Game, 'till time enough to snatch when we have lost it. [Exeunt]

S C E N E

SCENE III. *A Chapel.*

The Duke, Valerio, Attendants. At the other Door, Laura, Violetta, Beatrix, Mario. Instrumental and vocal Musick. In the time of which, enter Aurelian and Camillo. After the Musick, enter Sophronia, Lucretia, Hippolita, and other Nuns.

Duke. to Valerio, who had whisper'd to him. I needed not those Marks to know her. She's one continu'd Excellence; she's all over Miracle.

Soph. to the Duke. We know, Sir, we are not capable, by our Entertainments, of adding any thing to your Pleasures, and therefore we must attribute this Favour of your Presence, to your Piety and Devotion.

Duke. You have treated me with Harmony so excellent, that I believ'd my self among a Quire of Angels; specially, when I beheld so fair a Troop behind you.

Soph. Their Beauty, Sir, is wholly dedicated to Heav'n, and is no way ambitious of a Commendation, which from your Mouth might raise a Pride in any other of the Sex.

Cam. I am impatient, and can bear no longer. Let what will happen——

Aur. Do you not see your Ruin inevitable? Draw in a holy Place! and in the Presence of the Duke!

Mar. I do not like *Camillo's* being here: I must cut short the Ceremony. [*Whispers Sophronia.*]

Soph. to Laura and Violetta. Come, fair Cousins, we hope to make the Cloysteral Life so pleasing, that it may be an inducement to you to quit the wicked World forever.

Vio. passing by Camillo. Take that, and read it at your leisure. [*Conveys a Note into his Hand.*]

Cam. A Ticket, as I live, *Aurelian*.

Aur. Steal off, and be thankful: If that be my *Beatrix* with *Laura*, she's most confoundedly ugly. If ever we had come to Love-work, and a Candle had been brought, I had saln back from that Face, like a Buck Rabbit coupling.

[*Exeunt Camillo and Aurelian.*]

Soph.

328 *The ASSIGNATION: Or,*

Soph. Daughters, the time of our Devotion calls us
All Happiness to your Highness.

Luc. to Hippolita. Little thinks my venerable old Love
there, that his Mistress in Masquerade is so near him.
Now do I e'en long to abuse that Fop-gravity again.

Hip. Methinks he looks on us.

Luc. Farewel, poor Love; I am she, I am, for all my
demure Looks, that treated thee so inhumanly last Night.

[*She is going off, after Sophronia.*]

Duke. following her. Stay, Lady; I would speak with
you.

Luc. Ah!

[*Shouting*]

Soph. How now, Daughter? What's the meaning of that
undecent Noise you make?

Luc. [*Aside.*] If I speak to him, he will discover my
Voice, and then I am ruin'd.

Duke. If your Name be *Lucretia*, I have some Business
of Concernment with you.

Luc. to Sophronia. Dear Madam, for Heav'n's sake make
haste into the Cloyster, the Duke pursues me on some
ill Design.

Soph. to the Duke. 'Tis not permitted, Sir, for Maids
once enter'd into Religion, to hold Discourses here of
worldly things.

Duke. But my Discourses are not worldly, Madam;
I had a Vision in the dead of Night,
Which show'd me this fair Virgin in my Sleep,
And told me, that from her I should be taught
Where to bestow large Alms, and great Endowments,
On some near Monastery.

Soph. ——— Stay, *Lucretia*,
The Holy Vision's Will must be obey'd.

[*Exeunt Sophronia cum suis.*]

Luc. [*Aside.*] He does not know me, sure; and yet I
fear Religion is the least of his Business with me.

Duke. I see, Madam, Beauty will be Beauty in any Habit.
Tho' I confess, the Splendor of a Court
Were a much fitter Scene for yours, than is
A cloyster'd Privacy.

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Luc. [*Counterfeiting her Voice.*] The World has no Temptations for a Mind

fix'd, and rais'd above it:

his humble Cell contains and bounds my Wishes:

Charity gives you my Pray'rs, and that's

my Converse with human Kind.

Duke. Since when, Madam, have the World and you
upon these equal Terms of Hostility? Time was
have been better Friends.

Luc. No doubt I have been vain, and sinful; but the
remembrance of those Days cannot be pleasant to me
now, and therefore, if you please, do not refresh their
memory.

Duke. Their Memory! you speak as if they were Ages

Luc. You think me still what I was once, a vain,
giddy Creature; I see, Sir, whither your Discourses
lead, and therefore take my Leave.

Duke. Yes, Madam, I know you see whither my Di-
scourses tend, and therefore 'twill not be convenient that
I should take your Leave. Disguise your self no far-
ther; you are known, as well as you knew me in Mas-
querade.

Luc. I am not us'd enough to the World, to interpret
titles; therefore, once more, Heav'n keep you.

Duke. This will not do: Your Voice, your Meen-
our Stature, betray you for the same I saw last Night:
I know the Time and Place.

Luc. You were not in this Chapel, and I am bound
Vow to stir no farther.

Duke. But you had too much Wit to keep that Vow.

Luc. If you persist, Sir, in this raving Madness,

I can bring Witness of my Innocence. [*Is going.*]

Duke. To save that Labour, see if you know that
I did, and let that justify you. [*Shows her Letter.*]

Luc. What do I see! my Ruin is inevitable.

Duke. You know you merit it:

I us'd me ill, and now are in my Power.

Luc. But you, I hope, are much too noble to
destroy the Fame of a poor silly Woman?

Duke

Duke. Then, in few Words, for I am bred a Soldier,
And must speak plain, it is your Love I ask;
If you deny, this Letter is produc'd;
You know the Consequence.

Luc. I hope I do not:
For tho' there are Appearances against me,
Enough to give you hope I durst not shun you;
Yet, could you see my Heart, 'tis a white Virgin-Table
On which no Characters of earthly Love
Were ever writ: And, 'twixt the Prince and me,
If there were any Criminal Affection,
May Heav'n this Minute —

Duke. Swear not; I believe you:
For could I think my Son had e'er enjoy'd you,
I should not be his Rival. Since he has not,
I may have so much Kindness for my self,
To wish that Happiness.

Luc. You ask me what I must not grant,
Nor, if I lov'd you would: You know my Vow of Chastity

Duke. Yet again that senseless Argument?
The Vows of Chastity can ne'er be broken, [pro]
Where Vows of Secrecie are kept: Those I'll swear will
But 'tis enough, at present, you know my Resolution
I would persuade, not force you to my Love:
And to that end I give you this Night's respite.
Consider all, that you may fear or hope;
And think that on your Grant, or your Denial,
Depends a double Welfare, yours and mine. [Luc]

Luc. A double Ruin rather, if I grant:
For what can I expect from such a Father,
When such a Son betrays me! Could I think
Of all Mankind, that *Frederick* could be base?
And, with the Vanity of vulgar Souls
Betray a Virgin's Fame: One who esteem'd him,
And I much fear did more than barely so —
But I dare not examine my self farther; for fear of
fessing to my own Thoughts, a Tenderness of which
is unworthy.

Enter Hippolita.

Hip. I watch'd 'till your old Gallant was gone, to bring News of your young one. A Mischief on these old Lovers, they are good for nothing but tedious talking; well, yonder's the Prince at the Grate; I hope I shall say no more to you.

Luc. I'll come when I've recover'd my self a little. I am a wretched Creature, *Hippolita!* the Letter writ the Prince——

Hip. I know it, is falln into his Father's Hands by accident. He's as wretched as you too. Well, well, it shall be my Part to bring you together; and then, if so young People that have opportunity, can be wretched and melancholy——I'll go before and meet *Ascanio*. *[Exit.]*

Luc. I am half unwilling to go, because I must be necessary to her Affignation with *Ascanio*; but, for once, I'll meet the Prince in the Garden-walk: I am glad however that he is less Criminal than I thought him. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *The Nunnery-Garden.*

Hippolita, Ascanio, meeting Laura and Violetta.

Hip. I hear some walking this way. Who goes there?

Lau. We are the two new Pensioners, *Laura* and *Violetta*.

Hip. Go in, to your Devotion: These undue Hours of talking savor too much of worldly Thoughts.

Lau. Let us retire to the Arbour, where, by this time, believe our Friends are. Good-night, Sister.

Hip. Good Angels guard you. *[Exit Laura and Violetta.]*

Now, Brother, the Coast is clear, and we have the Garden to our selves. Do you remember how you threaten'd me? But that's all one. How good soever the opportunity may be, so long as we two resolve to be virtuous.

Asca. Speak for your self, Sister, for I am wickedly inclin'd. Yet, I confess, I have some Remorse, when I consider, you are in Religion.

Hip.

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Hip. We should do very well to consider that, both of us; for, indeed, what should young People do, but think of Goodness and Religion; especially when they love one another, and are alone too, Brother?

Asca. A Curse on't, here comes my Lord, and *Lucretia*. We might have accomplish'd all, and been repenting by this time; yet who the Devil would have thought they should have come so soon—Ah—— [*Sets his Teeth*]

Hip. Who the Devil would have put it to the venture? This is always the Fault of you raw Pages: You that are too young, never use an Opportunity; and we that are elder can seldom get one.—Ah! [*Sets her Teeth*]

Enter Frederick and Lucretia.

Luc. I believe, indeed, it troubled you to lose that Letter.

Fred. So much, Madam, that I can never forgive myself that Negligence.

Luc. Call it not so, 'twas but a Casualty, though, I confess, the Consequence is dangerous; and therefore have not both of us reason to despise Love, when we see a little Gallantry is able to produce so much Mischief?

Fred. [*Aside.*] Now cannot I, for my Heart, bring out one Word against this Love.

Luc. Come, you are mute, upon a Subject that is both easy and pleasant. A Man in Love is so ridiculous a Creature——

Fred. Especially to those that are not.

Luc. True; for to those that are, he cannot be so. They are like the Citizens of *Bethlehem*, who never find out one another's Madness, because they are all tainted. But for such ancient Fops, as (with reverence) your Father is, What reason can they have to be in Love?

Fred. Nay, your old Fop's unpardonable, that's certain——But——

Luc. But what? Come laugh, at him.

Fred. But, I consider, he is my Father, I can't laugh at him.

Luc. But, if it were another, we should see how you would insult over him.

Fred. Ay, if it were another——And yet I don't
 ow neither. 'tis no part of good Nature to insult: A
 n may be overtaken with a Passion, or so, I know it
 my self.

Luc. How, by your self? You are not in Love, I hope?
 Oh that he would confess first now! [*Aside.*]

Fred. But, if I were, I should be loath to be laugh'd at.

Luc. Since you are not in Love, you may the better
 nsel me: What shall I do with this same troublesome
 her of yours?

Fred. Any thing, but love him.

Luc. But you know he has me at a Bay; my Letter
 n his Possession, and he may produce it to my Ruin:
 erefore if I did allow him some little Favour, to mol-
 him?——

Fred. How, Madam? Would you allow him Favours?
 an never consent to it: Not the least Look or Smile;
 y are all too precious, though they were to save his
 e.

Luc. What, not your Father? Oh that he wou'd con-
 he lov'd me first! [*Aside.*]

Fred. What have I done? I shall betray my self, and
 fess my Love to be laugh'd at, by this hard-hearted
 oman. [*Aside.*] 'Tis true, Madam, I had forgot; he
 indeed, my Father, and therefore you may use him
 kindly as you please.

Luc. He's insensible: Now he intrages me. [*Aside.*]
 at if he proposes to marry me? I am not yet pro-
 d, and 'twould be much to my Advantage.

Fred. Marry you! I had rather die a thousand Deaths,
 n suffer it.

Luc. This begins to please me. [*Aside.*]
 , why should you be so much my Enemy?

Fred. Your Enemy, Madam! why, do you desire it?

Luc. Perhaps I do.

Fred. Do it, Madam, since it pleases you so well.

Luc. But you had rather die, than suffer it.

Fred. No, I have chang'd my Mind: I'll live, and not
 concern'd at it.

Luc.

Luc. Do you contradict your self so soon? Then know Sir, I did intend to do it; and I am glad you have given me Advice so agreeable to my Inclinations.

Fred. Heav'n! that you should not find it out. I deliver'd your Letter on purpose to my Father, and to my Business, now, to come and mediate for him.

Luc. Pray, then, carry him the News of his good Success. Adieu, sweet Prince.

Fred. Adieu, dear Madam.

Asca. Hey day! what will this come to? They have cozen'd one another into a Quarrel; just like Friends in Fencing, a chance Thrust comes, and then they fall to in Earnest.

Hip. You and I, Brother, shall never meet upon equal Terms, if this be not piec'd. Faces about, Madam, run quickly to your Man, or by all that's virtuous, I'll call the Abbess.

Asca. I must not be so bold with you, Sir; but, if you please, you may turn towards the Lady; and I suppose you would be glad I durst speak to you with more Authority, to save the Credit of your Willingness.

Fred. Well, I'll shew her I dare stay, if it be but to confront her Malice.

Luc. I am sure I have done nothing to be ashamed of; that I should need to run away.

Asca. Pray give me leave, Sir, to ask you but one Question; why were you so unwilling that she should be marry'd to your Father?

Fred. Because then, her Friendship must wholly cease.

Asca. But, you may have her Friendship, when she is marry'd to him.

Fred. What, when another had enjoy'd her?

Asca. *Victoria, Victoria*, he loves you, Madam; let him deny it if he can.

Luc. Fie, fie, love me, *Ascanio*! I hope he would not forswear himself, when he has rail'd so much against me.

Fred. I hope I may love your Mind, Madam; I may love Spiritually.

Hip. That's enough, that's enough: Let him love the Mind without the Body, if he can.

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Asca. Ay, ay, when the Love is once come so far,
 the Spiritual Mind will never leave pulling, and pulling,
 it has drawn the beastly Body after it.

Fred. Well, Madam, since I must confess it, (though I
 expect to be laugh'd at, after my railing against Love)
 I love you all over, both Soul and Body.

Asca. Lord, Sir, what a Tygres have you provok'd!
 you may see she takes it to the Death that you have
 made this Declaration.

Hip. I thought where all her Anger was: Why do you
 rail, Madam? Why do you not banish him? the
 Prince expects it; he has dealt honestly, he has told you his
 mind, and you make your worst on't.

Luc. Because he does expect it, I am resolv'd, I'll nei-
 ther satisfy him nor you; I will neither rail nor laugh:
 let him make his worst of that, now.

Fred. If I understand you right, Madam, I am happy
 beyond either my Deserts or Expectation.

Luc. You may give my Words what Interpretation
 you please, Sir, I shall not envy you their Meaning in
 the kindest Sense. But we are near the Jessamine
 walk, there we may talk with greater Freedom, be-
 cause 'tis farther from the House.

Fred. I wait you, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Aurelian, with a dark Lanthorn, Camillo and Benito.

Cam. So, we are safe got over into the Nunnery-
 garden; for what's to come, trust Love and Fortune.

Aur. This must needs be the walk (she mention'd; yet,
 be sure, I'll hold the Lanthorn while you read the
 Ticket.

Cam. [*Reads.*] I prepar'd this Ticket, hoping to see
 you in the Chapel: Come this Evening (over the Gard-
 en-wall, on the right Hand, next the Tiber.

Aur. We are right, I see.

Cam. Bring only your discreet *Benito* with you, and I
 will meet you attended by my faithful *Beatrix*.

Violetta.

Ben. Discreet *Benito*! Did your hear, Sir?

Aur.

Aur. Mortifie thy self for that vain Thought; and without enquiring into the Mystery of these words which I assure thee were not meant to thee, plant thyself by that Ladder without motion, to secure our Retreat; and be sure to make no Noise.

Ben. But, Sir, in case that——

Aur. Honest *Benito*, no more Questions: *Basta* is the word. Remember, thou art only taken with us, because thou hast a certain evil *Demon* who conducts thy Actions, and would have been sure, by some damn'd Accident or other, to have brought thee hither to disturb us.

Cam. I hear whispering not far from us, and I think 'tis *Violetta's* Voice.

Aur. to Ben. Retire to your Post; avoid, good Satan.

[*Exit Benito*]

Enter Laura with a dark Lanthorn hid, and Violetta.

Cam. Ours is the Honour of the Field, Madam; we are here before you.

Vio. Softly, dear Friend, I think I hear some walking in the Garden.

Cam. Rather, let us take this Opportunity for your Escape from hence; all things are here in readiness.

Vio. This is the second Time we e'er have met; let us Discourse, and know each other better first, that's the way to make sure of some Love before-hand; for as the World goes, we know not how little we may have when we are marry'd.

Cam. Losses of Opportunity are fatal in War, you know, and Love's a kind of Warfare.

Vio. I shall keep you yet a while from close Fighting.

Cam. But, do you know what an Hour in Love is worth? 'Tis more precious than an Age of ordinary Life; 'tis the very Quintessence and Extract of it.

Vio. I do not like your Chymical Preparation of Love; yours is all Spirit, and will fly too soon: I must see it fix'd, before I trust you. But we are near the Arbor: Now our Out-guards are set, let us retire a little, if you please; there we may talk more freely.

[*Exeunt.*]

Aur. to Lau. My Lady's Woman, methinks you are very reserv'd to Night: Pray advance into the Lists; though

ough I have seen your Countenance by Day, I can en-
 ure to hear you talk by Night. Be cunning, and set
 your Wit to show, which is your best Commodity: It
 will help the better to put off that Drug, your Face.

Lau. The coarsest Ware will serve such Customers as
 you are: Let it suffice, Mr. Servingman, that I have seen
 you too. Your Face is the Original of the ugliest Vi-
 sors about Town; and for Wit, I would advise you to
 speak reverently of it, as a thing you are never like to
 understand.

Anr. Sure, *Beatrix*, you came lately from looking in
 your Glass, and that has given you a bad Opinion of all
 faces; but since when am I become so notorious a Fool?

Lau. Since Yesterday; for t'other Night you talk'd like
 Man of Sense: I think your Wit comes to you, as the
 sight of Owls does, only in the Dark.

Anr. Why, when did you Discourse by Day with me?

Lau. You have a short Memory. This Afternoon,
 in the great Street. Do you not remember when you
 talk'd with *Laura*?

Anr. But what was that to *Beatrix*?

Lau. [*Aside.*] 'Slife, I had forgot that I am *Beatrix*.
 At pray, when did you find me out to be so ugly?

Anr. This Afternoon, in the Chapel.

Lau. That cannot be, for I well remember you were
 there, *Benito*: I saw none but *Camillo*, and his Friend,
 the handsome Stranger.

Anr. [*Aside.*] Curse on't, I have betray'd my self.

Lau. I find you are an Impostor; you are not the same
Benito: Your Language has nothing of the Serving-man.

Anr. And yours, methinks, has not much of the
 waiting-woman.

Lau. My Lady is abus'd, and betray'd by you: But I
 am resolv'd, I'll discover who you are. [*Holds out a Lan-
 thorn to him.*] How? the Stranger!

Anr. Nay, Madam, if you are good at that, I'll match
 you there too. [*Holds out his Lantern.*] O Prodigy! Is
Beatrix turn'd to *Laura*?

Lau. Now the Question is, which of us two is the
 greatest Cheat?

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Aur. That's hardly to be try'd, at so short warning
Let's marry one another, and then, twenty to one, in a
Twelve-month we shall know.

Lau. Marry! Are you at that so soon, Signior? *Benito*
and *Beatrix*, I confess, had some Acquaintance; but *Au-*
relian and *Laura* are meer Strangers.

Aur. That Ground I have gotten as *Benito*, I am re-
solv'd I'll keep as *Aurelian*. If you will take State upon
you, I have treated you with Ceremony already; for I
have woo'd you by Proxy.

Lau. But you would not be contented to Bed me so
or give me leave to put the Sword betwixt us.

Aur. Yes, upon Condition you'll remove it.

Lau. Pray let our Friends be judge of it; if you please,
we'll find 'em in the Arbor.

Aur. Content; I am then sure of the Verdict, because
the Jury is brib'd already. [Exeunt]

SCENE VI.

Benito meeting *Frederick*, *Ascanio*, *Lucretia* and *Hippolita*

Ben. Knowing my own Merits, as I do, 'tis not im-
possible, but some of these Harlotry Nuns may love me.
Oh, here's my Master! now if I could but put this into
civil Terms, so as to ask his Leave, and not displease
him——

Asca. I hear one talking, Sir, just by us.

Ben. I am stol'n from my Post, Sir, but for one Mi-
nute only, to demand Permission of you, since it is not
in our Articles, that if any of these Nuns should cast an
Eye, or so——

Fred. 'Slife, we are betray'd; but I'll make this Rascall
sure. [Draws and runs at him]

Ben. Help, Murder, Murder. [Runs off]

Enter Aurelian and Camillo; Laura and Violetta after them

Aur. That was *Benito's* Voice: We are ruin'd.

Cam. Oh, here they are; we must make our Way.

[Aur. and the Prince make a Pass or two confusedly
and fight off the Stage. The Women Shrick.]

Asca. Never fear, Ladies. Come on, Sir; I am your
Man. [Exit]

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Cam. [Stepping back.] This is the Prince's Page, I know
his Voice. *Ascanio?*

Asca. Signior Camillo!

Cam. If the Prince be here, 'tis *Aurelian* is engag'd
with him. Let us run in quickly, and prevent the Mis-

chief. [All go off. A little Clashing within.

After which they all Re-enter.

Fred. to *Aur.* I hope you are not wounded.

Aur. No, Sir; but infinitely griev'd that——

Fred. No more; 'twas a mistake: But which way can
I escape? the Abbess is coming, I see the Lights.

Luc. You cannot go by the Gate then. Ah me, Un-
fortunate!

Cam. But over the Wall you may; we have a Ladder

ready. Adieu, Ladies. Curse on this ill Luck, where
I had just persuaded 'em to go with us!

Fred. Farewel, sweet *Lucretia*.

Luc. Good-night, *Aurelian*.

Aur. Ay, it might have prov'd a good one: Faith, shall
I stay, yet, and make it one, in spite of the Abbess, and
her Works?

Luc. The Abbess is just here; you will be
caught in the spiritual Trap, if you should tarry.

Aur. That will be time enough, when we two marry.

[Exeunt severally.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sophronia, Lucretia, Laura and Violetta.

BY this, then, it appears you all are guilty;
Only your Ignorance of each others Crimes
and first that Tumult, and this Discovery.
Heav'n's, that I should live to see this Day!
I think these holy Walls, the Cells, the Cloysters,
should all have strook a secret Horror on you:
when, with unchaste Thoughts,

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You trod these lonely Walks, you should have look'd
The venerable Ghost of our first Foundress
Should, with spread Arms, have met you in her Shroud
And frighted you from Sin.

Luc. Alas, you need not aggravate our Crimes,
We know them to be great beyond Excuse,
And have no hope, but only from your Mercy.

Lau. Love is, indeed, no Plea within these Walls;
But, since we brought it hither, and were forc'd,
Not led by our own Choice, to this strict Life——

Vio. Too hard for our soft Youth, and Bands of Love
Which we before had knit.

Lau. —— Pity our Blood,
Which runs within our Veins, and since Heav'n puts it
In your sole Power to ruin or to save,
Protect us from the sordid Avarice
Of our domestick Tyrant, who deserves not
That we should call him Uncle, or you Brother.

Soph. If, as I might, with Justice I should punish,
No Penance could be rigorous enough;
But I am willing to be more indulgent.
None of you are profess'd: And since I see
You are not fit for higher Happiness,
You may have what you think the World can give you.

Luc. Let us adore you, Madam.

Soph. —— You, *Lucretia*,
I shall advise within.

Vio. —— But for us, Madam?

Soph. For you, dear Nieces, I have long consider'd
The Injuries you suffer from my Brother,
And I rejoice it is in me to help you:
I will endeavour, from this very Hour,
To put you both into your Lover's Hands,
Who, by your own Confession, have deserv'd you;
But so as (though 'tis done by my Connivance)
It shall not seem to be with my Consent.

Lau. You do an act of noble Charity,
And may just Heav'n reward it.

Enter Hippolita and whispers Lucretia.

Soph. Oh, you're a faithful Portress of a Cloyster!

What is't you whisper to *Lucretia*?
On your Obedience tell me.

Luc. ——— Since you must know, Madam,
I have receiv'd a Courtship from the Prince
Of *Mantua*. The rest *Hippelita* may speak.

Hip. His Page *Ascanio* is at the Grate,
To know, from him, how you had scap'd this danger;
And brings with him those Habits——

Soph. I find that here has been a long Commerce;
What Habits?

Luc. I blush to tell you, Madam. They were Masking-
habits, in which we went abroad.

Soph. O strange Impiety! Well, I conclude
You are no longer for Religious Cloathing:
You would infect our Order.

Luc. [*Kneeling.*] Madam, you promis'd us Forgiveness.

Soph. I have done; for 'tis indeed too late to chide.

Hip. With *Ascanio*, there are two Gentlemen; *Aurelian*
and *Camillo*, I think they call themselves, who came to
me, recommended from the Prince, and desir'd to speak
with *Laura* and *Violetta*.

Soph. I think they are your Lovers, Neices.

Vio. Madam, they are.

Hip. But, for fear of Discovery from your Uncle *Ma-*
ris, whose House, you know, joins to the Monastery, are
both in Masquerade.

Soph. This Opportunity must not be lost.

[*To Laura and Violetta.*

You two shall take the Masking-habits instantly,
And, in them, scape your jealous Uncle's Eyes.
When you are happy, make me so, by hearing your Success.

[*Kisses them. Exeunt Lau. and Vio.*

Luc. A sudden Thought is sprung within my Mind,
Which, by the same Indulgence you have shown,
May make me happy too. I have not time
To tell you now, for fear I lose this Opportunity.
When I return from speaking with *Ascanio*,
I shall declare the Secrets of my Love,
And crave your farther help.

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Soph. In all that Virtue will permit, you shall not fail find it. [Exit Lucretia]

Hip. Madam, the foolish Fellow whom we took, grows troublesome; what shall we do with him?

Soph. Send for the Magistrate; he must be punish'd—
Yet hold; that would betray the other Secret.
Let him be strait turn'd out, on this Condition,
That he presume not ever to disclose
He was within these Walls. I'll speak with him:
Come, and attend me to him. [Exit Sophronia]

Hip. You fit to be an Abbess? We that live out of the World, should at least have the common Sense of those that live far from Town; if a Pedler comes by 'em once a Year, they will not let him go, without providing themselves with what they want. [Exit after Sophronia]

S C E N E II. *The Street.*

Aurelian, Camillo, Laura, Violetta: And all in Masking habits.

Cam. This generosity of the Abbess is never to be forgot; and it is the more to be esteem'd, because it was the less to be expected.

Vio. At length, my *Camillo*, I see my self safe within your Arms; and yet, methinks, I can never be enough secure of you; for now I have nothing else to fear, I am afraid of you; I fear your Constancy: They say Possession is so dangerous to Lovers, that more of them die of Surfeits than of Fasting.

Lau. You'll be rambling too, *Aurelian*, I do not doubt it, if I would let you; but I'll take care to be as little a Wife, and as much a Mistress to you, as is possible: I'll be sure to be always pleasant, and never suffer you to be cloy'd.

Aur. You are certainly in the Right: Pleasantness of Humour makes Wife last in the Sweet-meat, when it will no longer in the Fruit. But pray let's make haste to the next honest Priest, that can say Grace to us, and take our Appetites while they are coming.

Cam. That way leads to the *Austin-Fryers*, there lives a Father of my Acquaintance.

Lau.

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Lau. I have heard of him; he has a mighty Stroke at Matrimonies, and mumbles 'em over as fast, as if he were teaching us to forget 'em all the while.

Enter Benito, and over-hears the last Speech.

Ben. Cappari; that's the Voice of Madam *Laura*. Now, *Benito*, is the time to repair the lost Honour of thy Wit, and to blot out the last Adventure of the Nunnery.

Vio. That way I hear Company; let's go about by this other Street, and shun 'em.

Ben. That Voice I know too; 'tis the younger Sister's, *Violetta's*. Now have these two most treacherously convey'd themselves out of the Nunnery, for my Master and *Camillo*, and given up their Persons to those lewd Rascals in Masquerade; but I'll prevent 'em. Help there, Thieves and Ravishers, villainous Maskers, stop Robbers, stop Ravishers.

Cam. We are pursu'd that way, let's take this Street.

Lau. Save your selves, and leave us.

Cam. We'll rather die than leave you.

Enter at several Doors, Duke of Mantua and Guards, and Don Mario and Servants, with Torches.

Aur. So, now the way is shut up on both sides. We'll die merrily however:——have at the fairest.

[Aurelian and Camillo fall upon the Duke's Guards, and are seiz'd behind by Mario's Servants. At the drawing of Swords, Benito runs off.]

Duke. Are these Insolencies usually committed in Rome by Night? It has the Fame of a well govern'd City; and methinks, *Don Mario*, it does somewhat reflect on you to suffer these Disorders.

Mar. They are not to be hinder'd in the Carnival: You see, Sir, they have assum'd the Priviledge of Maskers.

Lau. to Aurelian. If my Uncle know us, we are ruin'd; therefore be sure you do not speak.

Duke. How then can we be satisfy'd this was not a Device of Masking, rather than a Design of Ravishing?

Mar. Their Accuser is fled, I saw him run at the beginning of the Scuffle; but I'll examine the Ladies.

Vio. Now we are lost.

[Duke coming near Laura, takes notice of her Habit.]

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Duke. [*Aside.*] 'Tis the same, 'tis the same; I know *Lucretia* by her Habit: I'm sure I am not mistaken. Now Sir, you may cease your Examination, I know the Ladies.

Aur. to Camillo. How the Devil does he know 'em?

Cam. 'Tis alike to us; they are lost both ways.

Duke. [*Taking Laura aside.*] Madam, you may confess your self to me. Whatever your design was in leaving the Nunnery, your Reputation shall be safe. I'll not discover you, provided you grant me the Happiness I have requested.

Lau. I know not, Sir, how you could possibly come to know me, or of my Design in quitting the Nunnery; but this I know, that my Sister and my self are both unfortunate, except your Highness be pleas'd to protect us from our Uncle; at least, not to discover us.

Duke. His Holiness your Uncle, shall never be acquainted with your flight, on Condition you will wholly renounce my Son, and give your self to me.

Lau. Alas, Sir, for whom do you mistake me?

Duke. I mistake you not, Madam: I know you for *Lucretia*. You forget that your Disguise betrays you.

Lau. Then, Sir, I perceive I must disabuse you: If you please to withdraw a little, that I may not be seen by others, I will pull off my Mask, and discover to you that *Lucretia* and I have no resemblance, but only in our Misfortunes.

Duke. 'Tis in vain, Madam, this dissembling: I protest if you pull off your Mask, I will hide my Face, and not look upon you, to convince you that I know you.

Enter Benito.

Ben. So, now the Fray is over, a Man may appear again with Safety. Oh, the Rogues are caught I see, and the Damsels deliver'd. This was the effect of my Valour at the second hand.

Aur. Look, look *Camillo*, it was my perpetual Fool that caus'd all this, and now he stands yonder, laughing at his Mischief, as the Devil is pictur'd, grinning behind the Witch upon the Gallows.

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Ben. to Mario. I see, Sir, you have got your Women, and I am glad on't: I took 'em just flying from the Nunnery.

Duke. to Lau. You see that Fellow knows you too.

Mar. Were these Women flying from a Nunnery?

Ben. These Women? Hey day! then, it seems, you do not know they are your Neices.

Duke. His Neices, say you; Take heed, Fellow, you shall be punish'd severely if you mistake.

Cam. Speak to *Benito*, in time, *Aurelian*.

Aur. The Devil's in him, he's running down-hill full speed, and there's no stopping him.

Mar. My Neices?

Ben. Your Neices! Why, do you doubt it? I praise Heav'n I never met but with two half-wits in my Life, and my Master's one of 'em; I will not name the other, at this time.

Duke. I say they are not they.

Ben. I am sure they are *Laura* and *Violetta*, and that those two Rogues were running away with 'em, and that I believe with their Consent.

Vio. Sister, 'tis in vain to deny our selves; you see our Fortune pursues us unavoidably. [*Turning up her Mask.* Yes, Sir, we are *Laura* and *Violetta*, whom you have made unhappy by your Tyranny.

Lau. [*Turning up her Mask.*] And these two Gentlemen are no Ravishers, but——

Ben. How, no Ravishers? Yes, to my knowledge, they are:——[*As he speaks, Aurelian pulls off his Mask.*] No Ravishers, as Madam *Laura* was saying; but two as honest Gentlemen as e'er broke Bread: My own dear Master, and so forth! [*Runs to Aurelian, who thrusts him back.* Enter *Valerio*, and whispers the Duke, giving him a Paper; which he reads, and seems pleas'd.

Mar. *Aurelian* and *Camillo*! I'll see you in safe Custody; and, for these Fugitives, go, carry 'em to my Sister, and desire her to have a better care of her Kinswomen.

Vio. We shall live yet to make you refund our Portion. Farewel *Camillo*; comfort your self; remember there's but a Wall betwixt us.

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Lau. And I'll cut through that Wall with Vinegar, but I'll come to you, *Aurelian*.

Aur. I'll cut thro' the Grates with *Aqua-fortis*, but I'll meet you. Think of these things, and despair and die, old Gentleman.

[*Aurelian and Camillo are carry'd off on one side, and Laura and Violetta on the other.*]

Ben. All things go cross to Men of Sense: Would I had been born with the Brains of a Shop-keeper, that I might have thriven without knowing why I did so. Now must I follow my Master to the Prison, and, like an ignorant Customer that comes to buy, must offer him my Back-side, tell him I trust to his Honesty, and desire him to please himself, and so be satisfy'd. [Exit.]

Duke. to Valerio. I am overjoy'd, I'll see her immediately: Now my Business with Don Mario is at an end, I need not desire his Company to introduce me to the Abbets, this Assignment from *Lucretia* shows me a nearer way. Noble Don Mario, it was my Business, when this Accident happen'd in the Street, to have made you a Visit; but now I am prevented by an Occasion which calls me another way.

Mar. I receive the Intention of that Honour as the greatest Happiness that could befall me: In the meantime, if my Attendance——

Duke. By no means, Sir, I must of Necessity go in private, and therefore, if you please, you shall omit the Ceremony.

Mar. A happy Even to your Highness. Now will I go to my Sister the Abbess, before I sleep, and desire her to take more care of her Flock, or, for all our Relation, I shall make Complaint, and endeavour to ease her of her Charge. [Exit.]

Duke. So, now we are alone. What said *Lucretia*?

Val. When first I press'd her to this Assignment, She spoke like one in Doubt what she should do; She demurr'd much upon the Decency of it, And somewhat too she seem'd to urge of her Engagement to the Prince: In short, Sir, I perceiv'd her wavering, and clos'd with the Opportunity.

Duke.

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Duke. O, when Women are once irresolute, betwixt the former Love and the new one, they are sure to come over to the latter: The Wind, their nearest Likeness, seldom chops about to return into the old Corner.

Val. In conclusion, she consented to the Interview, and for the rest, I urg'd it not, for I suppose she will hear Reason sooner from your Mouth than mine.

Duke. Her Letter is of the same Tenor with her Discourse; full of Doubts and Doubles, like a hunted Hare when she is near tir'd. The Garden, you say, is the Place appointed?

Val. It is, Sir; and the next half Hour the time: But, Sir, I fear the Prince your Son will never bear the Loss of her with Patience.

Duke. 'Tis no matter; let the young Gallant storm to Night, to Morrow he departs from Rome.

Val. That, Sir, will be severe.

Duke. He has already receiv'd my Commands to travel into Germany: I know it stung him to the Quick; but he's too dangerous a Rival: The Soldiers love him too; when he's absent they will respect me more.

But I deferr my Happiness too long; dismiss my Guards here.

[*Exe. Guards.*]

The Pleasures of old Age brook no Delay:

Seldom they come, and soon they fly away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Prince and Ascanio.

Fred. 'Tis true, he is my Father; but when Nature is dead in him, why should it live in me?

What have I done, that I am banish'd Rome,

The World's Delight, and my Soul's Joy *Lucretia*,

And sent to reel with Midnight Beasts in *Almain*?

I cannot, will not bear it.

Asca. I'm sure you need not, Sir: The Army is all yours; they wish a youthful Monarch, and will resent your Injuries.

Fred. Heav'n forbid it. And yet I cannot lose *Lucretia*.

There's something I would do, and yet would shun

The Ill that must attend it.

Asca

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Asca. You must resolve, for the time presses. She told me, this Hour, she had sent for your Father: What she means I know not, for she seem'd doubtful, and would not tell me her Intention.

Fred. If she be false;——yet, why should I suspect her? Yet, why should I not? She's a Woman; that includes Ambition, and Inconstancy: Then, she's tempted high: 'Twere unreasonable to expect she should be faithful: Well, something I have resolv'd, and will about it instantly: And if my Friends prove faithful, I shall prevent the worst.

Enter Aurelian and Camillo, guarded.

Aurelian and Camillo? How came you thus attended?

Cam. You may guess at the Occasion, Sir; pursuing the Adventure which brought us to meet you in the Garden, we were taken by Don Mario.

Asw. And, as the Devil would have it, when both we and our Mistresses were in expectation of a more pleasant Lodging.

Fred. Faith, that's very hard, when a Man has charg'd and prim'd, and taken Aim, to be hinder'd of his Shoot—Soldiers release these Gentlemen; I'll answer it.

Cap. Sir, we dare not disobey our Orders.

Fred. I'll stand betwixt you and danger. In the mean time take this, as an Acknowledgment of the Kindness you do me.

Cap. Ay, marry, there's Rhetorick in Gold: Who can deny these Arguments? Sir, you may dispose of our Prisoners as you please; we'll use your Name if we are call'd in question.

Fred. Do so. Good Night, good Soldiers. [*Exe. Soldiers.* Now, Gentlemen, no Thanks; you'll find Occasion instantly to reimburse me of my Kindness.

Cam. Nothing but want of Liberty could have hinder'd us from serving you.

Fred. Meet me, within this half Hour, at our Monastery; and if, in the mean time, you can pick up a dozen of good Fellows, who dare venture their Lives bravely, bring them with you.

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Anr. I hope the Cause is bad too, otherwise we shall not deserve your Thanks: May it be for demolishing that cursed Monastery.

Fred. Come, *Ascanio*, follow me. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE IV. *The Nunnery-Garden.*

Duke, and Lucretia.

Luc. In making this Appointment,
I go too far, for one of my Profession;
But I have a divining Soul within me,
Which tells me, Trust repos'd in noble Natures,
Obliges them the more.

Duke. I come to be commanded, not to govern;
Those few soft Words you sent me, have quite alter'd
My rugged Nature; if it still be violent;
'Tis only fierce and eager to obey you;
Like some impetuous Flood, which master'd once,
With double Force bends backward.

The place of Treaty shows you strongest here;
For still the vanquish'd sues for Peace abroad,
While the proud Victor makes his Terms at home.

Luc. That Peace, I see, will not be hard to make,
When either Side shows Confidence of noble Dealing
From the other.

Duke. And this, sure, is our Case, since both are met alone.

Luc. 'Tis mine, Sir, more than yours.
To meet you single, shows I trust your Virtue;
But you appear distrustful of my Love.

Duke. You wrong me much, I am not.

Luc. Excuse me, Sir, you keep a Curb upon me:
You awe me with a Letter, which you hold
As Hostage of my Love; and Hostages
Are ne'er requir'd but from suspected Faith.

Duke. We are not yet in Terms of perfect Peace;
When e'er you please to seal the Articles,
Your Pledge shall be restor'd.

Luc. That were the way to keep us still at distance;
For what we fear, we cannot truly love.]

Duke.

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Duke. But how can I be then secure, that when
Your Fear is o'er, your Love will still continue?

Luc. Make tryal of my Gratitude; you'll find
I can acknowledge Kindness.

Duke. But that were to forego the faster hold,
To take a loose, and weaker.

Would you not judge him mad, who held a Lion
In Chains of Steel, and chang'd 'em for a Twine?

Luc. But Love is soft,
Not of the Lion's Nature, but the Dove's;
An Iron Chain would hang too heavy on a tender Neck.

Duke. Since on one side there must be Confidence,
Why may not I expect, as well as you,
To have it plac'd in me? Repose your Trust
Upon my Royal Word.

Luc. As 'tis the Privilege of Womankind,
That Men should court our Love,
And make the first Advances; so it follows
That you should first oblige; for 'tis our Weakness
Gives us more cause of Fear, and therefore you,
Who are the stronger Sex, should first secure it.

Duke. But, Madam, as you talk of Fear from me,
I may as well suspect Design from you.

Luc. Design! of giving you my Love more freely;
Of making you a Title to my Heart,
Where you by Force would reign.

Duke. O that I could believe you! but your Words
Are not enough disorder'd for true Love;
They are not plain, and hearty, as are mine;
But full of Art, and close Insinuation:
You promise all, but give me not one Proof
Of Love before; not the least Earnest of it.

Luc. And, what is then this Midnight Conversation?
These silent Hours divided from my Sleep?
Nay, more, stolen from my Prayers with Sacrilege,
And here transferr'd to you? This guilty Hand,
Which should be us'd in dropping holy Beads,
But now, bequeath'd to yours? This heaving Heart,
Which only should be throbbing for my Sins,
But which now beats uneven time for you?

These

These are my Arts! and these are my Designs!

Duke. I love you more, *Lucretia*, than my Soul;
Nay, than yours too, for I would venture both,
That I might now enjoy you; and if what
You ask me, did not make me fear to lose you,
Tho' it were even my Life, you should not be deny'd it.

Luc. Then I will ask no more.

Keep still my Letter, to upbraid me with it;
To say, when I am fully'd with your Lust,
And fit to be forsaken, go, *Lucretia*,
To your first Love; for this, for this, I leave you.

Duke. Oh, Madam, never think that Day can come!

Luc. It must, it will; I read it in your Looks;
You will betray me when I'm once engag'd.

Duke. If not my Faith, your Beauty will secure you.

Luc. My Beauty is a Flower upon the Stalk,
Goodly to see; but, gather'd for the Scent,
And once with eagerness press'd to your Nostrils,
The Sweet's drawn out, 'tis thrown with scorn away.
But I am glad I find you out so soon:

I simply lov'd, and meant (with shame I own it)
To trust my Virgin honour in your Hands,
I ask'd not wealth, for hire; and, but by chance,
I wonder that I thought on't) beg'd one Tryal,
And, but for form, to have pretence to yield,
And that you have deny'd me. Farewel: I could
Have lov'd you, and yet, perhaps, I——

Duke. O speak, speak out, and do not drown that word;
It seem'd as if it would have been a kind one,
And yours are much too precious to be lost.

Luc. Perhaps——I cannot yet leave loving you.

There 'twas. But I recall'd it in my Mind,

And made it false before I gave it Air.

Once more, farewel——I wo'not;

Now I can say I wo'not, wo'not love you. [Going]

Duke. You shall; and this shall be the Seal of my Af-
fection. [Gives the Letter.]

There take it, my *Lucretia*: I give it with more Joy,
Than I with Grief receiv'd it.

Luc. Good Night; I'll thank you for't some other time.

Duke.

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Duke. You'll not abuse my Love?

Luc. No; but secure my Honour.

Duke. I'll force it from your Hands [Lucretia runs.

Luc. Help, help, or I am ravish'd; help, for Heav'n's sake.

Hippolita, Laura, and Violetta within, at several Places.

Within. Help, help *Lucretia*; they bear away *Lucretia* by Force.

Duke. I think there is a Devil in every Corner.

Enter Valerio.

Val. Sir, the Design was laid on purpose for you, and all the Women plac'd to cry. Make haste away; avoid the Shame, for Heaven's sake.

Duke going. O, I could fire this Monastery!

Enter Frederick and Ascanio.

[*Frederick, entering speaks as to some behind him.*]

Fred. Pain of your Lives, let none of you presume to enter but my self.

Duke. My Son! O, I could burst with Spite, and die with Shame, to be thus apprehended! this is the baseness and cowardise of Guilt: An Army now were not so dreadful to me as that Son, o'er whom the right of Nature gives me Power.

Fred. Sir, I am come——

Duke. To laugh at first, and then to blaze abroad The Weakness, and the Follies of your Father.

Val. Sir, he has Men in Arms attending him.

Duke. I know my Doom then. You have taken a popular Occasion; I am now a Ravisher of Chastity, fit to be made Prisoner first, and then depos'd.

Fred. You will not hear me, Sir.

Duke. No, I confess I have deserv'd my Fate; For, what had these grey Hairs to do with Love? Or, if th' unseemly Folly would possess me, Why should I chuse to make my Son my Rival?

Fred. Sir, you may add you banish'd me from *Rome*, And, from the Light of it, *Lucretia's* Eyes.

Duke. Nay, if thou aggravat'st my Crimes, thou giv'st Me right to justifie 'em: Thou doubly art my Slave, Both Son and Subject. I can do thee no wrong,

Noe

Nor hast thou Right t'arraign or punish me:
But thou inquir'st into thy Father's Years;
Thy swift Ambition could not stay my Death,
But must ride Post to Empire. Lead me now:
Thy Crimes have made me guiltless to my self,
And given me Face to bear the publick Scorn.
You have a Guard without?

Fred. I have some Friends.

Duke. Speak plainly your intent.

I love not a sophisticated Truth,

With an Allay of Lie in't.

Fred. [*Kneeling.*] This is not, Sir, the Posture of a Rebel,
But of a Suppliant; if the Name of Son
Be too much Honour to me.

What first I purpos'd, I scarce know my self.
Love, Anger, and Revenge then rowl'd within me,
And yet, ev'n then, I was not hurry'd farther
Than to preserve my own.

Duke. ——— Your own! What mean you?

Fred. My Love, and my *Lucretia*; which I thought,
In my then boiling Passion, you pursu'd
With some Injustice, and much Violence;
This led me to repel that Force by Force.
Twas easie to surprize you, when I knew
Of your intended Visit.

Duke. ——— Thank my Folly.

Fred. But Reason now has reassum'd its Place,
And makes me see how black a Crime it is
To use a Force upon my Prince and Father.

Duke. You give me Hope you will resign *Lucretia*:

Fred. Ah no: I never can resign her to you;
But, Sir, I can my Life: Which, on my Knees,
I tender, as th'attoning Sacrifice:

Or if your Hand (because you are a Father)
Be loath to take away that Life you gave,
I will redeem your Crime, by making it
My own: So you shall still be innocent, and I
Die bless'd, and unindebted for my Being.

Duke. O *Frederick*, you are too much a Son,

[*Embracing him.*
And

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And I too little am a Father: You,
And you alone, have merited *Lucretia*,
'Tis now my only Grief,
I can do nothing to requite this Virtue:
For to restore her to you
Is not an act of Generosity,
But a scant, niggard Justice; yet I love her
So much, that even this little which I do,
Is like the Bounty of an Usurer;
High to be priz'd from me,
Because 'tis drawn from such a wretched Mind.

Fred. You give me now a second, better Life;

[*Kissing his Hand*]

But, that the Gift may be more easie to you,
Consider, Sir, *Lucretia* did not Love you:
I fear to say ne'er would.

Duke. You do well, to help me to o'ercome that Dis-
I'll weigh that, too, hereafter. For a Love, [siculty]
So violent as mine, will ask long time,
And much of Reason, to effect the Cure.
My present Care shall be to make you Happy;
For that will make my Wish impossible,
And then the Remedies will be more easie.

Enter Sophronia, Lucretia, Violetta, Laura, Hippolita.

Soph. I have, with Joy, o'erheard this happy Change,
And come, with Blessings, to applaud your Conquest,
Over the greatest of Mankind, your self.

Duke. I hope 'twill be a full, and lasting one.

Luc. Thus, let me kneel, and pay my Thanks and Duty
[*Kneeling*]

Both to my Prince, and Father.

Duke. Rise, rise, too charming Maid; for yet I cannot
Call you my Daughter: That first Name, *Lucretia*,
Hangs on my Lips, and would be still pronounc'd.
Look not too kindly on me; one sweet Glance,
Perhaps, would ruin both: Therefore, I'll go
And try to get new Strength to bear your Eyes.
'Till then, Farewell. Be sure you love my *Frederick*,
And do not hate his Father. [*Exeunt Duke and Valerio.*]

Fred. [*At the Door.*] Now, Friends, you may appear.

Enter

Enter Aurelian, Camillo, Benito.

Your Pardon, Madam, that we thus intrude
On holy Ground: Your self best know it could not
Be avoided, and it shall be my Care it be excus'd.

Soph. Tho' Sovereign Princes bear a Privilege,
Of entring when they please within our Walls,
In others, 'tis a Crime past Dispensation:
And therefore, to avoid a publick Scandal,
Be pleas'd, Sir, to retire, and quit this Garden.

Aur. We shall obey you, Madam: But, that we may
do it with less regret, we hope you will give these La-
dies leave to accompany us.

Soph. They shall.

And Neices, for my self, I only ask you
To justifie my Conduct to the World,
That none may think I have betray'd a Trust,
But freed you from a Tyranny.

Lau. Our Duty binds us to acknowledge it.

Cam. And our Gratitude to witness it.

Vio. With a holy, and lasting Remembrance of your
Favour.

Fred. And it shall be my care, either by Reason to bend
your Uncle's Will, or, by my Father's Interest, to force
your Dowry from his Hands.

Ben. to Aur. Pray, Sir, let us make haste over these
Walls again, these Gardens are unlucky to me: I have
lost my Reputation of Musick in one of 'em, and of
Wit in the other.

Aur. to Lau. Now, *Laura*, you may take your Choice
betwixt the two *Benito's*, and consider whether you had
rather he should Serenade you in the Garden, or I in Bed
to Night.

Lau. You may be sure I shall give Sentence for *Benito*;
for the effect of your Serenading would be to make me
pay the Musick nine Months hence.

Hip. to Asca. You see, Brother, here's a General Goal-
delivery: There has been a great deal of Bustle and Di-
sturbance in the Cloyster to Night; enough to distract a
Soul which is given up, like me, to Contemplation:
And therefore, if you think fit, I could e'en be content
to

to retire, with you, into the World; and, by way of Penance, to marry you; which, as Husbands and Wives go now, is a greater Mortification than a Nunnery.

Alea. No, Sister; if you love me, keep to your Monastery: I'll come now and then to the Grate and beg you a Recreation. But I know my self so well, that if I had you **one Twelve-month** in the World, I should run myself **into a Cloyster**, to be rid of you.

Soph. **Meices**, once more Farewel. Adieu, *Lucretia*: My Wishes and my Prayers attend you all.

Luc. to Fred. I am so fearful,
That, tho' I gladly run to your Embraces,
Yet, vent'ring in the World a second time,
Methinks I put to Sea in a rough Storm,
With Shipwracks round about me.

Fred. My Dear, be kinder to your self, and me,
And let not Fear fright back our coming Joys;
For we, at length, stand reconcil'd to Fate:
And now to fear, when to such Bliss we move,
Were not to doubt our Fortune, but our Love.





EPILOGUE.

*SOME have expected from our Bills to Day,
To find a Satyr in our Poet's Play.
The Zealous Rout from Coleman-street did run,
To see the Story of the Friar and Nun.
Or Tales, yet more Ridiculous to hear,
Misch'd by their Vicar of ten Pounds a Year;
Of Nuns, who did against Temptation Pray,
And Discipline laid on the pleasant Way:
Or that to please the Malice of the Town,
Our Poet should in some close Cell have shown
Some Sister, playing at Content alone:
This they did hope; the other Side did fear,
And both you see alike are Cozen'd here.
Some thought the Title of our Play to blame,
They lik'd the Thing, but yet abhorr'd the Name:
Like modest Punks, who all you ask afford,
But, for the World, they would not name that Word.
Yet, if you'll credit what I heard him say,
Our Poet meant no Scandal in his Play;
His Nuns are good which on the Stage are shown,
And, sure, behind our Scenes you'll look for none.*

}



U. S. G. O. L.

1944-45

[Faint, illegible text]

1997

AM B O Y N A:

O R, T H E

Cruelties of the *Dutch*

T O T H E

English Merchants.

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T E R - R O Y A L,

B Y

His M A J E S T Y 's Servants.

-----*Manet altâ mente repostum.*

Printed in the Y E A R M D C C X V I I .

1794

OF THE

RELIGIOUS OF THE DEPT

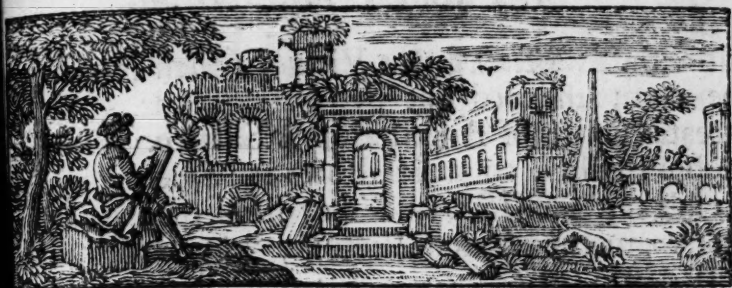
OF THE DEPT

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OF THE DEPT



To the Right Honourable the
Lord Clifford of Chudleigh.

My LORD,



FTER so many Favours, and those
so great, conferr'd on me by Your
Lordship these many Years; which,
I may call more properly one con-
tinued Act of your Generosity and
Goodness; I know not whether I
should appear either more ungrateful in my Si-
lence, or more extravagantly vain in my Endeav-
ours to acknowledge them. For, since all Ac-
knowledgments bear a face of Payment, it may
be thought, that I have flatter'd my self into an
Opinion of being able to return some part of my
Obligements to you; the just Despair of which At-
tempt, and the due Veneration I have for his Per-
son, to whom I must Address, have almost dri-
ven me to receive only with a profound Submis-
sion

®

The Epistle Dedicatory.

sion the Effects of that Virtue, which is never to be comprehended but by Admiration: And the greatest note of Admiration is Silence. 'Tis that noble Passion, to which Poets raise their Audience in highest Subjects, and they have then gain'd over them the greatest Victory, when they are ravish'd into a Pleasure, which is not to be express'd by Words. To this Pitch, my Lord, the Sense of my Gratitude had almost rais'd me: To receive your Favours as the *Jews* of old receiv'd their Law, with a mute Wonder; to think, that the Loudness of Acclamation, was only the Praise of Men to Men, and that the secret Homage of the Soul was a greater Mark of Reverence, than an outward ceremonious Joy, which might be counterfeit, and must be irreverent in its Tumult. Neither, my Lord, have I a particular Right to pay you my Acknowledgments: You have been a Good so universal, that almost every Man in three Nations may think me injurious to his Propriety, that I invade your Praises, in undertaking to celebrate them alone: And, that I have assum'd to my self a Patron, who was no more to be circumscrib'd than the Sun and Elements, which are of publick Benefit to Human Kind.

As it was much in your Power to oblige all who could pretend to Merit from the Publick, so it was more in your Nature and Inclination. If any went ill-satisfied from the Treasury, while it was in your Lordship's Management, it proclaimed the Want of Desert, and not of Friends: You distributed your Master's Favour with so equal Hands, that *Justice* her self could not have held the Scales more even: But, with that natural Propensity to do good, that had that Treasure been your own, your Inclination to Bounty must have ruin'd

The Epistle Dedicatory.

min'd you : No Man attended to be deny'd : No
Man brib'd for Expedition : Want, and Desert
were Pleas sufficient. By your own Integrity, and
your prudent Choice of those whom you em-
ploy'd, the King gave all that he intended, and
gratuities to his Officers made not vain his Boun-
ty. This, my Lord, you were in your publick
Capacity of High-Treasurer, to which you ascend-
ed by such degrees, that your Royal Master saw
your Virtues still growing to his Favours, faster
than they could rise to you. Both at home, and
abroad, with your Sword and with your Counsel, you
have serv'd him with unbyass'd Honour, and with
unshaken Resolution ; making his Greatness, and
the true Interest of your Country, the Standard
and Measure of your Actions. Fortune may de-
sert the Wise and Brave ; but, true Virtue never
will forsake it self. 'Tis the Interest of the World
that virtuous Men should attain to Greatness, be-
cause it gives them the Power of doing Good.
But, when by the Iniquity of the Times they are
brought to that Extremity, that they must either
lose their Virtue or their Fortune, they owe them-
selves so much, as to retire to the private Exer-
cise of their Honour ; to be great within, and by
the constancy of their Resolutions, to teach the
inferior World, how they ought to judge of such
principles, which are asserted with so generous
and so unconstrain'd a Tryal.

But, this voluntary neglect of Honours, has been
a rare Example in the World : Few Men have
been down'd first upon Fortune, and precipitated them-
selves from the top of her Wheel, before they felt
at least the Declination of it. We read not of
any Emperors like *Diocletian*, and *Charles* the
first, who have preferr'd a Garden, and a Cloy-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ster, before a Crowd of Followers, and the troublesome Glory of an active Life, which robs the Possessor of his Rest and Quiet, to secure the Safety and Happiness of others. *Seneca*, with the help of his Philosophy, could never attain to that pitch of Virtue. He only endeavour'd to prevent his Fall by descending first; and offer'd to resign that Wealth, which he knew he could no longer hold. He would only have made a Present to his Master of what he foresaw would become his Prey: He strove to avoid the Jealousie of a Tyrant; you dismiss'd your self from the Attendance and Privacy of a Gracious King. Our Age has afforded us many Examples of a contrary Nature. But your Lordship is the only one of This. 'Tis easie to discover in all Governments those who wait so close on Fortune, that they are never to be shaken off at any Turn: Such who seem to have taken up a Resolution of being Great, to continue their Stations on the Theater of Business, to change with the Scene, and shift the Vizard for another Part. These Men condemn in the Discourses that Virtue which they dare not practise. But the sober Part of this present Age, and impartial Posterity will do Right, both to your Lordship and to them. And when they read on your Accounts, and with how much Magnanimity you quitted those Honours, to which the highest Ambition of an *English* Subject could aspire, will apply to you with much more Reason, what the Historian said of a *Roman* Emperor; *Multi diutius Imperium tenuerunt; Nemo fortius reliquit.*

To this Retirement of your Lordship, I wish could bring a better Entertainment, than this Play which, tho' it succeeded on the Stage, will scarcely bear a serious Perusal, it being contriv'd and

written

The Epistle Dedicatory.

written in a Month, the Subject barren, the Persons low, and the Writing not heighten'd with many labour'd Scenes. The Consideration of these Defects ought to have prescrib'd more Modesty to the Author, than to have presented it to that Person in the World, for whom he has the greatest Honour, and of whose Patronage the best of his Endeavours had been unworthy. But, I had not satisfied my self in staying longer, and could never have paid the Debt with a much better Play. As it is, the Meanness of it will shew at least, that I pretend not by it to make any manner of return for your Favours; and, that I only give you a New Occasion of exercising your Goodness to me, in pardoning the Failings and Imperfections of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble, most Oblig'd,

Most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



PROLOGUE

AS needy Gallants in the Scriv'ners Hands,
Court the rich Knave that gripes their mortgag'd Land;
The first fat Buck of all the Season's sent,
And Keeper takes no Fee in Complement:
The Dotage of some Englishmen is such
To fawn on those who ruin them; the Dutch.
They shall have all, rather than make a War
With those who of the same Religion are.
The Streights, the Guiney Trade, the Herrings too,
Nay, to keep Friendship, they shall pickle you.
Some are resolv'd not to find out the Cheat,
But, Cuckold like, love him who does the Feat:
What Injuries so'er upon us fall,
Yet still the same Religion answers all:
Religion wheedled you to Civil War,
Drew English Blood, and Dutchmens now wou'd spare:
Be gull'd no longer, for you'll find it true,
They have no more Religion, faith——than you;
Interest's the God they worship in their State;
And you, I take it, have not much of that.
Well Monarchies may own Religion's Name,
But States are Atheists in their very Frame.
They share a Sin, and such Proportions fall,
That like a Stink, 'tis nothing to 'em all.

PROLOGUE.

*How they love England, you shall see this Day:
No Map shews Holland truer than our Play:
Their Pictures and Inscriptions well we know;
We may be bold one Medal sure to show.
View then their Falshoods, Rapine, Cruelty;
And think what once they were, they still would be:
But hope not either Language, Plot, or Art,
'Twas writ in haste, but with an English Heart:
And least hope Wit; in Dutchmen that would be
As much improper as would Honesty.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Captain <i>Gabriel Towerson</i> .	Mr. <i>Hart</i> .	
Mr. <i>Beamont</i> ,	} <i>English Merchants</i>	Mr. <i>Mobun</i> .
Mr. <i>Collins</i> ,		Mr. <i>Lydal</i> .
Captain <i>Middleton</i> , an <i>English</i>	} <i>Sea Captain</i> .	Mr. <i>Watson</i> .
Perez, a <i>Spanish</i> Captain.		Mr. <i>Burt</i> .
<i>Harman</i> Senior, Governor of	} <i>Amboyna</i> .	Mr. <i>Cartwright</i> .
The <i>Fiscal</i> .		Mr. <i>Wintershal</i> .
<i>Harman</i> Junior, Son to the	} <i>Governor</i> .	Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Van Herring</i> , a <i>Dutch</i> Merchant.		Mr. <i>Beeston</i> .

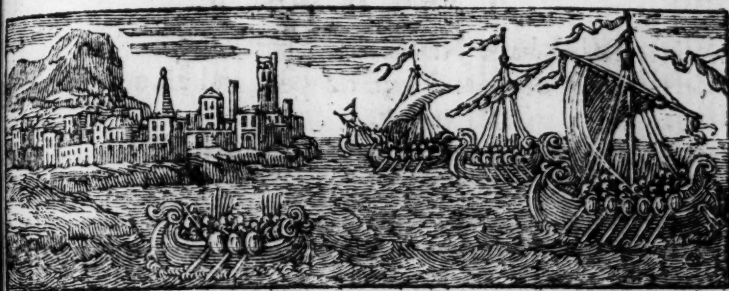
W O M E N.

<i>Ysabinda</i> , betroth'd to <i>Towerson</i> ,	} <i>an Indian Lady</i> .	Mrs. <i>Marshall</i> .
<i>Julia</i> , Wife to <i>Perez</i> .		Mrs. <i>James</i> .
An <i>English</i> Woman.		Mrs. <i>Cory</i> .

Page to *Towerson*.
A Skipper.
Two *Dutch* Merchants.

SCENE, *AMBOYNA*.

A M.



AMBOYNA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *a Castle on the Sea.*

*Enter Harman Senior, the Governor, the Fiscal,
and Van Herring: Guards.*

FISCAL.

Happy Day to our Noble Governor!

Har. Morrow Fiscal.

Van. Her. Did the last Ships which came
from *Holland* to these Parts, bring us no
News of Moment?

Fisc. Yes, the best that ever came into
Amboyna, since we set footing here, I mean as to our
Interest.

Har. I wonder much my Letters then gave me so
short Accounts; they only said, the *Orange Party* was
grown strong again, since *Barnevelt* had suffer'd.

Van Her. Mine inform me farther, the price of Pepper
and of other Spices was rais'd of late in *Europe*.

Har. I wish that News may hold; but much suspect
it, while the *English* maintain their Factories among us
in *Amboyna*, or in the neighbouring Plantations of *Seran*.

Fisc. Still I have News that tickles me within, ha, ha, ha. 'Tfaith it does, and will do you, and all our Country-men.

Har. Prethee do not torture us, but tell it.

Van. Her. Whence comes this News?

Fisc. From *England*.

Har. Is their *East-India* Fleet bound outward for these Parts, or cast away, or met at Sea by Pirates?

Fisc. Better, much better yet, ha, ha, ha.

Har. Now am I famish'd for my part of the Laughter.

Fisc. Then my brave Governor, if you're a true *Dutchman*, I'll make your fat Sides heave with the Conceit on't, 'till you're blown like a pair of large Smith's Bel-lows; here, look upon this Paper.

Har. reading. You may remember we did endamage the English *East-India Company*, the value of five hundred thousand Pounds, all in one Year; a Treaty is now Sign'd, in which the Business is ta'en up for four score thousand. This is News indeed; wou'd I were upon the Castle Wall, that I might throw my Cap into the Sea, and my Gold Chain after it, this is golden News, Boys.

Van Her. This is News wou'd kindle a thousand Bon-fires, and make us piss 'em out again in *Rhenish Wine*.

Har. Send presently to all our Factories, acquaint them with these blessed Tidings: If we can 'scape so cheap, 'twill be no matter what Villanies henceforth we put in Practice.

Fisc. Hum, why this now gives Encouragement to a certain Plot, which I have long been brewing, against these *Skellum English*. I almost have it here in *Pericranio*, and 'tis a sound one 'faith, no less, than to cut all their Throats, and seize all their Effects within this Island. I warrant you we may compound again.

Van Her. Seizing their Factories I like well enough, it has some Savour in't; but for this whorson cutting of Throats, it goes a little against the Grain, because 'tis so notoriously known in Christendom, that they have preserv'd ours from being cut by the *Spaniards*.

Har. Hang 'em bale *English* Sterts, let 'em e'en take their part of their own old Proverb, Save a Thief from the

the Gallows; they wou'd needs protect us Rebels, and see what comes to themselves.

Fisc. You're i'th' right on't, noble *Harman*; their Assistance, which was a Mercy, and a Providence to us, shall be a Judgment upon them.

Van Her. A little Favour would do well; tho' not that I would stop the Current of your Wit, or any other Plot to do them Mischief, but they were first Discoverers of this Isle, first traded hither, and show'd us the way.

Fisc. I grant you that, nay more, that by Composition made after many long and tedious Quarrels, they were to have a third part of the Traffick, we to build Forts, and they to contribute to the Charge.

Har. Which we have so increas'd each Year upon 'em, we being in Power, and therefore Judges of the Cost, that we exact whate'er we please, still more than half the Charge, and on Pretence of their Non-payment, or the least Delay, do often stop their Ships, detain their Goods, and drag 'em into Prisons, while our Commodities go on before, and still forestall their Markets.

Fisc. These I confess are pretty Tricks, but will not do our Business, we must our selves be ruin'd at long run, if they have any Trade here; I know our Charge at length will eat us out; I would not let these *English* from this Isle have Cloves enough to stick an Orange with, not one to throw into their Bottle-Ale.

Har. But to bring this about now, there's the cunning.

Fisc. Let me alone awhile, I have it as I told you here; mean time we must put on a seeming Kindness, call 'em our Benefactors, and dear Brethren, pipe 'em within the Danger of our Net, and then we'll draw it o'er 'em: When they're in, no Mercy, that's my Maxim.

Van Her. Nay, Brother, I am not too obstinate for saving *Englishmen*; 'twas but a Qualm of Conscience which Profit will dispel: I have as true a *Dutch* Antipathy to *England*, as the proudest He in *Amsterdam*, that's a bold Word now.

Har. We are secure of our Superiors there; well, they may give the King of *Great Britain* a verbal Satisfaction, and with submissive fawning Promises, make shew to
punish

punish us; but Interest is their God as well as ours: To that Almighty, they will sacrifice a thousand *English* Lives, and break a hundred thousand Oaths, e'er they will punish those that make 'em rich, and pull their Rivals down.

[Guns go off within.

Van Her. Heard you those Guns?

Har. Most plainly.

Fisc. The Sound comes from the Port, some Ship arriv'd salutes the Castle, and I hope brings more good News from *Holland*.

[Guns again.

Har. Now they answer 'em from the Fortrefs.

Enter *Beaumont* and *Collins*.

Van Her. *Beaumont* and *Collins*, *English* Merchants both, perhaps they'll certifie us.

Beam. Captain *Harman van Spelt*, good Day to you.

Har. Dear, kind Mr. *Beaumont*, a thousand and a thousand good Days to you, and all our Friends the *English*.

Fisc. Came you from the Port, Gentlemen?

Col. We did; and saw arrive, our honest, and our gallant Countryman, brave Captain *Gabriel Tower-son*.

Beam. Sent to these Parts from our Employers of the *East-India* Company in *England*, as General of the Voyage.

Fisc. Is the brave *Tower-son* return'd?

Col. The same, Sir.

Har. He shall be nobly welcome. He has already spent twelve Years upon, or near these rich *Molucca* Isles, and home return'd with Honour and great Wealth.

Fisc. The Devil give him Joy of both, or I will for him.

[Aside.

Beam. He's my particular Friend, I liv'd with him, both at *Ternate*, *Tydore*, and at *Seran*.

Van Her. Did he not leave a Mistress in these Parts, a Native of this Island of *Amboyna*?

Col. He did, I think they call her *Xfabinda*, who received Baptism for his sake, before he hence departed.

Har. 'Tis much against the Will of all her Friends, she loves your Countryman, but they are not Disposers of her Person; she's beauteous, rich, and young, and *Tower-son* well deserves her.

Beam.

Beam. I think, without flattery to my Friend, he does. Were I to chuse of all Mankind, a Man, on whom I would relie for Faith and Counsel, or more, whose personal Aid I would invite, in any worthy Cause to second me, it should be only *Gabriel Towerfon*; daring he is, and thereto fortunate: Yet soft and apt to pity the distress'd, and liberal to relieve 'em: I have seen him not alone to pardon Foes, but by his Bounty win 'em to his Love: If he has any Fault, 'tis only that, to which great Minds can only subject be, he thinks all honest, 'cause himself is so, and therefore none suspects.

Fisc. I like him well for that; this Fault of his great Mind, as *Beamont* calls it, may give him Cause to wish he was more wary, when it shall be too late. [*Aside.*

Har. I was in some small hope, this Ship had been of our own Country, and brought back my Son. For much about this Season I expect him. Good-morrow Gentlemen, I go to fill a Brendice to my Noble Captain's Health, pray tell him so; the Youth of our *Amboyna* I'll send before, to welcome him.

Col. We'll stay, and meet him here.

[*Exeunt Harman, Fiscal, and Van Herring.*

Beam. I do not like these fleering *Dutchmen*, they over-act their Kindness.

Col. I know not what to think of 'em, that old fat Governor *Harman van Spelt*, I have known long; they say he was a Cooper in his Country, and took the measure of his Hoops for Tuns, by his own Belly: I love him not, he makes a Jest of Men in Misery; the first fat merry Fool I ever knew that was ill-natur'd.

Beam. He's absolutely govern'd by this *Fiscal*, who was, as I have heard, an ignorant Advocate in *Rotterdam*, such as in *England* we call a Petty-fogging Rogue; one that knows nothing, but the worst part of the Law, its Tricks and Snares: I fear he hates us *English* mortally. Pray Heav'n we feel not the Effects on't.

Col. Neither he, nor *Harman*, will dare to shew their Malice to us, now *Towerfon* is come. For tho' 'tis true, we have no Castle here, he has an Awe upon 'em in his Worth, which they both fear and reverence.

Beam.

Beam. I wish it so may prove, my Mind is a bad Prophet to me, and what it does forebode of Ill, it seldom fails to pay me. Here he comes.

Col. And in his Company, young *Harman*, Son to our *Dutch* Governor. I wonder how they met.

Enter Towerfon, Harman Junior, and a Skipper.

Tow. [*entering to the Skipper.*] These Letters see convey'd with speed to our Plantations. This to *Cambello*, and to *Hitto* this, this other to *Loho*. Tell 'em their Friends in *England* greet 'em well; and when I left 'em, were in perfect Health.

Skip. Sir, you shall be obey'd.

[*Exit Skipper*]

Beam. I heartily rejoice that our Employers have chose you for this Place: a better Choice they never could have made, or for themselves, or me.

Col. This I am sure of, that our *English* Factories in all these Parts have wish'd you long the Man, and none could be so welcome to their Hearts.

Har. Jun. And let me speak for my Countrymen the *Dutch*, I have heard my Father say, he's your sworn Brother: And this late Accident at Sea, when you reliev'd me from the Pyrates, and brought my Ship in safety off, I hope will well secure you of our Gratitude.

Tow. You over-rate a little Courtesie: In your Deliverance I did no more, than what I had my self from you expected: The common Ties of our Religion, and those yet more particular of Peace, and strict Commerce, betwixt us and your Nation, exacted all I did, or could have done.— [*To Beamont.*] For you my Friend, let me ne'er breathe our *English* Air again, but I more joy to see you, than my self to have escap'd the Storm that toss'd me long, doubling the *Cape*, and all the sultry Heats, in passing twice the Line: For now I have you here, methinks this Happiness should not be bought at a less Price.

Har. Jun. I'll leave you with your Friends; my Duty binds me to hasten to receive a Father's Blessing.

[*Exit Harman Junior*]

Beam. Y'are so much a Friend, that I must tax you for being a slack Lover. You have not yet enquir'd of *Ysabinda*.

Tow.

Tow. No, I durst not, Friend, I durst not. I love too well, and fear to know my Doom; there's Hope, in Doubt; but yet I fixt my Eyes on yours, I look'd with Earnestness, and ask'd with them: If ought of Ill had happen'd, sure I had met it there; and since, methinks, I did not, I have now recover'd Courage, and resolve to urge it from you.

Beam. Your *Ysabinda* then——

Tow. You have said all in that, my *Ysabinda*, if she still be so.

Beam. Enjoys as much of Health, as Fear for you, and Sorrow for your Absence would permit. [*Musick within.*]

Col. Hark, Musick I think approaching.

Beam. 'Tis from our Factory; some sudden Entertainment I believe design'd for your Return.

Enter Amboyners, Men and Women, with Timbrels before them. A Dance.

After the Dance,

Enter Harman Senior, Harman Junior, Fiscal, and Van Herring.

Har. Sen. [*Embracing Towerfon.*] O my sworn Brother, my dear Captain *Towerfon*; the Man whom I love better than a stiff Gale, when I am becalm'd at Sea; to whom, I have receiv'd the Sacrament, never to be false-hearted.

Tow. You ne'er shall have occasion on my part: The like I promise for our Factories, while I continue here: This Isle yields Spice enough for both; and *Europe*, Ports, and Chapmen, where to vend them.

Har. Sen. It does, it does, we have enough, if we can be contented.

Tow. And, Sir, why shou'd we not? what mean these endless Jars of Trading Nations? 'Tis true, the World was never large enough for Avarice or Ambition; but those who can be pleas'd with moderate Gain, may have the Ends of Nature, not to want: Nay, even its Luxuries may be supply'd from her o'erflowing Bounties in these Parts: From whence she yearly sends Spices, and Gums, the Food of Heav'n in Sacrifice. And besides these, her Gems of the richest value, for Ornament, more than Necessity.

Har.

Har. Sen. You are i'th' right, we must be very Friends, I faith we must; I have an old *Dutch* Heart, as true and trusty as your *English* Oak.

Fisc. We never can forget the Patronage of your *Elizabeth*, of famous Memory; when from the Yoak of *Spain*, and *Alva's* Pride, her potent Succours, and her well-tim'd Bounty, freed us, and gave us credit in the World.

Tow. For this we only ask a fair Commerce and Friendliness of Conversation here: And what our several Treaties bind us to, you shall, while *Tower-son* lives, see so perform'd, as fits a Subject to an *English* King.

Har. Sen. Now by my Faith you ask too little, Friend, we must have more than bare Commerce betwixt us: Receive me to your Bosom, by this Beard, I will never deceive you.

Beam. I do not like his Oath, there's Treachery in that *Judas-colour'd* Beard. [Aside.]

Fisc. Pray use me as your Servant.

Van Her. And me too, Captain.

Tow. I receive you both as Jewels, which I'll wear in either Ear, and never part with you.

Har. Sen. I cannot do enough for him, to whom I owe my Son.

Har. Jun. Nor I, 'till Fortune send me such another brave Occasion of fighting so for you.

Har. Sen. Captain, very shortly, we must use your Head in a certain Business, ha, ha, ha, my dear Captain.

Fisc. We must use your Head indeed, Sir.

Tow. Sir, Command me, and take it as a Debt I owe your Love.

Har. Sen. Talk not of Debt, for I must have your Heart.

Van Her. Your Heart indeed, good Captain.

Har. Sen. You are weary now I know, Sea beat, and weary, 'tis time we respite further Ceremony; besides, I see one coming, whom I know you long to embrace, and I shou'd be unkind to keep you from her Arms.

Enter Yfabinda and Julia.

Yfab. Do I hold my Love, do I embrace him, after a tedious Absence of three Years? Are ye indeed return'd,

are

ye the same? Do you still love your *Ysabinda*? Speak before I ask you twenty Questions more: For I have so much Love, and so much Joy, that if you don't Love well as I, I shall appear distracted.

Tow. We meet then both out of our selves, for I am nothing else, but Love and Joy; and to take care of my Discretion now, wou'd make me much unworthy of that Passion, to which you set no Bounds.

Ysab. How could you be so long away?

Tow. How can you think I was? I still was here, still with you, never absent in my Mind.

Har. Jun. She's a most charming Creature, I wish I had not seen her. [*Aside.*]

Ysab. Now I shall love your God, because I see that he takes care of Lovers: But my dear *Englishman*, I prithee let it be our last of Absence, I cannot bear another parting from thee, nor promise thee to live three other Years, if you again goest hence.

Tow. I never will without you.

Har. Sen. I said before, we should but trouble ye.

Tow. You make me blush, but if you ever were a Lover, Sir, you will forgive a Folly, which is sweet, tho' I confess, 'tis much extravagant.

Har. Jun. A has but too much Cause for this excess of Joy; oh happy, happy *Englishman*, but I unfortunate. [*Aside.*]

Tow. Now when you please, lead on.

Har. Sen. This Day you shall be feasted at the Castle, where our Great Guns shall loudly speak your Welcome. All Signs of Joy shall through the Isle be shown, Whilst in full Romers we our Friendship Crown.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Ysabinda, and Harman Junior.

Ysab. THIS to me, from you, against your Friend?

Har. Jun. Have I not Eyes, are you not fair? Why does it seem so strange?

Ysab. Come, 'tis a Plot betwixt you: My *Englishman* jealous, and has sent you to try my Faith; he might have spar'd the Experiment after a three Years Absence that was a Proof sufficient of my Constancy.

Har. Jun. I heard him say he never had return'd, but that his Masters of the *East-India* Company proffer'd him large Conditions.

Ysab. You do belye him basely.

Har. Jun. As much as I do you, in saying you are fair; or as I do my self, when I declare I die for you.

Ysab. If this be earnest, you've done a most unmanly and ungrateful Part, to court the intended Wife of him to whom you are most oblig'd.

Har. Jun. Leave me to answer that: Assure your self I love you violently, and if you are wise, you'll make some difference 'twixt *Towerson* and me.

Ysab. Yes, I shall make a difference, but not to your Advantage.

Har. Jun. You must, or falsifie your Knowledge; *Englishman*, part Captain, and part Merchant; his Nation of declining Interest here: Consider this, and weigh against that Fellow, not me, but any, the least and meanest *Dutchman* in this Isle.

Ysab. I do not weigh by Bulk: I know your Countrymen have the Advantage there.

Har. Jun. Hold back your Hand, from firming of your Faith; you'll thank me in a little time, for staying you so kindly from embarking in his Ruin.

Ysab. His Fortune is not so contemptible as you'd make it seem.

Har.

Har. Jun. Wait but one Month for the Event.

Ysab. I will not wait one Day, though I were sure to sink with him the next: So well I love my *Towerfon*, I will not lose another Sun, for fear a should not rise to Morrow. For your self, pray rest assur'd, of all Mankind, you should not be my Choice, after an Act of such Ingratitude.

Har. Jun. You may repent your Scorn at leisure.

Ysab. Never, unless I marry'd you.

Enter Towerfon.

Tow. Now my dear *Ysabinda*, I dare pronounce my self most happy: Since I have gain'd your Kindred, all Difficulties cease.

Ysab. I wish we find it so.

Tow. Why, is ought happen'd since I saw you last? Methinks a Sadness dwells upon your Brow, like that I saw before my last long Absence. You do not speak: My Friend dumb too? Nay then I fear some more than ordinary Cause produces this.

Har. Jun. You have no reason, *Towerfon*, to be sad, you are the happy Man.

Tow. If I have any, you must needs have some.

Har. Jun. No, you are lov'd, and I am bid despair.

Tow. Time, and your Services, will perhaps make you as happy as I am in my *Ysabinda's* Love.

Har. Jun. I thought I spoke so plain, I might be understood; but since I did not, I must tell you *Towerfon*, I wear the Title of your Friend no longer, because I am your Rival.

Tow. Is this true, *Ysabinda*?

Ysab. I should not, I confess, have told you first, because I would not give you that Disquiet; but since he has, it is too sad a truth.

Tow. Leave us, my Dear, a little to our selves.

Ysab. I fear you'll quarrel, for he seem'd incens'd, and threaten'd you with Ruin.

[*To him aside.*]

Tow. 'Tis to prevent an Ill, which may be fatal to us both, that I would speak with him.

Ysab. Swear to me by your Love you will not fight.

Tow. Fear not, my *Ysabinda*; things are not grown to that Extremity.

Ysab.

Ysab. I leave you; but I doubt the Consequence.

[Exit *Ysab.*]

Tow. I want a Name to call you by; Friend, you declare you are not, and to Rival I am not yet enough accustomed.

Har. Jun. Now I consider on't, it shall be yet in your free Choice, to call me, one or other; for, *Towerfon*, I do not decline your Friendship, but then yield *Ysabinda* to me.

Tow. Yield *Ysabinda* to you?

Har. Jun. Yes, and preserve the Blessing of my Friendship; I'll make my Father yours, your Factories shall be no more oppress'd, but thrive in all Advantages with ours; your Gain shall be beyond what you could hope for from the Treaty: In all the Traffick of these Eastern Parts, ye shall——

Tow. Hold, you mistake me *Harman*, I never gave you just Occasion to think I wou'd make Merchandize of Love; *Ysabinda* you know is mine, contracted to me ere I went for *England*, and must be so 'till Death.

Har. Jun. She must not, *Towerfon*; you know you are not strongest in these Parts, and 'twill be ill contesting with your Masters.

Tow. Our Masters? *Harman*, you durst not once have nam'd that Word in any part of *Europe*.

Har. Jun. Here I both dare and will, you ha' no Castles in *Amboyna*.

Tow. Tho' we have not, we yet have *English* Hearts and Courages, not to endure Affronts.

Har. Jun. They may be try'd.

Tow. Your Father sure will not maintain you in this Insolence, I know he is too honest.

Har. Jun. Assure your self, he will espouse my Quarrel.

Tow. We would complain to *England*.

Har. Jun. Your Countrymen have try'd that course so often, methinks they should grow wiser, and desist: But now there is no need of troubling any others but ourselves; the sum of all is this, you either must resign *Ysabinda*, or instantly resolve to clear your Title to her by your Sword.

Tow. I will do neither now.

Har. Jun. Then I'll believe you dare not fight me fairly.

Tow.

Tow. You know I durst have fought, tho' I am not vain enough to boast it, nor would upbraid you with remembrance of it.

Har. Jun. You destroy your Benefit with rehearsal of it, but that was in a Ship, back'd by your Men; single Duel is a fairer Tryal of your Courage.

Tow. I'm not to be provok'd out of my Temper: Here am a publick Person, intrusted by my King and my Employers, and should I kill you *Harman*——

Har. Jun. Oh never think you can, Sir.

Tow. I should betray my Countrymen to suffer not only worse Indignities, than those they have already born, but for ought I know, might give 'em up to general Imprisonment, perhaps betray them to a Massacre.

Har. Jun. These are but pitiful and weak Excuses, I'll force you to confess you dare not Fight, you shall ha' Provocations.

Tow. I will not stay to take 'em: Only this before I go; if you are truly Gallant, insult not where you have Power, but keep your Quarrel secret, we may have time and place out of this Island: Mean while, I go to marry *Isabinda*, that you shall see I dare: No more, follow me not an Inch beyond this place, no not an Inch, adieu.

[Exit Towerfon.]

Har. Jun. Thou goest to thy Grave, or I to mine.

[Is going after him.]

Enter Fiscal.

Fisc. Whither so fast, *Min Heer*?

Har. Jun. After that *English Dog*, whom I believe you saw.

Fisc. Whom, *Towerfon*?

Har. Jun. Yes, let me go, I'll have his Blood.

Fisc. Let me advise you first; you young Men are so violently hot.

Har. I say I'll have his Blood.

Fisc. To have his Blood is not amiss, so far I go with you, but take me with you further for the Means: First, what's the Injury?

Har. Jun. Not to detain you with a tedious Story, I love his Mistress, courted her, was slighted; into the heat of this he came, I offer'd him the best Advantages, he

he could or to himself propose, or to his Nation, would he quit her Love.

Fisc. So far you are prudent, for she's exceeding rich.

Har. Jun. He refus'd all, then I threaten'd him with my Father's Power.

Fisc. That was unwisely done; your Father, underhand, may do a Mischief, but 'tis too gross above board.

Har. Jun. At last, nought else prevailing, I defy'd him to single Duel; this he refus'd, and I believe 'twas Fear.

Fisc. No, no, mistake him not, 'tis a stout Whorson; you did ill to press him, 'twill not sound well in *Europe*, he being here a publick Minister; having no means of scaping should he kill you, besides exposing all his Countrymen to a Revenge.

Har. Jun. That's all one, I'm resolv'd I will pursue my Course, and fight him.

Fisc. Pursue your End, that's to enjoy the Woman, and her Wealth; I wou'd, like you, have *Towerson* dispatch'd; for as I am a true *Dutchman*, I do hate him, but I would convey him smoothly out of the World, and without Noise; they'll say we are ingrateful else, in *England*, and barbarously cruel; now I could swallow down the thing Ingratitude, and the thing Murder, but the Names are odious.

Har. Jun. What would you have me do then?

Fisc. Let him enjoy his Love a little while, 'twill break no Squares, in the long run of a Man's Life; you shall have enough of her, and in convenient time.

Har. Jun. I cannot bear he shou'd enjoy her first; no, 'tis determin'd; I will kill him bravely.

Fisc. Ay, a right young Man's Bravery, that's Folly: Let me alone, something I'll put in Practice, to rid you of this Rival e'er he marries, without your once appearing in it.

Har. Jun. If I durst trust you now?

Fisc. If you believe that I have Wit, or love you.

Har. Jun. Well, Sir, you have prevail'd; be speedy; for once I will rely on you; Farewel. [Exit Harman.]

Fisc. This hopeful Business will be quickly spoil'd, if I not take exceeding care of it.———Stay,———*Towerson* to

be kill'd and privately, that must be laid down as the
 ground-work, for stronger Reasons than a young Man's
 Honour, but who shall do't? no *Englishman* will, and much
 less, no *Dutchman* dares attempt it.

Enter Perez.

Per. Well said, I'faith old Devil, let thee alone, when once a
 Man is plotting Villany, to find him a fit Instrument —
 this *Spanish* Captain, who commands our Slaves, is bold
 enough, and is beside in Want, and proud enough to
 think he merits Wealth.

Per. This *Fiscal* loves my Wife, I'm jealous of him, and
 must speak him fair to get my Pay; Oh, there's the
 Devil for a *Castilian*, to stoop to one of his own Master's
 Rebels, who has, or who designs to Cuckold him. [*Aside.*
 —To *Fiscal*. I come to kiss your Hand again, Sir, six
 Months I am in Arrear, I must not starve, and *Spaniards*
 cannot beg.

Fisc. I've been a better Friend to you, than perhaps you
 think, Captain.

Per. I fear you have indeed. [*Aside.*

Fisc. And faithfully solicited your Business, send but
 your Wife to morrow Morning early, the Mony shall be
 ready.

Per. What if I come my self?

Fisc. Why ye may have it if you come your self Cap-
 tain, but in case your Occasions should call you any o-
 ther way, you dare trust her to receive it.

Per. She has no Skill in Money.

Fisc. It shall be told into her Hand, or given her upon
 Honour, in a Lump; but Captain, you were saying you
 did want; now I should think three hundred Dobloons
 would do you no great harm, they'll serve to make you
 merry on the Watch.

Per. Must they be told into my Wife's Hand too?

Fisc. No, those you may receive your self, if you dare
 merit 'em.

Per. I am a *Spaniard*, Sir, that implies Honour: I dare
 that is possible.

Fisc. Then you dare kill a Man.

Per. So it be fairly.

Fisc.

Fisc. But what if he will not be so civil to be kill'd that way? He's a sturdy Fellow, I know you stout, and do not question your Valour; but I would make full work, and not endanger you who are my Friend.

Per. I fear the Governor will execute me.

Fisc. The Governor will thank you: 'Tis he shall be your Pay-Master; you shall have your Pardon drawn up before-hand; and remember, no transitory Sum, three hundred Quadruples in your own Country Gold.

Per. Well, name your Man.

Enter Julia.

Fisc. Your Wife comes, take it in whisper.

Jul. Yonder's my Master, and my Dutch Servant, how lovingly they talk in private; if I did not know my Dutch Temper to be monstrously jealous, I should think, they were driving a secret Bargain for my Body; but *Curr* is not to be digested by my *Castilian*. *Mi Moher*, my Wife and my Mistress! he laies the Emphasis on me, as if the Cuckold him were a worse Sin, then breaking the Commandment. If my *English* Lover *Beaumont*, my Dutch Love the *Fiscal*, and my *Spanish* Husband, were painted in a Piece with me amongst 'em, they would make a pretty Emblem of the two Nations, that Cuckold his Catholick Majesty in his *Indies*.

Fisc. You'll undertake it then?

Per. I have serv'd under *Towerson* as his Lieutenant; serv'd him well, and tho' I say't, bravely, yet ne'er have been rewarded, tho' he promis'd largely; 'tis resolv'd I'll do't.

Fisc. And swear Secresie.

Per. By this Beard.

Fisc. Go wait upon the Governor from me, confer with him about it in my Name, this Seal will give you credit.

Per. I go. *[Goes a step or two, while the other approaches his Wife.]* What shall I be, before I come again? *[Exit Per.]*

Fisc. Now my fair Mistress, we shall have the Opportunity which I have long desir'd. *[To Julia]*

Per. The Governor is now a sleeping, this is his Hour of Afternoons Repose, I'll go when he's awake. *[Returning Fisc.]*

Fisc. He slept early this Afternoon, I left him newly
wak'd.

Per. Well, I go then, but with an aking Heart. [*Exit.*

Fisc. So, at length he's gone.

Ful. But you may find he was jealous by his Delay.

Fisc. If I were as you, I would give evident Proofs,
could cure him of that Disease for ever after.

Enter Perez again.

Per. I have consider'd on't, and if you would go along
with me to the Governor, it would do much better.

Fisc. No, no, that would make the Matter more su-
cious. The Devil take thee for an impertinent Cuck-

[*Aside.*

Per. Well, I must go then.

[*Exit Perez.*

Ful. Nay there was never the like of him, but it shan't
we his Turn, we'll Cuckold him most furiously.

Enter Perez again.

Per. I had forgot one thing, dear sweet Heart go home
quickly, and oversee our Business, it won't go forward
without one of us.

Fisc. I warrant you, take no care of your Business,
leave it to me, I'll put it forward in your Absence: go,
you'll lose your Opportunity; I'll be at home before
you, and sup with you to Night.

Per. You shall be welcome, but——

Fisc. Three hundred Quadruples.

Per. That's true, but——

Fisc. But three hundred Quadruples.

Per. The Devil take the Quadruples.

Enter Beamont.

Beam. There's my Cuckold that must be, and my Fel-
lows Swaggerer the *Dutchman*, with my Mistress; my Nose
tip'd to Day, I must retire, for the *Spaniard* is jealous
of me.

Per. Oh, Mr. *Beamont*, I'm to ask a Favour of you.

Beam. This is unusual, pray command it Senior.

Per. I am going upon urgent Business, pray sup with
me to Night, and in the mean time, bear my worthy
and here Company.

Beam. With all my Heart.

L. III.

R

Per.

Per. So, now I am secure; tho' I dare not trust her with one of 'em, I may with both; they'll hinder one another, and preserve my Honour into the Bargain. Now for my Dobloons.

Beam. Now Mr. *Fiscal*, you are the happy Man with the Ladies, and have got the precedence of Traffick here too; you've the *Inaies* in your Arms, yet I hope a poor *Englishman* may come in for a third part of the Merchandise. [Exit.]

Fisc. Oh, Sir, in these Commodities, here's enough for both, here's Mace for you, and Nutmeg for me in the same Fruit; and yet the Owner has to spare for other Friends too.

Ful. My Husband's Plantation's like to thrive well betwixt you.

Beam. Horn him, he deserves not so much Happiness as he enjoys in you; he's jealous.

Ful. 'Tis no wonder if a *Spaniard* looks yellow.

Beam. Betwixt you and me, tis a little kind of Venture that we make, in doing this Don's drudgery for him; for the whole Nation of 'em is generally so Peckey, that 'tis no longer a Disease, but a second Nature in 'em.

Fisc. I have heard indeed, that 'tis incorporated among 'em, as deeply as the Moors and Jews are, there's scarce a Family, but 'tis crept into their Blood like the new Christians.

Ful. Come I'll have no whispering betwixt you, I know you were talking of my Husband, because my Nose itches.

Beam. Faith, Madam, I was speaking in Favour of your Nation; What pleasant Lives I have known *Spaniards* to live in England.

Ful. If you love me, let me hear a little.

Beam. We observ'd 'em to have much of the Nature of our Flies, they buz'd abroad a Month or two i'th' Summer, would venture about Dog Days to take the Air in the Park, but all the Winter slept like Dormice, and never they appear'd in publick after *Michaelmas*, their Faces shew'd the difference betwixt their Country and ours for they look in *Spain* as if they were roasted, and in *England* as if they were sodden.

Ful. I'll not believe your Description.

Fisc. Yet our Observations of 'em in *Holland*, are not much unlike it; I've known a great Don at the *Hague*, with the Gentleman of his Horse, his Major Domo, and two Secretaries, all Dine at four Tables, on the Quarters of a single Pullet: The Victuals of the under Servants were weigh'd out in Ounces, by the Don himself; with so much Garlick in the other Scale: A thin Slice of Bacon, went through the Family a Week together: For it was daily put into the Pot for Pottage; was serv'd in the midst of the Dish at Dinners, and taken out and weigh'd by the Steward, at the end of every Meal, to see how much it lost; 'till at length, looking at it against the Sun, it appear'd transparent, and then he would have whip'd it up, as his own Fees, at a Morsel; but that his Lord bar'd the Dice, and reckon'd it to him for a part of his Board Wages.

Beam. In few Words, Madam, the general Notion we had of 'em, was, that they were very frugal of their *Spanish* Coin, and very liberal of their *Neapolitane*.

Ful. I see, Gentlemen, you are in the way of Rallying; therefore let me be no hind'rance to your Sport; so as much for one another, as you have done for our Nation Pray, Min Heer *Fiscal*, what think you of the *English*?

Fisc. Oh, I have an Honour for the Country.

Beam. I beseech you leave your Ceremony, we can hear your Faults without Choler, therefore speak of us with true *Amsterdam* Spirit, and do not spare us.

Fisc. Since you command me, Sir, 'tis said of you, I know not how truly, that for your Fishery at home, you're like Dogs in the Manger, you will neither manage it your selves, nor permit your Neighbours; so that your Sovereignty of the *Narrow Seas*, if the Inhabitants of 'em, the Herrings, were capable of being Judges, they would certainly award it to the *English*, because they were then sure to live undisturb'd, and quiet under it.

Beam. Very good; proceed, Sir.

Fisc. 'Tis true, you gave us Aid in our time of need, but you paid your selves with our cautionary Towns: And that you have since deliver'd them up, we can never give sufficient Commendation, either to your Honesty, or to your Wit; for both which Qualities, you have purchas'd such an immortal Fame, that all Nations are instructed how to deal with you another time.

Beam. A most grateful Acknowledgment; sweet Sir, go on.

Fisc. For your Trade abroad, if you should obtain it, you are so horribly expensive, that you would undo your selves and all Christendom: For you would sink under your very Profit, and the Gains of the universal World would beggar you: You devour a Voyage to the *Indies*, by the multitude of Mouths with which you Man your Vessels: Providence has contriv'd it well, that the *Indies* are manag'd by us, an industrious and frugal People, who distribute its Merchandise to the rest of *Europe*, and suffer it not to be consum'd in *England*, that the other Members might be starv'd, while you of *Great Britain*, as you call it, like a rickety Head, would only swell and grow bigger by it.

Ful. I have heard enough of *England*; have you nothing to return upon the *Netherlands*?

Beam. Faith very little, to any purpose; he has been before-hand with us, as his Countrymen are in their Trade, and taken up so many Vices for the use of *England*, that he has left almost none for the *Low Countries*.

Ful. Come, a word however.

Beam. In the first place you shew'd your Ambition, when you began to be a State: For not being Gentlemen, you have stoln the Arms of the best Families of *Europe*; and wanting a Name, you made bold with the first of the divine Attributes; and call'd your selves the *HIGH and MIGHTY*: Though, let me tell you, that, besides the Blasphemy, the Title is ridiculous; for *HIGH* is no more proper for the *Netherlands*, than *MIGHTY* is for seven little rascally Provinces, no bigger in all than a Shire in *England*. For my main Theam, your Ingratitude, you have in part acknowledg'd it, by your laugh-

ing at our easie delivery of your Cautionary Towns: The best is, we are us'd by you, as well as your own Princes of the House of *Orange*: We and They have set you up, and you undermine their Power, and circumvent our Trade.

Fisc. And good reason, if our Interest requires it.

Beam. That leads me to your Religion, which is only made up of Interest: At home, you tolerate all Worships, in them who can pay for it; and abroad, you were lately so civil to the Emperor of *Pegu*, as to do open Sacrifice to his Idols.

Fisc. Yes, and by the same Token you *English* were such precise Fools as to refuse it.

Beam. For Frugality in Trading, we confess we cannot compare with you; for our Merchants live like Noblemen: Your Gentlemen, if you have any, live like Bores; you traffick for all the Rarities of the World, and dare use none of 'em your selves; so that in effect, you are the Mill-Horses of Mankind, that labour only for the wretched Provender you eat: A Pot of Butter and a pickled Herring is all your Riches; and in short, you have a good Title to cheat all *Europe*, because in the first place, you cozen your own Backs and Bellies.

Fisc. We may enjoy more, when e'er we please.

Beam. Your Liberty is a grosser Cheat than any of the rest; for you are ten times more tax'd, than any People in Christendom: You never keep any League with Foreign Princes: You flatter our Kings, and ruin their Subjects: You never deny'd us Satisfaction at home for Injuries, nor ever gave it us abroad.

Fisc. You must make your selves more fear'd, when you expect it.

Beam. And I prophesie that time will come, when some generous Monarch of our Island, will undertake our Quarrel, reassume the Fishery of our Seas, and make them as considerable to the *English*, as the *Indies* are to you.

Fisc. Before that comes to pass, you may repeat your over-lavish Tongue.

Beam. I was no more in earnest than you were.

Jul. Pray let this go no further, my Husband has invited both to Supper.

Beam. If you please, I'll fall to before he comes, or at least while he is conferring in private with the *Fiscal*.

Jul. Their private Business let them agree,
The *Dutch* for him, the *Englishman* for me. [Exit



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Perez.

TRUE, the Reward propos'd is great enough, I want it too; besides, this *Englishman* has never paid me, since, as his Lieutenant, I serv'd him once against the *Turk* at Sea, yet he confess'd I did my Duty well, when twice I clear'd our Decks; he has long promis'd me, but what are Promises to starving Men? this is his House, he may walk out this Morning.

Enter a Page and another Servant, walking by, not seeing him.
These belong to him, I'll hide till they are past.

Serv. He sleeps soundly for a Man who is to be marry'd when he wakes.

Page. He do's well to take his Time, for he do's not know when he's marry'd, whether ever he shall have a sound Sleep again.

Serv. He bid we shou'd not wake him, but some of us in good Manners shou'd have staid, and not have left him quite alone.

Page. In good Manners, I shou'd indeed, but I'll venture a Master's Anger at any time for a Mistress, and that's my Case at present.

Serv. I'll tempt as great a Danger that comes to, for good old *English* Fellowship; I am invited to a Morning's draught.

Page. Good-morrow Brother, good-morrow; by that time you have fill'd your Belly, and I have emptied mine, it will be time to meet at home again. [Exit severally.

Per.

Per. So, this makes well for my Design, he's left alone, unguarded and asleep: *Satan*, thou art a bounteous Friend, and liberal of Occasions to do mischief; my Pardon I have ready, if I am taken, my Money half before hand; up *Perez*, rouse thy *Spanish* Courage up, if he should wake. I think I dare attempt him, then my Revenge is nobler, and Revenge, to injur'd Men, is full as Sweet as Profit. [Exit.

The SCENE drawn, discovers Towerson asleep on a Couch in his Night-Gown. A Table by him, Pen, Ink, and Paper on it.

Re-enter *Perez* with a Dagger.

Per. Asleep as I imagin'd, and as fast, as all the Plumets of eternal Night were hung upon his Temples: Oh that some courteous *Demon* in the other World, would let him know, 'twas *Perez* sent him thither: A Paper by him too! he little thinks it is his Testament, the last he e'er shall make: I'll read it first. [Takes it up.] Oh by the Inscription, 'tis a Memorial of what he means to do this Day: What's here? my Name in the first Line? I'll read it. [Reads.] Memorandum, That my first Action this Morning shall be to find out my true and valiant Lieutenant, Captain *Perez*, and as a Testimony of my Gratitude for his honorable Service, to bestow on him five hundred English Pounds, making my just Excuse, I had it not before within my Power to reward him. [Lays down the Paper.] And was it then for this I sought his Life? oh base degenerate *Spaniard*! hadst thou done it, thou hadst been worse than damn'd; Heav'n took more care of me, than I of him, to expose this Paper to my timely View. Sleep on thou honourable *Englishman*, I'll sooner now pierce my own Breast than thine; see, he smiles too in his Slumber, as if his Guardian Angel in a Dream, told him, he was secure; I'll give him warning though, to prevent Danger from another Hand.

[Writes on Towerson's Paper, then sticks his Dagger in it. Stick there, that when he awakens, he may know, To his own Virtue he his Life do's owe. [Exit *Perez*. [Towerson awakens.

Tow. I have o'erlept my Hour this Morning, if to enjoy a pleasing Dream, can be to sleep too long: Me thought my dear *Ysabinda* and my self, were lying in an Arbour, wreath'd about with Myrtle, and with Cypress; my Rival *Harman* reconcil'd again to his Friendships; strew'd us with Flowers, and put on each a Crimson-colour'd Garment, in which we straightway mounted to the Skies, and with us, many of my *English* Friends, all clad in the same Robes: If Dreams have any meaning, sure this portends some good——What's that I see, a Dagger stuck into the Paper of my Memorials? and writ below, *Thy Virtue sav'd thy Life*; it seems some one has been within my Chamber whilst I slept; something of consequence hangs upon this Accident: What ho, who waits without—None answer me: Are ye all dead?—what ho!——

Enter Beamont.

Beam. How is it, Friend? I thought entring your House, I heard you call.

Tow. I did, but as it seems without Effect, none of my Servants are within reach of my Voice.

Beam. You seem amaz'd at somewhat!

Tow. A little compos'd:——read that, and see if I have no occasion; that Dagger was stuck there, by him who writ it.

Beam. I must confess you have too just a Cause: I am my self surpriz'd at an Event so strange.

Tow. I know not who can be my Enemy within this Island, except my Rival *Harman*; and for him, I truly did relate what pass'd betwixt us Yesterday.

Beam. You bore your self in that as it became you, as one who was a Witness to himself of his own Courage, and while by necessary Care of others, you were forc'd to decline fighting, shew'd how much you did despise the Man who sought the Quarrel: 'Twas base in him, so back'd as he is here, to offer it, much more to press you to it.

Tow. I may find a foot of Ground in *Europe*, to tell the insulting Youth, he better had provok'd some other Man; but sure I cannot think 'twas he, who left that Dagger there.

Beam.

Beam. No, for it seems too great a Nobleness of Spirit, for one like him to practise: 'Twas certainly an Enemy, who came to take your sleeping Life; but thus to leave unfinish'd the Design, proclaims the Act no *Dutchman's*.

Tow. That, time will best Discover, I'll think no further of it.

Beam. I confess you have more pleasing Thoughts to employ your Mind at present; I left your Bride just ready for the Temple, and came to call you to her.

Tow. I'll straight attend you thither.

Enter Harman Sen. Fiscal, and Van Herring.

Fisc. Remember, Sir, what I advis'd you; you must seemingly make up the Business. [To Har. Sen.]

Har. Sen. I warrant you. What my brave bonny Bridegroom, not yet drest; you are a lasie Lover, I must chide you. [To Towerison.]

Tow. I was just preparing.

Har. Sen. I must prevent part of the Ceremony: You thought to go to her, she is by this time at the *Castle*, where she is invited with our common Friends; for you shall give me leave, if you so please, to entertain you both.

Tow. I have some Reasons, why I must refuse the Honour you intend me.

Har. Sen. You must have none; what my old Friend steal a Wedding from me? In troth you wrong our Friendship.

Beam. [To him aside.] Sir, go not to the *Castle*, you cannot in Honour accept an Invitation from the Father, after an Affront from the Son.

Tow. Once more I beg your Pardon, Sir.

Har. Sen. Come, come, I know your Reason of refusal, but it must not prevail; my Son has been to blame; I'll not maintain him in the least neglect, which he should show to any *Englishman*, much less to you, the best, and most esteem'd of all my Friends.

Tow. I should be willing, Sir, to think it was a young Man's Rashness, or perhaps the Rage of a successful Rival; yet he might have spar'd some Words

Har. Sen. Friend, he shall ask your Pardon, or I'll no longer own him; what, ungrateful to a Man, whose Valour

your has preserv'd him? he shall do't, he shall indeed, I'll make you Friends upon your own Conditions, he's at the Door, pray let him be admitted: This is a Day of general Jubilee.

Tow. You command here, you know, Sir.

Fisc. I'll call him in, I am sure he will be proud at any Rate to redeem your kind Opinion of him.

[Exit Fiscal, and re-enters with Harman Junior.]

Har. Jun. Sir, my Father, I hope, has in part satisfy'd you, that what I spoke was only an effect of sudden Passion, of which I am now ashamed, and desire it may be no longer lodg'd in your Remembrance, than it is now in my Intention to do you any Injury.

Tow. Your Father may Command me to more difficult Employments, than to receive the Friendship of a Man, of whom I did not willingly embrace an ill Opinion.

Har. Jun. Nothing hence-forward shall have Power to take from me that Happiness, in which you are so generously pleas'd to reinstate me.

Har. Sen. Why this is as it should be, trust me I weep for Joy.

Beam. *Towerfon* is easie, and too credulous. I fear 'tis all dissembld on their Parrs. [Aside.]

Har. Sen. Now set we forward to the Castle, the Bride is there before us.

Tow. Sir, I wait you.

[Exeunt. *Harman Sen.* *Towerfon*, *Beaumont* and *Van Herring*.]

Enter Captain Perez.

Fisc. Now Captain, when perform you what you promis'd concerning *Towerfon's* Death?

Per. Never — there *Judas*, take your Hire of Blood again. [Throws him a Purse.]

Har. Jun. Your Reason for this sudden Change?

Per. I cannot own the Name of Man and do't.

Har. Jun. Your Head shall answer the Neglect of what you were commanded.

Per. If it must, I cannot shun my Destiny.

Fisc. *Harman*, you are too rash, pray hear his Reasons first.

Per.

Per. I have 'em to my self, I'll give you none.

Fisc. None? that's hard; well, you can be secret Captain, for your own sake I hope?

Per. That I have sworn already, my Oath binds me.

Fisc. That's enough: We have now chang'd our Minds, and do not wish his Death, at least as you shall know.

[*Aside.*]

Per. I am glad on't, for he's a brave and worthy Gentleman, I would not for the Wealth of both the *Indies*, have had his Blood upon my Soul to answer.

Fisc. [*Aside to Harman.*] I shall find a time to take back your Secret from him, at the price of his Life, when he next dreams of it; mean time 'tis fit we speak him fair. To Perez.] Captain, a Reward attend you greater than you could hope, we only meant to try your Honesty. I am more than satisfy'd of your Reasons.

Per. I still shall labour to deserve your Kindness in any honourable way.

[*Exit Perez.*]

Har. Jun. I told you that this *Spaniard* had not Courage enough for such an Enterprize.

Fisc. He rather had too much of Honesty.

Har. Jun. Oh you have ruin'd me, you promis'd me, this Day, the Death of *Towerfon*, and now instead of that I see him happy; I'll go and fight him yet, I swear he never shall enjoy her.

Fisc. He sha'not, that I swear with you, but you are too rash; the Business can never be done your way.

Har. Jun. I'll trust no other Arm but my own in it.

Fisc. Yes, mine you shall, I'll help you, this Evening as he goes from the Castle, we'll find some way to meet him in the dark, and then make sure of him for getting Maidenheads to Night; to Morrow I'll bestow a Pill upon my *Spanish Don*, lest he discover what he knows.

Har. Jun. Give me your Hand, you'll help me.

Fisc. By all my Hopes, I will: In the mean time, with feign'd Mirth, 'tis fit we gild our Faces; the truth is, that we may smile in earnest, when we look upon the *Englishman*, and think how we will use him.

Har. Jun. Agreed, come to the Castle.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Harman Senior, Towerfon, and Yfabinda, Beament, Collins, Van Herring: They seat themselves.

E P I T H A L A M I U M.

*The Day is come, I see it rise,
Betwixt the Bride's and Bridegroom's Eyes,
That Golden Day they wish'd so long.
Love pick'd it out amidst the Throng;
He destin'd to himself this Sun,
And took the Reins and drove him on;
In his own Beams he drest him bright,
Yet bid him bring a better Night.*

*The Day you wish'd arriv'd at last,
You wish as much that it were past:
One Minute more, and Night will hide
The Bridegroom and the blushing Bride.
The Virgin now to Bed do's go:
Take care, oh Youth, she rise not so;
She pants and trembles at her Doom,
And Fears and Wishes thou wou'dst come.*

*The Bridegroom comes, He comes apace,
With Love and Fury in his Face;
She shrinks away, he close pursues,
And Prayers and Threats at once do's use.
She softly sighing begs delay,
And with her Hand puts his away,
Now out aloud for help she cries,
And now despairing shuts her Eyes.*

Har. Sen. I like this Song, 'twas sprightly, it would restore me twenty Years of Youth, had I but such a Bride.

A D A N C E.

After the Dance: Enter Harman Junior, and Fiscal.

Beam. Come let me have the Sea Fight, I like that better than a thousand of your wanton Epithalamiums.

Har. Jun. He means that Fight in which he freed me from the Pirates.

Tow.

Tow. Prethee Friend oblige me, and call not for that Song, 'twill breed ill Blood. [To Beamont.]

Beam. Prethee be not scrupulous, ye fought it bravely. Young *Harman* is ungrateful if he does not acknowledge it. I say, sing me the Sea Fight.

The Sea Fight.

*Who ever saw a noble Sight,
That never view'd a brave Sea Fight!
Hang up your bloody Colours in the Air,
Up with your Fights and your Nettings prepare,
Your merry Mates chear, with a lusty bold Spright,
Now each Man his Brindice, and then to the Fight,
St. George, St. George we cry,
The shouting Turks reply.
Oh now it begins, and the Gun-room grows hot,
Ply it with Culverin and with small Shot;
Heark, do's it not Thunder? no 'tis the Guns roar,
The neighbouring Billows are turn'd into Gore,
Now each Man must resolve to die,
For here the Coward cannot fly.
Drums and Trumpets toll the Knell,
And Culverins the Passing Bell.
Now now they Grapple, and now board a main,
Blow up the Hatches, they're off all again:
Give 'em a Broadside, the Dice run at all,
Down comes the Mast and Yard, and Tacklings fall,
She grows giddy now like blind Fortune's Wheel,
She sinks there, she sinks, she turns up her Keel,
Who ever beheld so noble a Sight
As this so brave, so bloody Sea Fight!*

Har. Jun. See the Insolence of these *English*; they cannot do a brave Action in an Age, but presently they must put it into Metre, to upbraid us with their Benefits.

Fisc. Let 'em laugh that win at last.

Enter Captain Middleton and a Woman with him, all pale and weakly, and in tatter'd Garments.

Tow. Captain *Middleton*, you are arriv'd in a good Hour, to be partaker of my Happiness, which is as great this Day, as Love and Expectation can make it.

[Rising up to salute Middleton.]

Mid. And may it long continue so.

Tow. But how happens it that, setting out with us from *England*, you came not sooner hither?

Mid. It seems the Winds favour'd you with a quicker Passage: You know I lost you in a Storm on t'other side the *Cape*, with which disabled, I was forc'd to put into *St. Hellens Isle*, there 'twas my Fortune to preserve the Life of this our Country Woman, the rest let her relate.

Ysab. Alas, she seems half starv'd, unfit to make Relations.

Van Her. How the Devil came she off? I know her but too well, and fear she knows me too.

Tow. Pray Country Woman speak.

Eng. Wom. Then thus in brief; in my dear Husband's Company, I parted, from our sweet native Isle: We to *Lantore* were bound, with Letters from the States of *Holland*, gain'd for Reparation of great Damages, sustain'd by us; when by the insulting *Dutch*, our Countrymen, against all show of Right, were dispossest'd, and naked sent away from that rich Island, and from *Paleroon*.

Har. Sen. Woman, you speak with too much Spleen, I must not hear my Countrymen affronted.

Eng. Wom. I wish they did not merit much worse of me, than I can say of them: Well, we sail'd forward with a merry Gale, 'till near *St. Hellens Isle* we were o'er-taken, or rather way-lay'd by a *Holland Vessel*, the Captain of which Ship, whom here I see, the Man who quitted us of all we had in those rich Parts before, now fearing to restore his ill got Goods, first hal'd, and then invited us on Board, keeping himself conceal'd; his base Lieutenant ply'd all our *English* Mariners with Wine, and when in dead of Night they lay secure in silent Sleep; most barbarously commanded, they should be thrown o'er board.

Fisc. Sir, do not hear it out.

Har. Sen. This is all false and scandalous.

Tow. Pray, Sir, attend the Story.

Eng. Wom. The Vessel rifl'd, and the rich Hold rummag'd, they sink it down to rights; but first I should have told you, (Grief alas has spoil'd my Memory) that my dear Husband waken'd at the Noise, before they reach'd the Cabin where we lay, took me all trembling with the sudden

Sudden fright, and leapt into the Boat; we cut the Cordage, and so put out to Sea, driving at mercy of the Waves and Wind; so scap'd we in the dark. To sum up all, we got to shore, and in the Mountains hid us, untill the barbarous *Hollanders* were gone.

Tow. Where is your Husband, Country Woman?

Eng. Wom. Dead with Grief; with these two Hands I scratch'd him out a Grave; on which I plac'd a Cross, and every Day wept o'er the Ground where all my Joys lay bury'd. The manner of my Life who can express! the Fountain Water was my only Drink, the crabbed Juice and Rind of half ripe Lemmons almost my only Food, except some Roots; my House the widow'd Cave of some wild Beast: In this sad State, I stood upon the Shore, when this brave Captain with his Ship approach'd, whence holding up and waving both my Hands, I stood, and by my Actions begg'd their Mercy: yet when they nearer came, I would ha' fled, had I been able, least they should have prov'd those murderous *Dutch* I more than Hunger fear'd.

Har. Sen. What say you to this Accusation, *Van Herring*?

Van Her. 'Tis as you said, Sir, false and scandalous.

Har. Sen. I told you so; all false and scandalous.

Ysab. On my Soul it is not: Her Heart speaks in her Tongue, and were she silent, her Habit and her Face speak for her.

Beam Sir, you have heard the Proofs.

Fisc. Meer Allegations and no Proofs: Seem not to believe it, Sir.

Har. Sen. Well, well, we'll hear it another time.

Mid. You seem not to believe her Testimony, but my whole Crew can witness it.

Van Her. Ay, they are all *Englishmen*.

Tow. That's a Nation too gen'rous to do bad Actions, and too sincere to justifie 'em done; I wish their Neighbours were of the same Temper.

Har. Sen. Nay now you kindle, Captain, this must not be, we are your Friends and Servants.

Mid. 'Tis well you are by Land, at Sea you would be Masters; there I my self have met with some Affronts, which tho' I wanted power then to return, I hail'd the
Captain

Captain of the *Holland* Ship, and told him he should dearly answer it, if e'er I met him in the *Narrow Seas*: His answer was, (mark but the Insolence) If I should hang thee *Middleton*, up at thy Main Yard, and sink thy Ship; here's that about my Neck, (pointing to his Gold Chain) wou'd answer it when I came into *Holland*.

Har. Jun. Yes, this is like the other.

Tom. I find we must complain at home, there's no Redress to be had here.

Isab. Come Country Woman, I must call you so, since he who owns my Heart, is *English* born; be not dejected at your wretched Fortune, my House is yours, my Cloaths shall habit you, even these I wear, rather than see you thus.

Har. Sen. Come, come, no more Complaints; let us go in: I have ten Romans ready to the Bride; as many times shall all our Guns discharge, to speak the general Gladness of this Day. I'll lead you, Lady.

[Takes the Bride by the Hand.]

Tom. A heavy Omen to my Nuptials!
My Country Men oppress'd by Sea and Land,
And I not able to redress the Wrong,
So weak are we, our Enemies so strong. [Exeunt omnes.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE A Wood.

Enter Harman Junior, and Fiscal, with Swords, and disguis'd in Vizards.

Har. Jun. **W**E are disguis'd enough; the Evening now grows dusk, I would the Deed were done.

Enter Perez with a Soldier, and over-hears them.

Fisc. 'Twill now be suddenly, if we have Courage; in this wild woody Walk, hot with the Feast, and plenteous Bowls, the Bridal Company are walking to enjoy the cooling Breeze; I spoke to *Tower-son* as I said I would, and

on some private Business of great Moment, desir'd, that
e would leave the Company, and meet me single here.

Har. Jun. Where if he comes, he never shall return;
ut *Towerson* stays too long for my Revenge; I am in
aste to kill him.

Fisc. He promis'd me to have been here e'er now, if
ou think fitting, I'll go back and bring him.

Har. Jun. Do so, I'll wait you in this place. [*Exit Fisc.*]

Per. Was ever Villany like this of these unknown Af-
assinates? *Towerson*, in vain I sav'd thy sleeping Life; if
ow I let thee lose it, when thou wak'st; thou lately
ast been bountiful to me, and this way I'll acknowledge
t. Yet to disclose their Crimes were dangerous. What
must I do? This gen'rous *Englishman* will strait be here,
nd Consultation then perhaps will be too late; I am re-
olv'd. Lieutenant you have heard, as well as I, the bloody
urpose of these Men.

Sold. I have; and tremble at the mention of it.

Per. Dare you adventure on an Action, as brave as theirs
base?

Sold. Command my Life.

Per. No more; help me dispatch that Murderer, e'er
is Accomplish come; the Men I know not; but their
esign is treacherous and bloody.

Sold. And he they mean to kill, is brave himself, and
of a Nation I much love.

Per. Come on then. [*Both draw.*]—To *Har.* Villain,
thou dy'st, thy Conscience tells thee why; I need not
ge the Crime.

[*They assault him.*]

Har. Jun. Murder! I shall be basely murder'd; help.

Enter Towerson.

Tow. Hold Villains, what unmanly odds is this? Cou-
ge, who e'er thou art, I'll succour thee.

[*Towerson fights with Perez, and Harman with the
Lieutenant, and drive them off the Stage.*]

Har. Jun. Tho' (brave Unknown) Night takes thee
om my Knowledge, and I want time to thank thee
w; take this and wear it for my sake: [*Gives him a
eg.*] Hereafter I'll acknowledge it more largely. [*Exit.*]

Tow. That Voice I've heard, but cannot call to mind,
cept it be young *Harman's*—Yet who should put his
Life

Life in danger thus? This Ring I would not take as salary, but as a Gage of his free Heart who left it: And when I know him, I'll restore the Pledge; sure 'twas not far from hence I made th' Appoinment: I know not what this *Dutchman's* Business is, yet I believe 'twas somewhat from my Rival; it shall go hard but I will find him out, and then re-join the Company. [Exit]

Re-enter Harman Junior, and Fiscal.

Fisc. The Accident was wond'rous strange: Did you neither know your Assassinate, nor your Deliverer?

Har. Jun. 'Twas all a hurry, yet upon better recollection of my self, the Man who freed me, must be *Tower*.

Fisc. Hark, I hear the Company walking this way: will you withdraw?

Har. Jun. Withdraw, and *Xsabinda* coming!

Fisc. The Wood is full of Murderers, every Tree man thinks hides one behind it.

Har. Jun. You have two Qualities, my Friend, the sort but ill together, as mischievous as Hell could wish you, but fearful in the Execution.

Fisc. There is a thing within me call'd a Conscience which is not quite o'ercome, now and then it rebels a little, especially when I am alone, or in the dark.

Har. Jun. The Moon begins to rise, and glitters thro' the Trees.

Xsab. [within.] Pray let us walk this way, that farther Lawn between the Groves, is the most green and pleasant of any in this Isle.

Har. Jun. I hear my Siren's voice, I cannot stir from hence, dear Friend, if thou wilt e'er oblige me, direct the Company a little, and give me Opportunity a while to talk alone with her.

Fisc. You'll get nothing of her, except it be by force.

Har. Jun. You know not with what Eloquence Love may inspire my Tongue: The guiltiest Wretch who is ready for his Sentence, has something still to say.

Fisc. Well, they come, I'll put you in a way, and wish you good Success; but do ye hear; remember you are a Man, and she a Woman; a little Force it may be would do well.

Enter Yfabinda, Beamont, Middleton, Collins, Harman Senior, and Julia.

Yfab. Who saw the Bridegroom last?

Har. Sen. He refus'd to pledge the last Romer; so I am out of Charity with him.

Beam. Come, shall we backward to the Castle, I'll take care of you, Lady.

Jul. Oh, you have drunk so much, you are past all Care.

Col. But where can be this jolly Bridegroom? Answer me that, I will have the Bride satisfy'd.

Fisc. He walk'd alone this way; we met him lately.

Yfab. I beseech you, Sir, conduct us.

Har. Jun. I'll bring you to him, Madam.

Fisc. to Har. Jun. Remember, now's your time, if you slip this Minute, Fortune perhaps will never send another.

Har. Jun. I am resolv'd.

Fisc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll tell you such a pleasant Accident, you'll think the Evening short.

Jul. I love a Story, and a Walk by Moonshine.

Fisc. Lend me your Hand then, Madam.

[Takes her by the one Hand.

Beam. But one, I beseech you then; I must not quit her so.

[Takes her by the other Hand. Exeunt.

Re-enter Harman Junior, and Yfabinda.

Yfab. Come, Sir, which is the way? I long to see my Love.

Har. Jun. You may have your Wish, and without stirring hence.

Yfab. My Love so near? Sure you delight to mock me.

Har. Jun. 'Tis you delight to torture me; behold the Man who loves you more than his own Eyes, more than the Joys of Earth, or Hopes of Heav'n.

Yfab. When you renew'd your Friendship with my Person, I thought these vain Desires were dead within you.

Har. Jun. Smother'd they were, not dead, your Eyes can kindle no such petty Fires, as only blaze a while, and straight go out.

Yfab. You know when I had far less ties upon me, I would not hear you; therefore wonder not if I withdraw, and find the Company.

Har.

Har. Jun. That would be too much Cruelty, to make me wretched, and then leave me so.

Ysab. Am I in fault if you are miserable? so you may call the rich Man's Wealth, the cause and object of the Robber's Guilt: Pray do not persecute me farther: You know I have a Husband now, and would be loath to afflict his Knowledge with your second Folly.

Har. Jun. What wond'rous Care you take to make him happy! yet I approve your Method. Ignorance, oh 'tis a Jewel to a Husband, that, 'tis Peace in him, 'tis Virtue in his Wife, 'tis Honour in the World; he has all this, while he is ignorant.

Ysab. You pervert my Meaning: I would not keep my Actions from his Knowledge; your bold Attempt I would: But yet henceforth conceal your impious Flames; I shall not ever be thus indulgent to your Shame, to keep it from his Notice.

Har. Jun. You are a Woman; have enough of Love for him and me; I know the plenteous Harvest all is his: He has so much of Joy, that he must labour under it. In Charity you may allow some gleanings to a Friend.

Ysab. Now you grow rude: I'll hear no more.

Har. Jun. You must.

Ysab. Leave me.

Har. Jun. I cannot.

Ysab. I find I must be troubl'd with this idle talk some Minutes more, but 'tis your last.

Har. Jun. And therefore I'll improve it: Pray resolve to make me happy by your free Consent; I do not love these half Enjoyments, t'enervate my Delights with using force, and neither give my self nor you that full Content, which two can never have, but where both join with equal Eagerness to bless each other.

Ysab. Bless me ye kind Inhabitants of Heav'n, from hearing words like these.

Har. Jun. You must do more than hear 'em: You know you were now going to your Bridal Bed. Call your own Thoughts but to a strict Account, they'll tell you all this Day, your Fancy ran on nothing else; 'tis but the same Scene still you were to act; only the Person chang'd, it may be for the better.

Ysab.

Ysab. You dare not, sure, attempt this Villany.

Har. Jun. Call not the act of Love by that gross Name, you'll give it a much better when 'tis done; and wooc me to a Second.

Ysab. Dost thou not fear a Heav'n!

Har. Jun. No, I hope one in you. Do it, and do it heartily; time is precious; it will prepare you better for your Husband——Come. *[Lays hold on her.]*

Ysab. Oh Mercy, Mercy, Oh pity your own Soul, and pity mine; Think how you'll wish undone this horrid Act, when your hot Lust is slak'd: Think what will follow when my Husband knows it, if Shame will let me live to tell it him; and tremble at a Power above, who sees, and surely will revenge it.

Har. Jun. I have thought!

Ysab. Then I am sure you're Penitent.

Har. Jun. No, I only gave you scope, to let you see all you have urg'd I knew: You find 'tis to no purpose either to talk or strive.

Ysab. *[Running.]* Some Succour, help, oh help.

[She breaks from him.]

Har. Jun. *[Running after her.]* That too is vain, you cannot scape me.

[Exit.]

Har. Jun. *[Within.]* Now you are mine; yield, or by force I'll take it.

Ysab. *[Within.]* Oh kill me first.

Har. Jun. *[Within.]* I'll bear you where your Cries shall not be heard.

Ysab. *[As farther off.]* Succour sweet Heav'n, oh Succour me.

Enter Harman Senior, Fiscal, Van Herring, Beamont, Collins and Julia.

Beam. You have led us here a Fairies Round in the Moonshine, to seek a Bridegroom in a Wood, till we have lost the Bride.

Col. I wonder what's become of her?

Har. Sen. Got together, got together I warrant you, before this time; you *Englishmen* are so hot, you cannot pay for Ceremonies, a good honest *Dutchman* would have been plying the Glass all this while, and drunk to the ropes of *Hans in Kelder* till 'twas Bed-time.

Beam.

Ysab.

Beam. Yes, and then have rowl'd into the Sheets, and turn'd o'th' t'other side to snore, without so much as parting Blow; till about Midnight he would have waken'd in a Maze, and found first he was marry'd by putting forth a Foot, and feeling a Woman by him; and it may be then instead of kissing, desir'd yough Fro to hold his Head.

Col. And by that Night's Work have given her a Proof what she might expect for ever after.

Beam. In my Conscience you *Hollanders* never get your Children, but in the Spirit of Brandy; you are exalted then a little above your natural Phlegm, and only that which can make you fight and destroy Men, makes you get 'em.

Fisc. You may live to know, that we can kill Men when we are sober.

Beam. Then they must be drunk, and not able to defend themselves.

Ful. Pray leave this talk, and let us try if we can surprize the Lovers under some convenient Tree: Shall we separate and look them?

Beam. Let you and I go together then, and if we cannot find them, we shall do as good, for we shall find one another.

Fisc. Pray take that Path, or that, I will pursue this.

[*Exeunt all but the Fisc.*]

Fisc. So, now I have diverted them from *Harman*: I'll look for him my self, and see how he speeds in his Adventure.

Enter Harman Junior.

Har. Jun. Who goes there?

Fisc. A Friend: I was just in quest of you, so are all the Company: Where have you left the Bride?

Har. Jun. Ty'd to a Tree and gagg'd, and——

Fisc. And what? Why do you stare and tremble? Answer me like a Man.

Har. Jun. Oh, I have nothing left of Manhood in me; I am turn'd Beast or Devil; have I not Horns, and Tail, and leathern Wings? Methinks I should have by my Actions—Oh I have done a Deed so ill, I cannot name it.

Fisc.

Fisc. Not name it, and yet do it? That's a Fool's Mordacity: Come, I'll name it for you: You have enjoy'd your Mistress?

Har. Jun. How easily so great a Villany comes from my Mouth! I have done worse, I have ravish'd her.

Fisc. That's no harm, so you have kill'd her afterwards.

Har. Jun. Kill'd her! why thou art a worse Fiend than I.

Fisc. Those Fits of Conscience in another might be excusable; but, in you, a *Dutchman*, who are of a Race that are born Rebels, and live every where on Rapine; would you degenerate, and have remorse? Pray what makes any thing a Sin but Law; and, what Law is there against it? Is not your Father Chief? Will he condemn you for a petty Rape? The Woman an *Ambonyer*, and what's less, now marry'd to an *Englishman*: Come, there be a Hell, 'tis but for those than Sin in *Europe*, not for us in *Asia*; Heathens have no Hell. Tell me, how wast? Prethee the History.

Har. Jun. I forc'd her — What Resistance she could make she did, but 'twas in vain; I bound her as I told you to a Tree.

Fisc. And she exclaim'd, I warrant —

Har. Jun. Yes, and call'd Heav'n and Earth to Witness.

Fisc. Not after it was done.

Har. Jun. More than before — desir'd me to have kill'd her. Even when I had not left her Power to speak, she curst me with her Eyes.

Fisc. Nay, then, you did not please her; if you had, she ne'er had curs'd you heartily; but, we lose time: Since you have done this Action, 'tis necessary you proceed; we must have no Tales told.

Har. Jun. What do you mean?

Fisc. To dispatch her immediately; cou'd you be so senseless to Ravish her, and let her live? What if her Husband shou'd have found her? What if any other *English*? Come, there's no dallying; it must be done: My other Plot is ripe, which shall destroy 'em all to morrow.

Har. Jun. I love her still to Madness, and never can consent to have her kill'd; we'll thence remove her if you

you please, and keep her safe till your intended Plot shall take Effect; and when her Husband's gone, I'll win her Love by every Circumstance of Kindness.

Fisc. You may do so; but, t'other is the safer Way. But I'll not stand with you for one Life. I could have wish'd that *Towerfon* had been kill'd before I had proceeded to my Plot; but since it cannot be, we must go on. Conduct me where you left her.

Har. Jun. Oh that I could forget both Act and Place.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE drawn discovers *Ysabinda bound.*

Enter Towerfon.

Tow. Sure I mistook the Place, I'll wait no longer, Something within me does forebode me ill; I stumbled when I enter'd first this Wood: My Nostrils bled three Drops; then stop'd the Blood, And not one more wou'd follow.

What's that which seems to bear a mortal Shape, [*Sees Ysab.*]
Yet neither stirs nor speaks! or, is it some Illusion of the Night? some Spectre, such As in these *Asian* Parts more frequently appear; What e'er it be, I'll venture to approach it; [*Goes near.*]
My *Ysabinda* bound and gagg'd! Ye Powers, I tremble while I free her, and scarce dare Restore her Liberty of Speech, for fear Of knowing more. [*Unbinds her, and ungaggs her.*]

Ysab. No longer Bridegroom thou, nor I a Bride; Those Names are vanish'd; Love is no now more; Look on me as thou wou'd'st on some foul Leper; And do not touch me: I am all polluted, All Shame, all o'er Dishonour; fly my Sight, And, for my sake, fly this detested Isle, Where horrid Ills so black and fatal dwell, As *Indians* could not guess, till *Europe* taught.

Tow. Speak plainer, I am recollected now: I know I am a Man, the Sport of Fate; Yet, oh my better half, had Heav'n so pleas'd, I had been more content, to suffer in my self Than thee,

Ysab.

Tow. Speak plainer, I am recollected now:
know I am a Man, the Sport of Fate;
yet, oh my better half, had Heav'n so pleas'd,
had been more content, to suffer in my self
than thee.

Xfab. What shall I say! That Monster of a Man,
Harman; now I have nam'd him, think the rest.
Alone, and sing'd like a tim'rous Hind
from the full Herd, by Flattery drew me first,
then forc'd me to an Act, so base, and brutal,
Heav'n knows my Innocence: But, why do I
call that to Witness!

Heaven saw, stood silent: Not one flash of Lightning
shot from the conscious Firmament to shew its Justice:
Oh had it struck us both, it had sav'd me!

Tow. Heav'n suffer'd more in that, than you, or I:
Wherefore have I been faithful to my Trust,
true to my Love, and tender to th' Opprest?
Am I condemn'd to be the second Man,
who e'er complain'd he Virtue serv'd in vain?
Not dry your Tears, these Sufferings all are mine.
Your Breast is white, and cold as falling Snow.
You still as fragrant as your Eastern Groves;
And your whole Frame as innocent, and holy,
as if your Being were all Soul and Spirit,
without the gross Allay of Flesh and Blood.
Come to my Arms again.

Xfab. Oh never, never,
I am not worthy now; my Soul indeed
free from Sin, but the foul speckled Stains
from my Body ne'er to be wash'd out,
not in my Death. Kill me, my Love, or I
will kill my self; else you may think I was
black Adulterers in my Mind, and some
me consented.

Tow. Your Wish to die, shews you deserve to live.
I have proclaim'd you guiltless to my self.
Self-homicide, which was in Heathens Honour,
in us is only Sin.

Xfab. I thought th' eternal Mind
had made us Masters of these mortal Frames;
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S

You

You told me he had given us Wills to chuse,
And Reason to direct us in our Choice;
If so, why should he tie us up from dying,
When Death's the greater Good?

Tow. Can Death, which is our greatest Enemy, be good?
Death is the Dissolution of our Nature;
And Nature therefore does abhor it most,
Whose greatest Law is to preserve our Beings.

Ysab. I grant, it is its great and general Law:
But as Kings, who are, or should be above Laws,
Dispence with 'em when levell'd at themselves;
Even so may Man, without Offence to Heav'n,
Dispence with what concerns himself alone:
Nor is Death in it self an Ill;

Then holy Martyrs sin'd, who ran uncall'd
To snatch their Martyrdom: And blessed Virgins,
Whom you celebrate for voluntary Death,
To free themselves from that which I have suffer'd.

Tow. They did it to prevent what might ensue;
Your Shame's already past.

Ysab. It may return,
If I am yet so mean to live a little longer.

Tow. You know not, Heaven may give you Succour yet;
You see it sends me to you.

Ysab. 'Tis too late,
You shou'd have come before.

Tow. Yet you may live to see your self reveng'd.
Come you shall stay for that, then I'll die with you.
You have convinc'd my Reason, nor am I
Asham'd to learn from you.

To Heaven's Tribunal my Appeal I make;
If as a Governor he sets me here,
To guard this weak built Cittadel of Life,
When 'tis no longer to be held, I may
With Honour quit the Fort. But first I'll both
Revenge my self and you.

Ysab. Alas, you cannot take Revenge, your Countrymen
Are few, and those unarm'd.

Tow. Tho' not on all the Nation, as I wou'd;
Yet I at least can take it on the Man.

Ysab. Leave me to Heaven's Revenge, for thither I

Will go, and plead my self my own just Cause.
There's not an injur'd Saint of all my Sex,
But kindly will conduct me to my Judge,
And help me tell my Story.

Tow. I'll send th' Offender first, tho' to that place
He never can arrive: Ten thousand Devils
Damn'd for less Crimes than he,
And *Tarquin* in their head, way-lay his Soul,
To pull him down in Triumph, and to shew him
In Pomp among his Country-men; for sure
Hell has its *Nether-lands*, and its lowest Country
Must be their Lot.

Enter Harman Junior, and Fiscal.

Har. Jun. 'Twas hereabout I left her ty'd. The Rage
of Love renews again within me.

Fisc. She'll like th' Effects on't better now. By this
time it has sunk into her Imagination, and given her a
more pleasing Idea of the Man, who offer'd her so sweet
a Violence.

Isab. Save me, sweet Heaven, the Monster comes again:

Har. Jun. Oh here she is: My own fair Bride, for so
you are, not *Tower-son's*: Let me unbind you; I expect
that you should bind your self about me now, and tie
me in your Arms.

Tow. [*Drawing.*] No, Villain, no; hot Satyr of the Woods!
Expect another Entertainment now.

Behold Revenge for injur'd Chastity,
This Sword Heaven draws against thee,
And here has plac'd me like a fiery Cherub,
To guard this Paradise from any second Violation.

Fisc. We must dispatch him, S.r, we have the odds;
And when he's kill'd, leave me t'invent th' Excuse.

Har. Jun. Hold a little: As you shun'd fighting for-
merly with me, so wou'd I now with you. The Mis-
chiefs I have done are past recall. Yield then your use-
less Right in her I love, since the Possession is no longer
yours; so is your Honour safe, and so is hers, the Hus-
band only alter'd.

Tow. Ye trifle, there's no room for Treaty here:
The Shame's too open, and the Wrong too great.
Now all the Saints in Heaven look down to see

The Justice I shall do, for 'tis their Cause;
And all the Fiends below prepare thy Tortures.

Ysab. If *Towerfon* wou'd, think'st thou my Soul so poor
To own thy Sin, and make the base Act mine,
By chasing him who did it? Know, bad Man,
I'll die with him, but never live with thee.

Tow. Prepare, I shall suspect you stay for further help,
And think not this enough.

Fisc. We are ready for you.

Har. Jun. Stand back, I'll fight with him alone.

Fisc. Thank you for that; so if he kills you, I shall
have him single upon me. [All three fight.]

Ysab. Heaven assist my Love.

Har. Jun. There, *Englishman*, 'twas meant well to thy
Heart. [Towerfon wounded.]

Fisc. Oh you can bleed, I see, for all your Cause.

Tow. Wounds but awaken *English* Courages.

Har. Jun. Yet yield me *Ysabinda*, and be safe.

Tow. I'll fight my self all scarlet over first;
Were there no Love, or no Revenge,
I cou'd not now desist in Point of Honour.

Har. Jun. Resolve me first one Question,
Did you not draw your Sword this Night before,
To rescue one oppress'd with odds?

Tow. Yes, in this very Wood: I bear a Ring,
The Badge of Gratitude from him I sav'd. [kill]

Har. Jun. That Ring was mine; I shou'd be loath to
The frank Redeemer of my Life.

Tow. I quit that Obligation. But we lose time. Come,
Ravisher.

[They fight again, Towerfon closes with Harman and gets him
down; as he is going to kill him, the Fiscal gets over him.]

Fisc. Hold, and let him rise; for if you kill him, at the
same instant you die too.

Tow. Dog, do thy worst, for I would so be kill'd; I'll
carry his Soul captive with me into the other World.

[Stabs Harman]

Har. Jun. O Mercy, Mercy, Heaven. [Die]

Fisc. Take this then in return.

[As he's going to stab him, Ysabinda takes hold of his Hand]

Ysab. Hold, hold, the weak may give some help.

Tow. [*Rising.*] Now, Sir, I am for you.

Fisc. [*Retiring.*] Hold, Sir, there is no more Resistance
I beg you by the Honour of your Nation, [made,
Do not pursue my Life, I tender you my Sword.

[*Holds his Sword by the Point to him.*

Tow. Base beyond Example of any Country, but thy
own.

Ysab. Kill him, sweet Love, or we shall both repent it.

Fisc. [*Kneeling to her.*] Divinest Beauty! abstract of all
that's excellent in Woman, can you be Friend to Murder?

Ysab. 'Tis none to kill a Villain, and a *Dutchman*.

Fisc. [*Kneeling to Tower'son.*] Noble *Englishman*, give me
my Life, unworthy of your taking. By all that's Good
and Holy here I swear, before the Governor to plead
your Cause; and to declare his Son's detested Crime,
to secure your Lives.

Tow. Rise, take thy Life, tho' I can scarce believe thee;
If for a Coward it be possible, become an honest Man.

*Enter Harman Senior, Van Herring, Beaumont, Collins,
Julia, the Governor's Guard.*

Fisc. to Har. Oh Sir, you come in time to rescue me;
The greatest Villain who this Day draws Breath
Stands here before your Eyes; behold your Son,
That worthy, sweet, unfortunate young Man
Lies there, the last cold Breath yet hovering
Betwixt his trembling Lips.

Tow. Oh Monster of Ingratitude!

Har. Oh my unfortunate old Age, whose Prop,
And only Staff is gone, dead e'er I die,
These shou'd have been his Tears, and I have been
That Body to be mourn'd.

Beam. I am so much amaz'd, I scarce believe my Senses.

Fisc. And will you let him live, who did this Act?
Shall Murder, and of your own Son,
And such a Son go free? He lives too long
By this one Minute which he stays behind him.

Ysab. Oh Sir, remember, in that Place you hold,
You are a common Father to us all;
We beg but Justice of you; hearken first
To my lamented Story.

Fisc. First hear me, Sir.

Tow. Thee, Slave! thou liv'st but by the Breath I gave thee.
 Didst thou but now plead on thy Knees for Life?
 And offer'd'st to make known my Innocence
 In *Harman's* Injuries.

Fisc. I offer'd to have clear'd thy Innocence
 Who basely murder'd him? But Words are needless;
 Sir, you see Evidence before your Eyes,
 And I the Witness, on my Oath to Heaven,
 How clear your Son. how criminal this Man.

*Col. Towner*son could do nothing but what was Noble.
Beam. We know his native Worth.

Fisc. His Worth? Behold it on the Murderer's Hand,
 A Robber first, he took Degrees in Mischief,
 And grew to what he is: Know you that Diamond,
 And whose it was? See if he dares deny't.

Tow. Sir, 'twas your Son's, that freely I acknowledge;
 But how I came by it——

Har. No, 'tis too much, I'll hear no more.

Fisc. The Devil of Jealousie, and that of Avarice, both
 I believe possess him; or your Son was innocently talk-
 ing with his Wife, and he perhaps had found 'em; this
 I guess, but saw it not, because I came too late. I only
 view'd the sweet Youth, just expiring, and *Towner*son
 stooping down to take the Ring: She kneeling by to
 help him; when he saw me, he wou'd, you may be sure,
 have sent me after, because I was a Witness of the Fact;
 this on my Soul is true.

Tow. False as that Soul, each Word, each Syllable;
 The Ring he put upon my Hand this Night,
 When in this Wood unknown, and near this place,
 Without my timely help he had been slain.

Fisc. See this unlikely Story,
 What Enemies had he who shou'd assault him,
 Or is it probable that very Man
 Who actually did kill him afterwards,
 Should save his Life so little time before?

Isab. Base Man, thou know'st the reason of his Death;
 He had committed on my Person, Sir,
 An impious Rape; first ty'd me to that Tree,
 And there my Husband found me, whose Revenge
 Was such, as Heaven and Earth will justify.

Har.

Har. I know not what Heaven will, but Earth shall not.

Beam. Her Story carries such a face of Truth,
Ye cannot but believe it.

Col. The other a malicious ill-patch'd Lie.

Fisc. Yes, you are proper Judges of his Crime,
Who with the rest of your Accomplices,
Your Countrymen, and *Towerfon* the Chief,
Whom we too kindly us'd, wou'd have surpriz'd
The Fort, and made us Slaves; that shall be prov'd,
More soon than you imagine; I found it out
This Evening.

Tow. Sure the Devil has lent thee all his stock of Falshood, and must be forc'd hereafter to tell Truth.

Beam. Sir, 'tis impossible you should believe it.

Har. Seize 'em all.

Col. You cannot be so base.

Har. I'll be so just 'till I can hear your Plea
Against this Plot; which if not prov'd, and fully,
You are quit, mean time, Resistance is but vain.

Tow. Provided that we may have equal hearing,
I am content to yield, though I declare
You have no Power to judge us. [*Gives his Sword,*

Beam. Barb'rous ungrateful *Dutch*.

Har. See 'em convey'd apart to several Prisons,
Least they combine to forge some specious Lie
In their Excuse.

Let *Towerfon* and that Woman too be parted.

Ysab. Was ever such a sad divorce made on a Bridal Night!
But we before were parted ne'er to meet,
Farewel, farewell, my last and only Love.

Tow. Curse on my fond Credulity, to think
There cou'd be Faith or Honour in the *Dutch*:
Farewel my *Ysabinda*, and farewell
My much wrong'd Countrymen; remember yet
That no unmanly Weakness in your Sufferings
Disgrace the native Honour of our Isle;

For you I mourn, Grief for my self were vain,
I have lost all, and now wou'd lose my Pain. [*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

A Table set out.

*Enter Harman, Fiscal, Van Herring, and two Dutchmen:
They sit. Boy, and Waiters, Guards.*

Har. MY Sorrow cannot be so soon digested for losing of a Son I lov'd so well, but I consider, great Advantages must with some Loss be bought: As this rich Trade which I this Day have purchas'd with his Death, yet let me be reveng'd, and I shall still live on, and eat, and drink down all my Grievs. Now to the matter, *Fiscal*.

Fisc. Since we may freely speak among our selves, all I have said of *Tower'son* was most false; you were consenting, Sir, as well as I, that *Perez* should be hir'd to murder him, which he refusing when he was engag'd, 'tis dangerous to let him longer live.

Van Her. Dispatch him, he will be a shrewd Witness against us, if he return to *Europe*.

Fisc. I have thought better, if you please, to kill him by form of Law, as necessary to the *English* Plot, which I have long been forging.

Har. Send one to seize him strait. [*Exit a Messenger.*] But what you said, that *Tower'son* was guiltless of my Son's Death, I easily believe; and ne'er thought otherwise, though I dissembl'd.

Van Her. Nor I; but 'twas well done to feign that Story.

1 Dutch. The true one was too foul.

2 Dutch. And afterwards to draw the *English* off from his Concernment, to their own, I think 'twas rarely manag'd that.

Har. So far, 'twas well; now to proceed, for I would gladly know whether the Grounds are plausible enough of this pretended Plot.

Fisc.

Fisc. With favour of this honourable Court, give me but leave to smoothe the way before you. Some two or three Nights since, (it matters not;) a *Japan* Soldier under Captain *Perez*, came to a Sentinel upon the Guard, and in familiar talk did question him about this Castle, of its Strength; and how he thought it might be taken; this Discourse the other told me early the next Morning: I thereupon did issue private Order, to wrack the *Japanese*, my self being present.

Har. But what's this to the *English*?

Fisc. You shall hear: I ask'd him when his Pains were strongest on him, if *Towerfon*, or the *English* Factory, had never hir'd him to betray the Fort? he answer'd, (as 'twas true) they never had: Nor was his meaning more in that Discourse, than as a Soldier to inform himself, and so to pass the time.

Van Her. Did he confess no more?

Fisc. You interrupt me. I told him I was certainly inform'd the *English* had Designs upon the Castle, and if he frankly would confess their Plot, he shou'd not only be releas'd from Torment, but bounteously rewarded: Present Pain and future Hopes, in fine, so wrought upon him, he yielded to subscribe what e'er I pleas'd; and so he stands committed.

Har. Well contriv'd, a fair way made upon this Accusation, to put them all to Torture.

2 *Dutch.* By his Confession, all of 'em shall die, ev'n to their General *Towerfon*.

Har. He stands convicted of another Crime, for which he is to suffer.

Fisc. This do's well, to help it though: For *Towerfon* is here a Person publickly employ'd from *England*, and if he shou'd appeal, as sure he will, you have no Power to Judge him in *Amboyna*.

Van Her. But in regard of the late League and Union, betwixt the Nations, how can this be answer'd?

1 *Dutch.* To torture Subjects to so great a King, a pain ne'er heard of in their happy Land, will sound but ill in *Europe*.

Fisc. Their *English* Laws, in *England* have their force; and we have ours, different from theirs, at home; it is enough, they either shall confess, or we will falsify their Hands to make 'em. Then for th' *Apology* let me alone; I have it writ already to a Tittle, of what they shall subscribe; this I will publish, and make our most unheard of Cruelties to seem most just and legal.

Har. Then in the name of him, who put it first into thy Head to form this damn'd false Plot, proceed we to the Execution of it. And to begin; first seize we their Effects, rifle their Chests, their Boxes, Writings, Books, and take of 'em a seeming Inventory; but all to our own use; I shall grow young with thought of this, and lose my Son's remembrance.

Fisc. Will you not please to call the Prisoners in? At least inquire, what Torments have extorted.

Har. Go thou and bring us word. [Exit Fiscal.]

Boy, give me some Tobacco, and a stoep of Wine, Boy.

Boy. I shall, Sir.

Har. And a Tub to leak in Boy; when was this Table without a leaking Vessel?

Van Her. That's an Omission.

Dutch. A great Omission. 'Tis a Member of the Table, I take it so.

Har. Never any thing of Moment was done at our Council-Table, without a leaking Tub, at least in my time; great Affairs require great Consultations, great Consultations require great Drinking, and great Drinking a great leaking Vessel.

Van Her. I am e'en drunk with Joy already, to see our godly Business in this forwardness.

Enter Fiscal.

Har. Where are the Prisoners?

Fisc. At the Door.

Har. Bring 'em in; I'll try if we can face 'em down by Impudence, and make 'em to confess.

Enter Beaumont and Collins guarded.

You are not ignorant of our Business with you: the Cries of your Accomplices have already reach'd your Ears; and your own Consciences, above a thousand Summons,

thou-

thousand Tortures, instruct you what to do. No farther Juggling, nothing but plain Sincerity and Truth to be deliver'd now; a free Confession will first atone for all your Sins above; and may do much below to gain your Pardons. Let me exhort you therefore, be you merciful, first to your selves, and make acknowledgement of your Conspiracy.

Beam. What Conspiracy?

Fisc. Why la you, that the Devil shou'd go mask'd with such a seeming honest Face; I warrant you know of no such thing.

Har. Were not you Mr. *Beamont*, and you *Collins* both accessary to the horrid Plot, for the Surprisal of this Fort and Island?

Beam. As I shall reconcile my Sins to Heaven, in my last Article of Life, I'm innocent.

Col. And so am I.

Har. So, you are first upon the Negative.

Beam. And will be so 'till Death.

Col. What Plot is this you speak of?

Fisc. Here are impudent Rogues, now after Confession of two *Japonneses*, these *English* Starts dare ask what Plot it is.

Har. Not to inform your Knowledge, but that Law may have its course in every Circumstance; *Fiscal*, sum up their Accusation to 'em.

Fisc. You stand accus'd, that *New-years* Day late past, there met at Captain *Fowerson's* House, you present, and many others of your Factory: There, against Law and Justice, and all Ties of Friendship, and of Partnership betwixt us, you did conspire to seize upon the Fort, to murder this our worthy Governor; and by the help of your Plantations near, of *Jacatra*, and *Banda*, and *Lobo*, to keep it for your selves.

Beam. What Proofs have you of this?

Fisc. The Confession of two *Japonneses* hir'd by you to attempt it.

Beam. I hear they have been forc'd by Torture to it.

Harm. It matters not which way the Truth comes out; take heed, for their Example is before you.

Beam.

Beam. Ye have no right, ye dare not Torture us, we owe you no Subjection.

Fisc. That, Sir, must be disputed at the *Hague*; in the mean time we are in Possession here.

2 Dutch. And we can make our selves to be obey'd.

Van Her. In few words, Gentlemen, confes. There is a Beverage ready for you else, which you'll not like to swallow.

Col. How's this?

Har. You shall be muff'd up like Ladies, with an oil'd Cloath put underneath your Chins, then Water pour'd above; which either you must drink, or must not breath.

1 Dutch. That's one way, we have others.

Har. Yes, we have two Elements at your Service, Fire; as well as Water; certain things call'd Matches to be ty'd to your Fingers ends, which are as sovereign as Nutmegs, to quicken your short Memories.

Beam. You are inhuman, to make your Cruelty your Pastime; Nature made me a Man, and not a Whale, to swallow down a Flood.

Har. You'll grow a corpulent Gentleman like me; I shall love you the better for't, now you are but a spare Rib.

Fisc. These things are only offer'd to your Choice; you may avoid your Tortures, and confes.

Col. Kill us first, for that we know is your Design at last; and 'tis more Mercy now.

Beam. Be kind, and execute us, while we bear the Shapes of Men, e're Fire and Water have destroyed our Figures; let me go whole out of the World, I care not; and find my Body when I rise again so, as I need not be ashamed on't.

Har. 'Tis well you're merry; will you yet confes?

Beam. Never.

Har. Bear 'em away to Torture.

Van Her. We'll try your Constancy.

Beam. We'll shame your Cruelty; if we deserve our Tortures, 'tis first for freeing such an infamous Nation, that ought to have been Slaves, and then for trusting them as Partners, who had cast off the Yoke of their lawful Sovereign.

Har.

Har. Away, I'll hear no more, now who comes the next?

[*Exeunt the English with a Guard.*]

Fisc. Towerfon's Page, a Ship Boy, and a Woman.

Har. Call 'em in.

[*Exit a Messenger.*]

Van Her. We shall have easie Work with them.

Fisc. Not so easie as you imagine, they have indur'd the Beverage already; all Masters of their Pain, no one confessing.

Har. The Devil's in these *English*, those brave Boys wou'd prove stout Topers if they liv'd.

Enter two Boys and a Woman led as from Torture.

Come hither ye perverse Imps; they say, you have indured the Water Torment, we'll try what Fire will do with you: You Sirrah, confess, were not you knowing of Towerfon's Plot, against this Fort and Island?

Page. I have told your Hangman no, twelve times within this Hour, when I was at the last Gasp, and that's a time I think, when a Man shou'd not dissemble.

Har. A Man, mark you that now; you *English* Boys have learn't a Trick of late, of growing Men betimes; and doing Mens Work too, before you come to twenty.

Van Her. Sirrah, I will try if you are a Salamander, and can live i' th' Fire.

Page. Sure you think my Father got me of some *Dutch* Woman, and that I am but of a half strain Courage; but you shall find that I am all o'er *English*, as-well in Fire as Water.

2 Boy. Well, of all Religions, I do not like your *Dutch*.

Fisc. No, and why young Stripling?

2 Boy. Because your Penance comes before Confession.

Har. Do you mock us Sirrah? to the Fire with him.

2 Boy. Do so, all you shall get by it, is this; before I answer'd no, now I'll be fullen and will talk no more.

Har. Best cutting off these little Rogues betime, if they grow Men, they'll have the Spirit of Revenge in 'em.

Page. Yes, as your Children have that of Rebellion; oh that I cou'd but live to be Governor here, to make your fat Guts pledge me in that Beverage I drunk, you Sir *John Falstaff* of *Amsterdam*.

2 Boy.

2 Boy. I have a little Brother in *England*, that I intend to appear to, when you have kill'd me; and if he does not promise me the Death of ten *Dutchmen* in the next War, I'll haunt him instead of you.

Har. What say you, Woman? Have Compassion of your self, and confess; you are of a softer Sex.

Wom. But of a Courage full as manly; there is no Sex in Souls; would you have *English* Wives shew less of Bravery then their Children do? To lie by an *English* Man's Side, is enough to give a Woman Resolution.

Fisc. Here's a Hen of the Game too, but we shall tame you in the Fire.

Wom. My Innocence shall there be try'd like Gold, till it come out the purer. When you have burnt me all into one Wound, cram Gunpowder into't, and blow me up, I'll not confess one Word to Shame my Country.

Har. I think we have got here the Mother of the *Maccabees*; away with them all three.

[*Exeunt the English guarded.*]

I'll take the Pains my self to see these tortur'd

[*Exeunt Harman, Van Herring, and the two Dutchmen with the English: Manet Fisc.*]

Enter Julia to the Fisc.

Ful. Oh you have ruin'd me, you have undone me, in the Person of my Husband!

Fisc. If he will needs forfeit his Life to the Laws, by joining with the *English* in a Plot, 'tis not in me to save him; but dearest Julia be satisfy'd, you shall not want a Husband.

Ful. Do you think, I'll ever come into a Bed with him, who robb'd me of my dear sweet Man?

Fisc. Dry up your Tears, I'm in earnest, I will marry you, i'faith I will; it is your Destiny.

Ful. Nay if it be my Destiny: But I vow I'll ne'er be yours but upon one Condition.

Fisc. Name your Desire and take it.

Ful. Then save poor *Beaumont's* Life.

Fisc. This is the most unkind Request you cou'd have made, it shews you Love him better: Therefore in Prudence I should haste his Death.

Ful.

Jul. Come, I'll not be deny'd, you shall give me his Life, or I'll not love you, by this Kiss you shall, Child.

Fisc. Pray ask some other thing.

Jul. I have your word for this, and if you break it, how shall I trust you for your marrying me?

Fisc. Well, I will do't to oblige you. [*Aside.*] But to prevent her new Designs with him, I'll see him shipt away for *England* straight.

Jul. I may build upon your Promise then?

Fisc. Most firmly: I hear Company.

Enter Harman, Van Herring, and the two Dutchmen, with Towerlon Prisoner.

Har. Now Captain *Towerlon*, you have had the Privilege to be examin'd last: This on the Score of my old Friendship with you, though you have ill deserv'd it. But here you stand accus'd of no less Crimes then Robbery first, then Murther, and last Treason: What can you say to clear your self?

Tow. You're interested in all, and therefore partial; I have consider'd on't, and will not plead, Because I know you have no Right to judge me: For the last Treaty 'twixt our King and you Expresly said, that Causes criminal Were first to be Examin'd, and then Judg'd, Not here, but by the Council of Defence; To whom I make Appeal.

Fisc. This Court conceives that it has Power to judge you; deriv'd from the most High and Mighty States, who in this Island are Supream, and that as well in Criminal, as Civil Causes.

Dutch. You are not to question the Authority of the Court, which is to judge you.

Tow. Sir, by your Favour, I both must, and will: I'll not so far betray my Nation's Right; We are not here your Subjects, but your Partners: And that Supremacy of Power you claim, Extends but to the Natives, not to us: Dare you, who in the *British* Seas strike Sail, Nay more, whose Lives and Freedom are our Alms, Presume to sit and judge your Benefactors?

Your

Your base new upstart Common-Wealth should blush,
 To doom the Subjects of an *English* King,
 The meanest of whose Merchants wou'd disdain
 The narrow Life, and the domestick Baseness
 Of one of those you call your mighty States.

Fisc. You spend your Breath in Railing; speak to the Purpose.

Har. Hold yet: Because you shall not call us cruel,
 Or plead I wou'd be Judge in my own Cause;
 I shall accept of that Appeal you make,
 Concerning my Son's Death; provided first
 You clear your self from what concerns the Publick;
 For that relating to our general Safety,
 The Judgment of it cannot be deferr'd;
 But with our common Danger.

Tow. Let me first
 Be bold to question you: What Circumstance
 Can make this your pretended Plot seem likely?
 The Natives first you tortur'd, their Confession
 Extorted so, can prove no Crime in us.
 Consider next the strength of this your Castle;
 Its Garrison above two hundred Men,
 Besides as many of your City Burghers,
 All ready on the least Alarm, or Summons,
 To reinforce the others, for ten *English*,
 And Merchants they, not Soldiers, with the Aid
 Of ten *Japanners*; all of 'em unarm'd,
 Except five Swords, and not so many Muskets;
 Th' Attempt had only been for Fools or Madmen.

Fisc. We cannot help your want of Wit; proceed.

Tow. Grant then we had been desperate enough
 To hazard this; we must at least forecast
 How to secure Possession when we had it.
 We had no Ship nor Pinnace in the Harbour;
 Nor could have Aid from any Factory:
 The nearest to us forty Leagues from hence,
 And they but few in number: You, besides
 This Fort, have yet three Castles in this Isle
 Amply provided for, and eight tall Ships
 Riding at Anchor near; consider this,

And think what all the World will judge of it.

Har. Nothing but Falshood is to be expected
From such a Tongue, whose Heart is foul'd with Treason.
Give him the Beverage.

Fisc. 'Tis ready, Sir.

Har. Hold; I have some Reluctance to proceed
To that Extremity: He was my Friend,
And I wou'd have him frankly to confess:
Push ope that Prison Door, and set before him
The Image of his Pains in other Men.

*The SCENE opens, and discovers the English
tortur'd, and the Dutch tormenting them.*

Fisc. Now, Sir, how does the Object like you?

Tow. Are you Men or Devils! *D'Alva*, whom you
Condemn for Cruelty, did ne'er the like;
He knew original Villany was in your Blood:
Your Fathers all are damn'd for their Rebellion;
When they rebell'd, they were well us'd to this:
These Tortures ne'er were hatch'd in Human Breasts,
But as your Country lies confin'd on Hell,
Just on its Marches, your black Neighbours taught ye,
And just such Pains as you invent on Earth,
Hell has reserv'd for you.

Har. Are you yet mov'd?

Tow. But not as you would have me.
I could weep Tears of Blood to view this Usage;
But you, as if not made of the same Mould,
See with dry Eyes the Miseries of Men,
As they were Creatures of another Kind,
Not Christians, nor Allies, nor Partners with you,
But as if Beasts, transfix'd on Theatres,
To make you cruel Sport.

Har. These are but vulgar Objects, bring his Friend;
Let him behold his Tortures; shut that Door.

[The Scene clos'd.]

Enter Beaumont led, with Matches ty'd to his Hands.

Tow. *[Embracing him.]* Oh my dear Friend, now I am
truly wretched!

Even

Even in that Part which is most sensible,
My Friendship:

How have we liv'd to see the *English* Name,
The Scorn of these, the vilest of Mankind!

Beam. Courage my Friend, and rather praise we Heaven
That it has chose two such as you and me,
Who will not shame our Country with our Pains,
But stand like Marble Statues in their Fires,
Scorch'd and defac'd perhaps, not melted down,
So let 'em burn this Tenement of Earth;
They can but burn me naked to my Soul,
That's of a nobler Frame, and will stand firm,
Upright, and unconsum'd.

Fife. Confess; if you have Kindness, save your Friend

Tow. Yes, by my Death I would, not my Confession;
He is so Brave, he wou'd not so be sav'd;
But wou'd renounce a Friendship built on Shame.

Har. Bring more Candles, and burn him from the
Wrists up to the Elbows.

Beam. Do, I'll enjoy the Flames like *Scavola*;
And when one's roasted, give the other Hand.

Tow. Let me embrace you while you are a Man,
Now you must lose that Form; be parch'd and rivell'd
Like a dry'd Mummy, or dead Malefactor,
Expos'd in Chains, and blown about by Winds.

Beam. Yet this I can endure.
Go on, and weary out two Elements;
Vex Fire and Water with th' Experiments
Of Pains far worse than Death.

Tow. Oh let me take my turn;
You will have double Pleasure, I'm asham'd
To be the only *Englishman* untortur'd.

Van Her. You soon shou'd have your Wish; but that we
know
In him you suffer more.

Har. Fill me a brim full Glass:
Now Captain, here's to all your Countrymen;
I wish your whole *East-India* Company
Were in this Room, that we might use them thus.

Fisc. They should have Fires of Cloves and Cinnamon,
We would cut down whole Groves to Honour 'em,
And be at Cost to burn 'em nobly.

Beam. Barb'rous Villains! now you show your selves.

Har. Boy, take that Candle thence, and bring it hither,
I am exalted, and wou'd light my Pipe
Just where the Wyck is fed with *English* Fat.

Van Her. So wou'd I; oh the Tobacco tastes divinely
after it.

Tow. We have Friends in *England*, who wou'd weep
to see

This acted on a Theatre, which here
You make your Pastime.

Beam. Oh that this Flesh were turn'd a Cake of Ice,
That I might in an instant melt away,
And become nothing, to escape this Torment.
There is not cold enough in all the *North*
To quench my burning Blood. [*Fiscal whispers Harman.*]

Har. Do with *Beamont* as you please, so *Tower* die.

Fisc. You'll not confess yet, Captain?

Tow. Hangman, no.

I would have don't before, if e'er I would:
To do it when my Friend has suffer'd this,
Were to be less than he.

Fisc. Free him.

[*They free Beamont.*]

To Beamont aside.

Beamont, I have not sworn you shou'd not suffer,
but that you should not die; thank *Julia* for't,
but on your Life do not delay this Hour
To part from hence; so to your next Plantation;
I cannot suffer a lov'd Rival near me.

Beam. I almost question if I will receive
My Life from thee: 'Tis like a Cure from Witches;
I will leave a Sin behind it.

Fisc. Nay, I'm not lavish of my Courttesie;
I can on easie Terms resume my Gift.

Har. Captain, you're a dead Man; I'll spare your Tor-
ture for your Quality; prepare for Execution instantly.

Tow. I am prepar'd.

Fisc.

Fisc. You die in Charity, I hope.

Tow. I can forgive even thee;

My Innocence I need not name, you know it.

One farewell Kiss of my dear *Ysabinda*,

And all my Business here on Earth is done.

Har. Call her, she's at the Door.

[Exit *Fiscal*]

Tow. to Beam. embracing. A long and last farewell;
take my Death

With the more cheerfulness, because thou liv'st
Behind me: Tell my Friends, I dy'd so as
Became a Christian and a Man; give to my brave
Employers of the *East India* Company,
The last Remembrance of my faithful Service;
Tell 'em I Seal that Service with my Blood;
And dying, wish to all their Factories,
And all the famous Merchants of our Isle,
That Wealth their gen'rous Industry deserves;
But dare not hope it with *Dutch* Partnership.
Last, there's my Heart, I give it in this kiss; [Kisses him]
Do not answer me; Friendship's a tender thing,
And it would ill become me now to weep.

Beam. Adieu, if I wou'd speak, I cannot——

[Exit]

Enter Ysabinda.

Ysab. Is it permitted me to see your Eyes
Once more, before eternal Night shall close 'em?

Tow. I summon'd all I had of Man to see you,
'Twas well the time allow'd for it, was short,
I could not bear it long: 'Tis dangerous,
And would divide my Love 'twixt Heav'n and you.
I therefore part in haste; think I am going
A sudden Journey, and have not the Leisure
To take a Ceremonious long farewell.

Ysab. Do you still love me?

Tow. Do not suppose I do,

'Tis for your Ease, since you must stay behind me,
To think I was unkind; you'll grieve the less.

Har. Though I suspect you join'd in my Son's murder
Yet since it is not prov'd, you have your Life.

Ysab. I thank you for't, I'll make the noblest Use
Of your sad Gift; that is, to die unforc'd;

I'll make a Present of my Life to *Tower*; son;
To let you see, though worthless of his Love,
I would not live without him.

Tow. I charge you love my Memory, but live.

Har. She shall be strictly guarded from that Violence,
She means against her self.

Ysab. Vain Men! there are so many Paths to Death,
You cannot stop 'em all; o'er the green Turf
Where my Love's laid, there will I mourning sit,
And draw no Air but from the Damps that rise
Out of that hallow'd Earth; and for my Diet,
I mean my Eyes alone shall feed my Mouth.
Thus will I live, till he in pity rise,
And the pale Shade take me in his cold Arms,
And lay me kindly by him in his Grave.

Enter Collins, and then Perez, Julia following him.

Har. No more; your Time's now come, you must
away.

Col. Now Devils; you have done your worst with
Tortures, Death's a Privation of Pain; but they were a
continual dying.

Jul. Farewel my Dearest, I may have many Husbands,
But never one like thee.

Per. As you love my Soul, take hence that Woman;
My *English* Friends, I'm not asham'd of Death,
While I have you for Part'ners; I know you Innocent,
And so am I, of this pretended Plot;
But I am guilty of a greater Crime;
For, being married in another Country,
The Governor's Perswasions, and my Love
To that ill Woman, made me leave the first,
And make this fatal Choice.

I'm justly punish'd, for her sake I die;
The *Fisc*al to enjoy her has accus'd me.
There is another cause——

By his Procurement I should have kill'd——

Fisc. Away with him, and stop his Mouth.

[*He is led off.*]

Tow. I leave thee, Life, with no regret at parting,
Full of whatever thou cou'dst give, I rise

From

From thy neglected Feast, and go to sleep:
 Yet on this brink of Death, my Eyes are open'd,
 And Heav'n has bid me prophesie to you,
 Th'unjust Contrivers of this Tragick Scene;
An Age is coming, when an English Monarch
With Blood, shall pay that Blood which you have shed:
To save your Cities from victorious Arms,
You shall incite the Waves to hide your Earth.
And trembling to the Tops of Houses fly,
While Deluges invade your lower Rooms:
 Then, as with Waters you have swell'd our Bodies,
 With Damps of Waters shall your Heads be swoln;
 Till at the last your sap'd Foundations fall,
 And universal Ruine swallows all.

[He's led out with the *English*, the *Dutch* remain.
Van Her. Ay, ay, we'll venture both our Selves, and
 Children for such another pull.

1 *Dutch.* Let him prophesie when his Head's off.

2 *Dutch.* There's ne'er a *Nostradamus* of 'em all shall
 fright us from our Gain.

Fisc. Now for a smooth Apology, and then a fawning
 Letter to the King of *England*; and our Work's done.

Har. 'Tis done as I wou'd wish it:

Now Brethren, at my proper Cost and Charges,
 Three Days you are my Guests; in which good Time
 We will divide their greatest Wealth by Lots,
 While wantonly we rifle for the rest:

Then in full Romers, and with joyful Hearts

We'll drink Confusion to all *English* Starts. [Exeunt.]





EPILOGUE.

A Poet once the Spartans led to fight,
And made 'em Conquer in the Muses Right:
Would our Poet lead you on this Day:
Showing your tortur'd Fathers in his Play.
To one well born, th' Affront is worse and more,
When he's abus'd, and baffled by a Bore:
With an ill Grace the Dutch their Mischiefs do,
They've both ill Nature and ill Manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient Nation,
For they were bred e'er Manners were in Fashion:
And their new Common-wealth has set 'em free,
Only from Honour and Civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their Lubber-State Mankind bestride.
Their Sway became 'em with as ill a Mien,
As their own Paunches swell above their Chin:
Yet is their Empire no true Growth but Humour,
And only two King's Touch can cure the Tumour.
As Cato did his Africk Fruits display:
So we before your Eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal English will like him conclude,
Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdu'd.

The End of the Third Volume.

APPENDIX

The End of the World